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THE WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

A LARGE SHEET CONTAINING ALL THE CURRENT NEWS, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, AND VALUABLE READING FOR THE FAMILY.

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LOCAL NOTICES.

English Champagne Ale.

English Champagne Ale,
Jeffrey's Scotch Ale,
Allsop's English Ale,
Bass' English Ale,
Guiness' Dublin Brown Stout.

The public are gradually and very sensibly discarding the miserable whisky tonics that are flooding the country, and adopting the above excellent malt liquors as tonics, with the very best results. They are invigorating and healthful, and should be used by the weakly of both sexes. We are the agents for the above brands, which are acknowledged to be the best in the market. Sold by cask, dozen or bottle, by McClarran & McKennan, Druggists, 85 Market street, corner Diamond near Fifth street.

Universalist Fair

At City Hall every night. Grand Promenade every night from 10 to 12 P. M., at City Hall.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in all kinds of Dress Goods, at Barker's sale.

Old Times.

The cheapest place in the city to buy Christmas goods is at Cree Bros., 26 Fifth street. They are offering embroideries, woolens and fancy goods at prices which defy competition. A good undershirt at 45c; kid gloves $1 00; French corsets $1 00; lined kids $1 00; a genuine "Star" Shirt at $1 75. Anti-war prices.

A Chance Worth Improving.

Messrs. Putnam & House, Gents' Furnishing Goods dealers, No. 72 Fifth street, are selling a choice stock of goods *purchased specially for the Holidays. Rarest bargains ever offered.* Come and see.

For Medicinal Use.

The great reputation that the house of McClarran & McKennan has acquired as dealers in fine medicinal liquors, is certainly well merited, and never at any time has their stock been so large or well selected as at the present time, including all the leading brands of French Brandy, Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum; also, the celebrated Scotch and English Ales and Guiness' Brown Stout. Also, that famous Washington County Old Rye Whisky, so well known and appreciated.

To Save Money,

Go to the Big Number 13 St. Clair street, and buy your Winter Clothing. Twenty Thousand Dollars worth to be sold at fifty per cent. less than first cost. Buyers for the holidays will consult their interests by purchasing at the Big Number, 13 St. Clair street.

For Holiday Gifts.

Segars, Tobacco, Pipes, Cases, &c., go to L. N. Hall's Tobacco Emporium, No. 184 Wood street, intersection of Liberty street. Drop in and examine our new stock.

Fancy

Ornamental marble-top pedestals for halls, parlors, &c. Also, black, white and bronzed hot air registers, in great variety, for sale by Bissell & Co. No. 235 Liberty street. ThS

GREAT WESTERN BAND at the Rink every evening. tf

Will Open this Day,

A new importation of novelties in Point and Point Applique Laces; great varieties in Danish, English Thread, Maltese, French Cluney, and Pusher Laces, embracing Collars, Sets, Barbes, Squares, Ornaments, Coiffures, &c., &c. Macrum & Carlisle, 19 Fifth street.

Go to the Rink.

Splendid Skating at the Rink day and evening. tf

Leaf Tobacco.

Havana, Yara, Connecticut, New York State, at New York prices, branch of Julian Allen, 172 Water street, New York. Daniel F. Dinan, 75 Water street, Pittsburgh.

KEYSTONE RINK. Robinson street, between Federal and Sandusky streets, Allegheny. tf

The Universalist Fair

At City Hall—rare and splendid display. Go by all means, and don't forget the "hop" in the evening.

The Celebrated

Triumph Cook Stove, for bituminous coal, warranted to cook, bake or roast equal to any stove extant, to be had at low rates at Bissell & Co.'s, No. 235 Liberty street. ThS

The Importance of Attention to Business.

One of the most striking instances of the importance of a strict attention to business and keeping a close watch to the wants of the public, is evinced in the success and immense trade that has gradually been accommodated by the Drug House of McClarran & M'Kennan. Their name has become a household word in this community, and by inquiring into the reason of this we find it arises from a variety of causes, the most prominent of which are, that the house keeps such an unlimited assortment, and nothing of an inferior grade, and in consequence of buying direct from headquarters in large quantities their prices are below that of other houses, such a reputation when wide-spread as this is is seldom acquired even after the battle of a lifetime.

Fine Grate Fronts.

Summer fronts and fenders and common enamelled grate fronts and fenders of all sizes and styles, at very low prices, at Bissell & Co.'s, No. 235 Liberty street. ThS

The Daily Commercial

A Scathing Letter to General Hancock.

Hon. J. R. G. Pitkin has written a most scathing letter to General Hancock, relative to his administration of affairs since assuming command of the Fifth Military District. The ostensible purpose of the letter is to request that the recent appointment of the writer, as Secretary of State, contained in the suspended order of General Mower, may not be confirmed. We subjoin a few of the more pointed paragraphs:

> When that appointment was announced by our local prints no one could have been more surprised than myself. I had sought nothing at the hands of that worthy officer, and a regard for the political friends whose opinion I hold dear, will certainly dissuade me from ever obtruding upon his successor. Had the former been continued in command, I am persuaded that his appointees would have cordially and materially assisted him in the labor of reconstruction, and I am equally certain that not one of them would have consented to be miserable stewards of an apostate President.
>
> There are rebels, numerous and abject enough for this service, buzzing like wasps about your headquarters and stinging loyal reputations—"dogs easily won to fawn on any man." The officer who suffers them, and installs them in public place, accepts a desperate risk.

Speaking of other matters, Mr. Pitkin remarks that "every official indirection is a danger for which the best field credit does not compensate," and adds:

> It is when a soldier confesses in his initial order, that the military should defer to a civil authority, which is forwith recommitted to rebel hands, either that he has suddenly ceased to aspire to high national ends, or that his patient waiting since 1861 for a chance to surrender to the enemy is at length fully rewarded. That enemy is at least consistent, has not changed its front, has not forborne its old heresies.
>
> That I cannot capitulate with you suffices as a reason why my name should no longer be entertained at headquarters with reference to a bureau of this State. Your advent, Sir, has lent renewed cheer to one class of our people—it is a class which, by its practice upon one Convention, can fondly dream a grim murder of another now in session in this city—which has already besought our public trusts for its Monroes and Abells anew, which impatiently seeks to render loyalty again a discredit and a peril, and which may reasonably confide its schemes to him, whose enviable distinction it is to be not only one of the five district commanders that can discover more force in a mad whim of a President than in a solemn decree of Congress.

The writer then refers to the statement of General Hancock, that he "had been informed that the administration of criminal justice in the courts had been clogged, if not entirely frustrated," by negro jurors; and after remarking that "it is easy to determine whence this information comes" to the General, adds:

> Men, who have just doffed their rebel uniforms, and as proficients in partisan shames, have been virtually promoted to your civil staff; men, the final chapter of whose biography will be, in too many cases, an indictment; men to whom the insulted color may cast back the odium of having defeated the ends of justice. A dozen hands from which, sir, you cannot wash the red smear of rebellion may shoot erect to a juror's oath as they once did to a citizen's. The fidelity of their observance of the latter vow is, perhaps, the best reason for your espousal of the arbitrary jealousy of the jury box. When, sir, not one of your local misadvisers shall longer crouch at your heels in security from his dues, and when a better authority than yours shall have declared, as soon it will, that a temple of justice can question no color except that of crime, you will discover that the black juror will neither "frustrate nor clog the administration of justice," and especially of what some in this community may well complain of not having yet received "criminal justice."

The subject of the Presidential aspirations of General Hancock are alluded to, and these remarks are made:

> But some one must soon thrust his feet into the President's shoes, and your evident willingness, General, so to be persuaded by a Democratic nomination excites less solicitude for the nation than for yourself. To the American people, however, belongs the uniform upon your back, and I cannot believe they contemplated that it was to be used through this district simply for the purpose of a political canvass, with its pockets distended with the summaries of Johnsonian speeches, collated in advance at the White House, and issued here as "general orders."

The letter concludes in these emphatic words:

> Our present convention has two imperative duties to perform—first, to rend with its two hands, white and black each of your adverse orders to tatters, to decree every local post vacant, and to cancel every distinction of race; and second, to place those hands austerely upon our commander's shoulders, and face to face with him, with the firmness of a just defense, with honor for his stars, and in all charity of spirit, distinctly to admonish him that the mistaken purpose of his embassy, if unfortunate for Louisiana, is tenfold more so for himself.

Another big estate in Holland, awaiting for heirs in this country to prove property and take it away, has been discovered. It is called for variety the "Gen. Metzgar Estate," and was left by old Gen. Lieut. Theodore Metzgar, who was born in Holland in 1626, and died in 1701. The heirs met at Lyons Station, on the line of the East Pennsylvania Railroad, a few days ago, and took action in the matter.

VIRGINIA.

Proceedings of Reconstruction Convention.

RICHMOND, December 20.—In the Convention today a resolution was introduced asking Congress to retain all volunteer officers now in the Freedmen's Bureau service in Virginia until the State is reconstructed. After debate, in which it was generally agreed that the Bureau had proved itself a beneficial institution, but had some men in it who ought to be mustered out, the resolution was defeated; ayes 23—nays 49.

The Committee reported a bill of rights and two articles of the Constitution. The only change from the old bill of rights is a clause making allegiance to the United States Government paramount to the State government. These were referred, and the Convention adjourned to January 2d.

There was sleet half an inch thick on the streets today. No business doing. The Freedmen's Bureau issued three thousand rations, from the soup houses, to destitute white and colored persons.

GEORGIA.

The State Reconstruction Convention.

ATLANTA, GA., December 20.—The Convention passed an ordinance to-day to levy and collect a tax of one-sixteenth of one per cent. It also requires the State Treasurer to advance $40,000 to the disbursing officer of the Convention.

SECOND EDITION.

4 O'CLOCK, A. M.

XLth CONGRESS.

COTTON TAX QUESTION.

LENGTHY DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Probable Defeat of Repeal.

The Deficiency Bill in the House.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 20.

No business of importance was transacted in the Senate to-day. The time was taken up in discussing the bill to repeal the cotton tax. A number of lengthy speeches were made, among them a strong one by Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, in favor of the repeal. No vote was taken to indicate the views of the Senate on the subject, but it is said that if a vote had been reached the proposition for repeal would have been defeated by a majority of two. At half past four, after a short executive session, the Senate was declared adjourned until Monday, January 6th.

House of Representatives.

The House had barely a quorum to-day. The Senate amendments to the deficiency bill were considered, and that cutting off the individual supplies for members for stationery and newspapers was agreed to, but without passing the bill, the House adjourned until Monday, January 6th.

To Western Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1867.

SENATE.

Mr. HOWARD presented a petition of citizens of Michigan, setting forth that the pension laws make provision only for discharged soldiers of the regular army, and all who have imperilled their lives in defense of the country, being equally meritorious; they ask an amendment to the pension laws, and an act for the relief of disabled soldiers, so as to apply to soldiers honorably discharged, disabled from whatever cause, whether regulars or volunteers. He asked for the petition the favorable attention of the Committee on Pensions, to which it was referred.

A resolution for the suspension of work on the jail in the District of Columbia was debated, and amended on Mr. TRUMBULL'S motion by continuing the suspension to forty days, and passed.

Mr. WILLEY presented a memorial from delegates to the Virginia Convention, setting forth certain grievances, and asked for its reading, but objection being made, it was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. SHERMAN called up, as unfinished business, the bill to repeal the tax on cotton. The question was on the motion to postpone to February. Mr. Sherman earnestly opposed the motion to adjourn, saying it involved the postponement of the bill until the whole question of revenue should be decided, while it was indispensable to the laborer and planter to know immediately whether the tax was to be paid on the next year's crop.

The debate was continued at some length by Messrs. Stewart, Grimes, Thayer, Nye and Sherman. The bill was finally laid over.

The House bill making appropriations for the executions of the Reconstruction laws, and for service of the Quartermaster's Department, was referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Attorney General, transmitting information in regard to accounts paid during the years ending June 30th, 1865, and June 30th, 1867, for special counsel employed to assist the Attorney General and District Attorney. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. BUCKALEW called up his resolution asking the Secretary of State for information in regard to the amount of money paid to newspapers for printing the laws of the United States since March 4th, 1861.

Mr. EDMUNDS moved an amendment directing him to further inform the Senate of the amount of counsel fees paid in his Department by his authority during the same period, with the names of persons to whom paid and services rendered; also, whether reports of trials have been printed during that period, by whose authority, and the expense thereof. The resolution with the amendment was adopted.

Mr. RAMSAY offered a resolution inquiring of the Secretary of War whether the Government intends to abandon the military reservation at Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, and if so, whether in his opinion the same should be opened to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws.

Mr. CHANDLER, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a joint resolution asking the Secretary of the Treasury to adjourn the sale of stock held by the United States in the Dismal Swamp Canal until February 8th.

After an executive session, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In transmitting on Wednesday an abstract of the deficiency bills which were passed by the House yesterday, there was an important omission. The reporter's manuscript was as follows: For reconstruction expenses in the first military district, $50,000; second military district, $110,000; third military district, $97,000; fourth military district, $160,000; fifth military district, $250,000, making in all $657,000. To supply deficiencies in the Quartermaster's Department for the year ending June 30th, 1868, to wit: For regular supplies, $350,000; for incidental expenses, $750,000; for purchasing cavalry and artillery horses, $400,000; for transportation of army, 7,350,000; making in all the sum of $12,000,000. There are other items making the whole $12,667,000. In the report as published the reconstruction items are omitted.

Mr. PRICE introduced a resolution reciting the obligation on part of the subject to obey the laws, support the Government, and bear true faith and allegiance thereto, presupposing an obligation on the part of the Government to protect and defend the subject, whether native or adopted, whether at home or abroad, in all his rights of life, liberty and property; asserting that numerous cases have recently occurred where the Government of Great Britain has, with apparent injustice, deprived American citizens of one of those rights, and statement of the case of Wm. J. Nagle, whose petition stating the facts in his case is attached to the resolution, declaring the determination on the part of the House of Representatives to submit to no such oppression of American citizens by any power, and to adopt such measures as will make it safe for an American citizen free from crime to travel in any part of the civilized world, and instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to give the subject their immediate attention, and to report to the House such measures as will be best calculated to accomplish the object desired. Referred to Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. JULIAN called up the motion made by him December 9th, to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee on Public Lands a bill declaring forfeited to the United States certain lands to aid in the construction of railroads in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida. He made a statement in regard to the matter, and declared his desire to have these lands opened up to settlement in the interest of the landless poor of the South, black and white.

Mr. WASHBURN, of Maine, said he would offer an amendment to the bill to apply the provisions of all existing homestead laws to the even numbered sections of all railroad land grants.

Mr. JULIAN, at the instance of several members, declined to press action on the bill to-day, and on his motion the subject was postponed to the 14th of January; yeas 83; nays 56.

Mr. DAWES, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution extending for sixty days the time for taking testimony in the New Mexico contested election case. Adopted.

Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, suggested that the Senate amendment to the Deficiency Bill be taken up and disposed of, as if in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. MAYNARD objected, and moved that the House adjourn. Lost.

The regular order of business was proceeded with, and several reports of a private nature were made and disposed of.

Resolutions authorizing the Commissioners of Mining and Pacific Railroad to employ one clerk between them, reported by Mr. HIGBEE, was opposed by Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, but adopted, 73 against 23.

Mr. COBURN introduced a bill increasing the pay of jurors in United States Courts to five dollars daily. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On motion of Mr. COVODE, the Secretary of the Interior was directed to withhold the further payment on the contract for building a jail in the District of Columbia, until the Committee on Public Buildings had investigated whether the contract had been improperly let.

The Speaker presented a communication from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, relative to the amount received from distilled spirits for the several years since 1862. Referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. BINGHAM, from the Committee on Reconstruction, reported a resolution authorizing the Committee to appoint a clerk. Adopted.

Mr. CHANLER presented the petition of Daniel D. Northrop, H. S. Banks, Wm. Abbott and others, praying that the American Minister to England be directed to demand the immediate release of American citizens now held in unlawful custody by the English government as Fenians.

Also, the petition of Wm. Nagle, claiming to be a citizen of the United States born in New York, and to be unlawfully held as a prisoner by the British Government, and praying for his release from imprisonment.

Also, the petition of Henry Liebentham, Wm. W. Lyon, O. S. Holden and others, praying that the American Minister to England be directed to demand full settlement of claims for the Alabama piracies. The petitions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. CULLUM in the chair, and took up the Senate's amendments to the deficiency bill for Congressional expenses.

After action upon the amendments, the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House.

Mr. RANDALL called for the yeas and nays on concurring in the Senate amendment prohibiting an allowance to members for newspapers and stationery. A vote was taken and resulted—yeas, 53; nays, 41. The Speaker voted aye, making a quorum. So the amendment was concurred in.

Another Senate amendment appropriating $42,000 for clerks of Committees, pages, and additional messengers, was non-concurred in; yeas, 38—nays, 60.

The Senate amendment striking out the appropriation for a history of the land grants was non-concurred in. The bill goes back to the Senate.

The SPEAKER presented estimates from the Secretary of War *ad interim* for the additional appropriation required by the Paymaster General for the present fiscal year. Referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. ROBINSON presented the petition of Colonel Nagle, an American citizen held in custody in a British prison, remarking that he was trying to get the attention of the country and the Administration to the facts, and asked leave to offer in connection with the subject a resolution requesting the President of the United States to take immediate action in the cases of W. J. Nagle and John Warren, now in British prisons, in order that a new trial be granted to the one and a speedy trial to the other, and that both be liberated.

Mr. BENJAMIN objected, and the resolution was not received.

Mr. STOKES introduced a bill to amend the act of July 4th, 1864, to allow further time of two years for filing applications for pensions. Referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

Mr. RANDALL offered a resolution that the resolution adopted by the House on the 25th of November, which declares it unnecessary to proceed further with the building or equipping of ships of war, shall not be in favor of discharging the mechanics and laboring men from the navy yards during the coming winter. Referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Adjourned to the 6th of January.

NEW ORLEANS.

Incendiary Fire at Vicksburg---Order from General Hancock---Officers Restored.

NEW ORLEANS, December 20.—Another incendiary fire at Vicksburg last night destroyed $57,000 worth of property, on which there was an insurance of $35,000.

Special orders No. 214, dated yesterday, revoke the portions of special orders No. 191 and 192, issued by General Mower, removing the Judge of the Fourth District Court, Clerks of the Third, Fourth and Sixth District Court, the third Justice of the Peace, and the State Tax Collectors in the First and Fourth Districts, the Superintendent of Public Education, and Secretary of State, and appointing others in their places. These are the removals which were suspended in orders from Washington. Gen. Hancock's order states that the evidence submitted does not sustain the allegations contained in said orders of removal. Paragraph fourth of the same orders confirms portions of General Mower's orders No. 173 and 176, removing the Coroner and Justice of the Peace, but makes new appointments to the offices. The order states the charges of malfeasance of office against the latter officer are not substantiated.

The parties named as proposing to take the bonds issued by the Convention having denied all connection with the matter, Judge Cooley, in the Convention to-day, introduced a resolution repealing Mr. Blackburn's ordinance authorizing the issue of $500,000 in bonds. Referred.

It is stated that members of the Convention have offered their warrants to brokers for discount but could get no takers at any price.

A resolution was adopted yesterday requesting Congress to pass a law ordering all public lands and lands sold by the United States Marshal, and under process of Courts, to be surveyed and sold in tracts of not more than one hundred nor less than fifty acres, and forbidding the sale of more than one such tract to one individual or corporation.

THE CAPITAL.

ANOTHER POCKET VETO.

California United States Senator.

AN OVATION TO JEFF. DAVIS.

Eugene Casserley, Democrat, Elected.

Memorial from Virginia Radicals.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1867.

Pocket Veto

The President did not to-day transmit to Congress his veto message of the District of Columbia bill, striking from all the laws pertaining thereto the word "white." The ten days allowed the President to send in his message expires on Monday next. According to the Construction of the law, the intervening of an adjournment before the expiration of the time allowed defeats the bill, that is if the President refuses to sign it, which he has done in this case. The bill will have to be re-enacted before it can become a law.

California United States Senatorship.

Senator Cole, of California, this morning received a private dispatch announcing the nomination of Eugene Casserly by the Democrats of the California Legislature for United States Senator, in place of Mr. Conness, whose term of office expires on the 4th of March, 1869. Mr. Casserly is a leading Democratic politician of California and a prominent lawyer of San Francisco. He was formerly a resident of New York City. The Democrats having a majority in the Legislature he will, of course, be elected.

Financial.

The Sub-Committee of the Finance on Ways and Means Committee will remain here during the recess to examine matters referred to them.

Ovation to Jeff. Davis.

The Baltimore papers to-day state that considerable of an ovation greeted Jeff. Davis last evening on his departure from that city for Mississippi. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered on the wharf and cheered him as he went on board the boat. One young lady, a stranger, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Gone Home.

A large number of Senators and members and visitors left for the North and West this evening, to remain during the holiday recess of Congress.

Reconstruction Convention.

In the Senate to-day a memorial was presented from some of the members of the Virginia Reconstruction Convention praying Congress to adopt such measures as will enable the Convention to remove out of its way all obstacles to a successful reconstruction of the States. The memorial sets forth that there is a body of men in the South skilled in the arts of political intrigue, who are doing all they can to intimidate and suppress the loyal men, especially their former slaves, and deter them from ratifying at the next election the Constitution which the Constitutional Convention may adopt. It also asks at the hands of Congress the power of vacating the present offices of the Government of Virginia, many of which it is alleged, are filled by disloyal men, and filling the same with persons who may be acceptable to the complexion of the body of which the memorialists are members. If this can be effected in no other manner Congress is petitioned to convert the State into a territorial status.

WASHINGTON, December 20.

TAX COLLECTED ON DISTILLED SPIRITS.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury to the House to-day shows the tax collected on distilled spirits in 1863 was, in round numbers, $3,200,000; in 1864 was $28,500,000; in 1865 was $6,000,000; in 1866 was $29,200,000, and in 1867 was $28,300,000. Of the last named New York paid $5,500,000; Ohio, $5,652,000; Illinois, $4,789,000. By an act of July, 1862, the tax was 20 per cent.; by that of March, 1864, it was increased to 60 cents per gallon; from July, 1864, to January, 1865, it was $1 50; and since that date two dollars a gallon. The total forfeitures by decrees of Courts from March 2d, 1867, to June 30th, 1867, were 3,609 gallons, which sold for $42,874.

CONFIRMATION.

The Senate to-day confirmed Edwin Higgins, of Washington, Secretary of Utah.

A POCKET VETO.

The President did not to-day, as was anticipated, return to the Senate with his objections the bill striking out the word "white" wherever it occurs in the laws in force in the District of Columbia. The ten days allowed by the Constitution for the President to send in his veto will not expire until to-morrow, when Congress will not be in session, having taken a recess until after the holiday.

ORDER FROM GEN. GRANT.

Gen. Grant has issued a special order revoking the order which placed upon the retired list, Captains Isaac J. Harvey and James T. Hall, of the Signal corps.

REORGANIZATION OF TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The bill reorganizing the Treasury Department will soon be presented to Congress. It increases or reduces salaries, and provides for the reduction of the clerical force.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR PURCHASE OF CUBA.

From information obtained at the State Department, it appears Minister Hale has been for some time negotiating with the Spanish Government for the purchase of Cuba.

ALABAMA.

Mayor Horton, of Mobile, Convicted of Violation of Civil Rights Bill.

MOBILE, December 20.—The trial of Mayor Horton, General Pope's appointee, for violation of the Civil Rights Bill in the case of Charles Richie Johnson, a negro, was concluded to-day. The trial was occasioned by the illegal banishment of said Johnson from the city. The case was fully and ably argued before Judge Busteed, in the United States District Court. It being a precedent case, it provoked considerable discussion and interest among the people. It was regarded as a fair test of the protection afforded by the Civil Rights bill, and resulted in a verdict of guilty rendered a few minutes after the jury retired. The sentence will be promulgated to-morrow.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 20, 1867.

A NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

Chas. A. Dana has bought the *Sun* for $175,000. Mr. Beach retains an interest in the establishment to the amount of $25,000. The office of the *Sun* is to be removed to the renowned Tammany Hall building after the 1st of January. This purchase secures to Dana a membership in the Associated Press.

CALIFORNIA.

Election of United States Senator.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20.—The Legislature to-day elected Eugene Casserly United states Senator to succeed John Conness, and adjourned over the holidays.

NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Frances Farrington, *alias* Hattie Howard, who resided at 74 Crosby street, New York, died Thursday evening, very suddenly, from the effects, it is supposed, of poison administered by herself. It appears that she had quarreled with her lover, and became so depressed that she committed suicide.

A portion of the Paragon Works, on Penham creek, two miles back of Hudson City, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire Thursday. The fire was occasioned by the explosion of a tank in which a carboy of vitriol had been emptied. Three men were badly burned, and the loss on the building amounts to $25,000.

It is said the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House have determined to take no action on the question of appropriation for Alaska until they have received the information called for from the Secretary of State. The Secretary, it is understood, is preparing a paper on the rights of American naturalized citizens, which will be sent in at an early day.

Colonel Parker explains his absence from his own wedding, by saying he met one of his tribe of Indians, went to his room in the hotel, took a glass of wine, and fell asleep. When he awoke the Indian was by his side, and said he was very sick, and gave him some medicine a physician had left for him. He took the medicine and fell asleep again. When he awoke again the Indian was gone, and it was too late for the wedding. It is supposed the Six Nations Indians, of which Parker is chief, is opposed to his marrying a white girl. General Grant will investigate and ascertain whether Colonel Parker's report is correct.

The First National Bank of Skaneattels, New York, has voluntarily ceased to be a depositary of public moneys and a financial agent of the United States, having paid over to the same, through the proper officers, all public moneys that have been in its possession, and applied to withdraw the security given therefor.

Later advices from Mexico state that the Governor of Yucatan had been deposed. There prevailed great excitement at the capital over the total withdrawal of the British Legation and Consuls, and the matter was freely commented on by all the press. According to his instructions, Mr. Middleton is to leave the British subjects under the protection of Mexico herself. It was expected that all the European Legations would follow the example of Great Britain, and leave the United States sole occupant of the diplomatic corps in Mexico. An attempt was made to assassinate General Alottorre, the late Military Governor of the State of Vera Cruz, when he was leaving the theater at Jalapa. During the disturbance that ensued, "Vivas" were shouted in honor of General Porfirio Diaz, proclaiming him as President of Mexico. The idea of the movers was to immediately demand enforcement of a loan of $300,000 to support the cause. Nearly all the political prisoners have been liberated.

The St. Albans, Vt., coal oil distillery was seized on Friday by the Collector of Internal Revenue for making fraudulent returns. Horace H. Farnsworth, inspector of coal oil, and an Assistant Assessor, were arrested on suspicion of complicity, and gave bonds for trial.

Jeff. Davis and wife sailed from Baltimore for New Orleans yesterday.

A. H. Stephens passed throught Augusta, Ga., yesterday, *en route* North.

The Canadian Parliament will adjourn to-day, probably until March. It is understood a delegation will visit England during the recess on business connected with the Intercolonial Railroad and North-west Territory Extension.

At Hattleborough, Montgomery county, on Thursday, the elephant "Romeo" killed his keeper, W. S. Williams.

By an explosion of gas in Boston yesterday morning, Lorenzo Whitcomb and a child were severely burned, and an old lady named Rebecca Burnett received injuries which caused her death in a short time. Another lady named Clark was dangerously injured.

Hubbell's block, in Canandaigua, N. Y., was destroyed by fire yesterday. Loss $25,000; insured.

Well executed counterfeit tens on the National Bank of Commerce, New York City, are in circulation in Boston.

A number of officers belonging to the Canadian volunteer service have left for Rome, to join the Papal army.

Arrangements were made in Richmond yesterday for a Republican daily paper, which is to be started there on the 1st of January by Colonel A. W. Sheldon, of Keokuk, Iowa.

EUROPE.

BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Times Decrying our Finances.

Another Battle on the Parana.

The Paraguayans Badly Beaten.

REORGANIZATION OF FRENCH ARMY.

The Austrian Tax Bill Passed.

The Arrest of Supposed Fenians.

ALARM IN ENGLAND UNABATED.

Great Fire in New Castle-on-Tyne.

Our Finances.

LONDON, December 20.—The *Times* has a leading editorial on American matters, mainly devoted to decrying the finances of the United States and the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Another Battle on the Parana.

PARIS, December 20.—The *Moniteur* publishes later details of the recent battle on the Parana. It seems Lopez, by neglect and inactivity, not only lost the results of his great victory, but was turned on by his vanquished enemy and badly beaten. The loss of the Paraguayans in this second engagement was very heavy.

French Army Bill.

PARIS, December 20.—The bill for the reorganization of the army is now under discussion in the Senate. Its adoption is urged on the ground that such a measure is necessary on account of the German situation, and the revolutionary aspect of affairs in Italy.

Austrian Tax Bills.

VIENNA, December 20.—The apportionment of the quotas of taxes, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the payment of the National debt, owing the provinces of the Empire and Kingdom of Hungary, has been finally established by the bill which passed the Reichsrath.

Arrest of Supposed Fenians.

LONDON, December 20.—Four men, who gave their names as English, Mulvaney, O'Keafe and W. Desmond, were arrested in this city last night, on suspicion of having been connected with the recent Fenian outrages.

Fenian Matters.

LONDON, Evening, December 20.—The alarm caused by the recent Fenian outrages here continues. The magistrates are still swearing in special policemen. The guards around the prisons have been strengthened, and warehouses in the city are carefully watched during the night. Troops were suddenly ordered to Portsmouth to-day, and left on a special train.

The Coroner's inquest on the bodies of those killed by the explosion at Clarkenwell prison was concluded this afternoon. The jury rendered a verdict charging Timothy Desmond and Jerry Allen, who were arrested on the 13th, with the crime of murder in having caused the explosion which resulted in the death of deceased.

The prisoners, English, Mulvaney O'Keefe and W. Desmond, arrested last night, were brought before a justice for examination to-day. The testimony so far elicited goes to show they had something to do with the Clerkenwell explosion. They were remanded to jail for further examination.

Fire in New-Castle-on-Tyne.

LONDON, December 20, 9 P. M.—A great fire is raging in New-Castle-on-Tyne. No particulars are yet received.

A Proposal from Napoleon.

PARIS, Evening, December 20.—It is reported the Emperor has proposed to Belgium, Holland and Switzerland that they join France in a customs union. Belgium is said to have declined on the ground that she has already concluded a military and commercial alliance with Prussia.

Abdication.

BERLIN, December 20.—A report is current that the Grand Duke of Baden will abdicate and leave the Duchy free to join the North German Confederation.

Suspension of Habeas Corpus.

LONDON, Midnight, December 20.—In view of the recent outrages committed or attempted by Fenians in this country, and to prevent by summary measures their repetition, the Cabinet has determined to ask Parliament to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in England.

London Money Market.

LONDON, Evening, December 20.—Consols, 92¼; 5-20s, 72 1-16; Illinois Central, 89¾; Erie, 49½.

United States Bonds at Frankfort.

FRANKFORT, Evening, December 20.—5-20s, 76¾.

Paris Money Market.

PARIS, Evening, December 20.—There is an improved feeling on the Bourse, and rentes are better.

Liverpool Markets.

LIVERPOOL, Evening, December 20.—Cotton closes easier and more active; sales 10,000 bales; middling uplands 7⅝d; Orleans 7⅞d. Advices from Manchester are unfavorable.

Breadstuffs—Corn 46s for mixed Western. Wheat—Sales of white California at 15s 2d, and No 2 Milwaukee red at 13s 9d. Barley 5s 3d for American. Oats 3s 5d for American. Peas 46s 6d for Canadian. Provisions—Beef 112s. Pork 67s 6d. Lard 50s. Cheese 52s. Bacon 40s 6d. Produce unchanged.

Antwerp Petroleum Market.

ANTWERP, Evening, December 20.—Petroleum 45 francs.

LAKE SHORE RAILROAD DISASTER.

A Ghastly Spectacle---Seven Boxes of Charred Remains and Twenty-three Skulls Removed---Probable Loss of Seventy Lives.

The more that is learned of the late accident on the Lake Shore road, writes a Buffalo correspondent, from the lips of those who escaped and those who were at the scene, the greater does the disaster become. It is now definitely ascertained that not less than sixty, and probably over seventy, persons were either killed, roasted to death, or mortally injured. From the statement of Conductor Sherman and the two survivors of the last car, it appears that there could not have been less than fifty persons in that car at the time it went down the embankment. Only three were extricated from the wreck, and of these one (the woman) who now lies at the hotel, is reported dead. I have not time to verify the rumor, but know that she was not expected to survive the night. She could not survive her burns, much less her injuries. This gives forty-eight victims in one car and sixteen in the other; a total of sixty-four. Five others are not expected to live; and, may be, even more than five are fatally injured.

There are some who assert from the evidence that there were more than fifty in the burned car; but all unite in making this the very minimum. Not over forty bodies have thus far been identified; and it is probable that the remains of half a score were so completely consumed as not to leave sufficient trace, even with the most careful investigation, to ever determine the exact number of the victims.

On the remains of one of the passengers in the burned car were found some cards bearing the name of Charles E. Fink, C. E. Papers were found with the remains of another, bearing the name of Alex. Brown. A lady's gold watch, partially melted, was found among the embers. On the back of the case were the figures of a man, woman and child.

Seven boxes of the remains have arrived here, each box six feet long and two feet wide. On being opened at the "Soldiers' Rest," a soul-sickening spectacle was revealed, the charred relics of mortality presenting themselves in every conceivable form of disgust and terror. In the ghastly heap of arms, legs, and trunks, are twenty-three sculls, but whose can never be determined.

The Erie *Dispatch* of yesterday says:—Our own city and its immediate vicinity has reason for mourning. In that fatal car sat Alexander W. Martin, Assistant City Engineer, William W. Towner, surveyor, and Edward Metcalf, clerk in the B. & E. Railroad office. The three were acquaintances and firm friends. Mr. Metcalf was starting on a visit to New York, to spend the holidays with his mother. His remains are unrecognizable among the mass of charred trunks that once were human, but now have no semblance of humanity. All that remains as a memento of his presence in the car, is a small key. William W. Towner, aged about twenty-five, was a well educated, talented young man; a thorough surveyor, and possessed of enterprise enough to have made his mark in the world. He bore an irreproachable character, and had a large circle of friends. Alexander W. Martin, the Assistant City Engineer, was one of those quiet, unobtrusive but thoroughly efficient men that all in business dealing respect, and all intimate acquaintances love. His remains were recognized by Mr. Sherwin, the upper part of the body not having been much disfigured, and a portion of the clothing also being left. His lower limbs were *burned off*. The charred remains were coffined and brought to this city last night. That is only three out of the fifty, and yet the untimely fate of these three estimable young men has thrown the deepest gloom over this community.

By Telegraph.

BUFFALO, December 20.—Mr. A. E. Fisher, of Minnesota, one of the injured by the Lake Shore Railroad accident, died at Angola last night. Mrs. Fisher is not expected to live. Miss Chedneys, of Titusville, is not dead as reported, but very low. Mr. C. E. Kent and wife, of Tonawanda, left Jamestown on the train to which the accident occurred, and their bodies are supposed to be among the charred remains.

BUFFALO, December 20, 11 P. M.—The funeral services of the unrecognized victims by the railroad disaster at Angola will be held in the Central Depot on Exchange street, on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. Drs. Ford and Hotchkiss will officiate. The bodies will be deposited in a vault in Forest Lawn Cemetery, subject to future inspection.

A Coroner's Inquest will be held Monday. A correct list of the personal effects, &c., of the deceased will be kept by the Railroad Company.

The following additional recognitions have been made: S. B. Hubbard, of Port Dolhonzia, Canada; E. L. Martism, Auburn, New York; C. T. Metcalf, Erie, Pennsylvania; R. C. Gibbs, Galveston, Texas; John W. Chapman, Boston; A. E. Fisher, Minnesota; Miss Barlholemen, Angola, New York; Emma Temer, Utica; James Brown, Buffalo; E P. Harvey, Pottsdam, New York; Stephen Stewart, Oil Creek, Pennsylvania; S. A. Thompson, Worcester, Massachusetts; J. A. Martin, Erie, Pennsylvania; W. W. Tanner, Erie, Pennsylvania; R. B. Graves, Brooklyn, New York; A. H Spier, North East, Pennsylvania; James Sheridan, residence unknown; an unknown woman and child; an unknown man; Norman Nobles, residence unknown.

A bunch of keys was found among the rubbish of the burnt car, marked Elean Porter, Cincinnati, O. An English gold lever watch, numbered 1,424, with the following inscription on the case: "Presented by John Abell to A. Johnson," was also found. Another charred body has on a pair of spectacles, and pants of gray, flannel vest, striped shirt and white overcoat.

Only nine of the wounded now remain at Angola. The balance are all cared for by the railroad company in this city. The wounded seriously are F. Robbins, Buffalo; S. E. Howard, New York; Ira Babcock and wife, Syracuse; Mary Childery, Corfu, New York; W. C. Patterson, Oil Creek, Pennsylvania; Maria Sayres, Corfu, New York; Mrs. Christiana Layng, Minneapolis; John C. Cripps, Salem, Pennsylvania; Robert Stewart, Oneida; Robert Dixon, Buffalo; Mrs. H. M. Saley, Buffalo; Lizzie Thompson, Worcester, Mass.; R. M. Russell, Franklin, Tennessee; Charles Wood, Buffalo; J. C. Whitney, Nashua, N. H.; Henry Jackson, Illino ; A. H. Thomas, Rochester.

Slightly injured—Randolph Love, Utica; Charles Love, do; Richard Reed, Sinclair, Chautauqua county; Charles Arkright, Chautauqua county; Garrett Hurley, Corry, Pa.; Isadore Meyer, N. Y.; R. C. Morris, New London, Connecticut; Mrs. J. H. Tymerson, Waukesha, Wisconsin; W. Teller, Utica; N. Capely, Minneapolis; Albert Rovenohin, Albany, N. Y.; W. H. More, Corry, Pa.; James Walsh, Brooklyn; Miss Mary Sayles, Corfu; Mary Moore, Brooklyn; W. Y. Peyton, N. Y.; L. L. Lombard, N. Y.; Daniel Carr, Brooklyn; W. S. Caldwell, N. Y.; Mrs. Fisher, Minnesota; Frank Sherman, conductor, Buffalo; John Vanderburg, brakesman; W. F Gregory, Skaneateles; Mrs. Robert Steinart, Oneida; Eugene Howard, Buffalo; Minnie McCarthy, Lowell, Pa.

A large conservative meeting was held at Savannah last night, indorsing the action of the Macon Convention. One of the resolutions was as follows: *Resolved*, That our object is to maintain the Constitution of our fathers and the rights of the States thereunder.

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Monthly Meeting of Christian Association---Next Meeting at Shelby---Prof. Youman's Lecture.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

MANSFIELD, O., December 20, 1867.

The second monthly Christian Convention of the orthodox churches of Richland and adjoining counties was held in the First Congregational Church, in this city, to-day. It was well attended, and much interest was manifested. The following were the topics discussed:

Labor for the salvation of souls; the happiness of the Christian, the usefulness of the Christian and the glorification of God.

The Devotional meetings of the Church; how can they be made interesting and profitable to the unconverted?

Rev. Calhoun, of Pittsburgh, and other strangers were present.

The next convention will be held one month from this time, at Shelby, Ohio.

Prof. Youman lectures here this evening before the Lecture Association on the "Dynamics of Mind."

Weather quite warm and snow melting rapidly.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Body of a Woman Found on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railway Track.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., December 20, 1867.

The body of an unknown woman was found on the track of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railway, near Washington station, last night. Her body was horribly mangled, as several trains had passed over it before it was discovered. She had previously been seen in Bucyrus, and Upper Sandusky, but nothing is known as to her name or residence. She was probably walking on the track and was overtaken by a passing train.

ROCHESTER, PA.

Rise in the Ohio River---Towboats Passed Down.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

ROCHESTER, PA., December 20, 1867.

Weather moderate. It has been thawing all day. The Ohio has risen two feet in the last twenty-four hours, and rising slowly. Four towboats have passed down to-day with coal.

More About Alaska.

The newspaper correspondents are still busily engaged in writing up the advantages and disadvantages of our new possessions in the North. Many important and interesting facts are being developed; but not until the whole country has been searched out and explored, shall we know whether we have made a paying investment or not. It is not specially encouraging to know that agriculture can never of itself be a lucrative occupation in Alaska. In the eastern group of islands—those about Sitka—the rains of August and September prevent the raising of grain, and destroy the nutritious qualities of the grass. The land is barren and ungenerous, and such vegetables as grow to perfection are generally worthless from some cause or other. There is no juice in one, too much water in another; lack of flavor in this, toughness of fiber in that; and the whole list may be classed as inedible. Attempts have been made to cultivate the apple, peach, pear and cherry, but these have likewise failed. The fruit does not mature, and is stunted and insipid. Currants ripen, and so do raspberries, but the latter are indigestible. A few potatoes are grown, but they are of inferior quality. Excessive rains prevent the cultivation of fruit, vegetables or grain, and if an American population is ever to subsist there the supplies will have to come from some other quarter. A more generous soil is found on the island of Kodiac, five hundred and and fifty miles west of Sitka. The summer here is dry, and while the sea air prevents the raising of grain, all varieties of hardy vegetables are grown abundantly. Grass is luxuriant and good for pasturage. The natives use wild game and fish, and there is no demand for beef cattle. The cost of growing cattle here would exceed that of California or Oregon, as the cattle have to be wintered four months in the year. The island has pasturage enough for eight or ten thousand head, and the soil is the best of any of the islands of Alaska. The forest trees are spruce, fir and cedar. The population is only eighteen hundred. St. Paul, the capital, is next to Sitka in size, and has less than five hundred souls. Ounlaska, the second in importance of the long series of islands stretching fifteen hundred miles to the westward, is seven hundred miles distant from Kodiac. It has seven hundred inhabitants, all natives, except the Governor. There is no wood here, and turf is used for fuel. Grass is abundant, but there are no cattle. There is a volcano on the island, six thousand feet high, with vast quantities of lava in the gorges leading from its crater. The soil resembles that of Kodiac, but the surface is more mountainous. There are but few inhabitants, who subsist on seal and fish. Seven hundred miles west of this is an uninterrupted range of islands, large and small, all of volcanic origin, and destitute of trees. The only land animal known is the fox. Attoo is the name of one of the islands, and it is the most western soil of the American Republic. It has about one hundred natives, living amid the rudest scenery.

It is claimed, however, that at Cook's Inlet, on the main land opposite Kodiac, there is an area of from ten to fifteen thousand square miles of level, rich soil, which will mature grains and grass, and supply a large population. There is neither oak nor ash timber in the entire territory, and the deciduous trees of this vast region are few. There is spruce, fir, cedar and hemlock enough, were it accessible, to supply the world with building material for a century. The fisheries will first engage the attention of trade, as cod, salmon, halibut and other fishes abound, and the fishing ground is unlimited. The market for dried fish has always been certain in the East, and must prove equally remunerative on the Pacific coast.

Dickens as a Reader.

It appears that a difference of opinion exists as to the merits of Mr. Dickens as a reader. The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* expresses his own as follows: "But he is very far from being a good reader, particularly in plain narrative. His voice is husky and thin—never deep, ringing or resonant. If he were a new, unknown reader, with no reputation for any other success, he could not draw paying audiences after the first night, in any American city. This is not exactly a fair test—for who could, except Fanny Kemble, or some semi-buffoon? But what I mean is, that James E. Murdoch, Edwin Booth, Robert Kidd, James W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport, and thousands of Americans unknown to fame, are far better readers in plain narration, than Charles Dickens. His manner is excessively, but not unpleasantly, English. It is also excessively and unpleasantly artificial and stagy. You feel that every tone is painfully studied, just as Edward Everett used carefully to count out for his right hand pantaloons pocket, five silver 'quarters,' ready to tap with his open hand, when he should come to his phrase about 'jingling of the guineas.' You feel that Dickens would talk to a familiar friend, by his own fireside, ten times better than he reads. He is the victim of elocution; his training crushes him, as it does all actors except the happy few."

Foreign Exchange.

It appears that during the four months commencing with June 1st, we accumulated an adverse balance of $24,000,000 in gold. Since that period, we have exported a large amount of Western produce, and sent a considerable quantity of cotton to Europe. The shipments of cotton from all ports, since September 1, aggregate 245,000 bales against 183,000 bales for the same period of last year; but cotton during that period has ruled at about half the price of last year. It is very clear that the value of our present exports of produce is not sufficient to cover our maturing obligations on account of the importations of late months. The heavy losses of importers during late months have induced some Europeans to call home funds which have been allowed to remain here; and this has been especially true of continental houses. The circumstance of Five-Twenty bonds having ruled higher here than in Europe has induced the purchase of a certain amount of bonds at London; which has naturally induced bankers here to be somewhat firmer in their rates of Exchange.

THE Cooper Iron Works, at Phillipsburg, N. J., with all the land and mining property belonging thereto, have been sold for the reported sum of $900,000 to J. G. Fell, of Philadelphia, and A. Pardee, of Hazleton, Pa. The Andover mine is included in this sale. This mine formed a portion of the tract purchased by William Penn in 1714. Ore was taken from it and made into iron more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The first lot of American bar iron that was taken to Europe was made of Andover ore, and was landed at Liverpool—then a small town—about thirty years before American Independence was declared.

OHIO NEWS.

The Salem Building Association was incorporated on Wednesday, with a capital of $200,000, divided into shares of $200 each. The principal office is to be located at Salem, Columbiana county. The corporators are James Brown, John R. Vernon, Saml. Grove, Charles Boone, and Saml. R. Hudson

The Morgan County *Herald* says:—Mr. William Buchanan, of Malta township, passed peacefully away on Thursday evening last, 5th inst., at the advanced age of nearly eighty, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss,—being taken off by a sudden attack of Mrs. Rebecca Hanson, a dashing young widow, aged thirty-five. No cards.

A Columbus dealer on Wednesday received an order to forward to London, England, by the next Cunard steamer, an invoice of game, consisting of one pair pheasants, one pair prairie chickens, two dozen quails, one loin venison, one roast of buffalo, one ham of bear meat, one raccoon and one oppossum.

The citizens of Columbus, in eleven months, spent $12,577 for amusements. Mrs. Lander's receipts for two entertainments were $1,531, while those of Ristori were only $969.

The Alliance *Monitor* says that "one thousand tons of railroad iron were rolled at the Alliance Rolling Mill in the month of November. Fourteen thousand dollars were paid for labor during the same month."

In Champlain county turnpikes to the amount of $147,000 have been made within the last year.

A correspondent of the Zanesville *Courier* gives the indebtedness of that city at $39,500, and its assets in real estate, gas stock, etc., at $90,500.

The Cadiz *Republican* says the number of births reported in Harrison county for November was 127—males, 62; females, 65. Deaths 44—males, 21; females, 23.

The Wooster *Republican* says preparations are being made by the wool growers of that section for the establishment of a woolen manufactory at Wooster, for the purpose of manufacturing their own wool.

The Portsmouth *Tribune* says the amount of whisky transported in bond from that district during the month of November was 2,025 barrels, containing 168,199 gallons, on which the amount of tax was $216,398. It is certainly remarkable that the tax was all collected. The Collector of that district ought to be continued.

STATE NEWS.

The Clearfield *Journal* says: The recent fall of snow, and the excellent condition of the roads, has caused quite an activity in the timber-hauling business. As to the quantity of timber made, we have, as yet, no data from which to estimate the amount, but, we believe, it will scarcely be as large as usual—the scarcity of money having a tendency to retard operations.

Heister Clymer, late Democratic candidate for Governor, has been appointed counsel for the Reading and Wilmington Railroad.

Dr. Z. A. White, Deputy Revenue Collector 24th District, on Tuesday morning got into the Cameron hack, intending to visit Waynesburg, Greene county. Just as he was about to be seated, he was seized with apoplexy and breathed but once or twice when he died.

Ex-Governor Curtin has left Bellefonte, and now resides with his family in Philadelphia.

CITY MATTERS.

THE pastor and congregation of the First Methodist Church, Fifth street, Pittsburgh, will worship with the Second Church, Allegheny, to morrow morning. Service in the First Church in the evening, as usual, the pastor to preach the first sermon of a new series, entitled "The Gospel in the Trees."

MONONGAHELA U. P. PRESBYTERY.—The U. P. Presbytery of Monongahela will meet in the Second U. P. Church, this city, (Rev. Dr. Hanna's,) on Tuesday 31st inst., at ten o'clock, A. M., when an election for delegates to the next General Assembly will be held.

MR. VINCENT'S LECTURE.—Mr. Henry Vincent lectured last evening at Lafayette Hall, before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association. The Hall was crowded and the lecture was all that was anticipated. Mr. Vincent will deliver his celebrated lecture on John Milton at the same place this evening, and those who desire to enjoy a rare literary treat should be present.

THE UNIVERSALIST FAIR at City Hall continues to be the prominent place of attraction. Many persons had a very pleasant time last night. The Fair will be continued during the Holidays, and will, no doubt, be a grand success. Nearly every night something new and interesting is added to the Fair. Miss Anna Dickinson still leads the way as the most popular candidate for the next President. The Fair closed with the grand promenade last night.

INTERESTING SERVICES.—At the Academy of Music, Liberty street, the People's Prayer Meeting will meet Sabbath afternoon, commencing at 3½ o'clock. Besides others, the following are to be present and deliver addresses: Rev. John S. Sands, Rev. S. F. Scovel, Rev. Charles A. Dickey and Mr. Wm. Owens. Voluntary remarks and prayers will be made by the audience. Seats are free to every one, and no collections are taken up. Those who are not in the habit of attending public worship in the churches, are especially invited to the meeting. All persons who are not in attendance at worship at this hour are cordially invited to attend.

New Presbyterian Church.

The Valley Presbyterian Church, at Woods Run, was organized on Sunday afternoon last by a committee of the Presbytery of Allegheny city, consisting of Revs. E. E. Swift, T. X. Orr and James Allison. Twenty persons presented certificates of dismission from other churches. Messrs. James Schoonmaker and Robert Davis having been previously ordained, were installed Elders; and Messrs. James Shipman and W. B. Hamilton were ordained and installed Deacons. Others in the vicinity will unite with this church as soon as their certificates can be obtained. The population is rapidly increasing in the neighborhood, and a church was greatly needed. Mr. J. M. Sharpe has been preaching to the people of that place for the greater part of two years, and has now a most encouraging field before him.

Allegheny Valley Railroad Open to Oil City.

On Monday morning next, December 23d, regular passenger trains on the Allegheny Valley Railroad will commence running between Pittsburgh and Oil City. The time table will be published on Monday morning.

The mail will leave Pittsburgh on and after Monday next at 7:30 A. M., and arrive at Oil City at 3 P. M. Leaves Oil City at 5 P. M., and arrives at Pittsburgh at 12:30 A. M. (midnight.)

Express leaves Pittsburgh at 10:30 P. M. and arrives at Oil City at 6:20 A. M. Leaves Oil City at 10:30 A. M. and arrive at Pittsburgh at 5:45 P. M.

The various other changes in the running of trains on the road will be noted by time table on Monday.

The formal opening of the road will not take place until January 8th, 1868.

The Philadelphia Maennerchor.

To the Editor of the Commercial:

Having just returned from the Quaker City, I cannot refrain from mentioning the new society, "The Junge Maennerchor," of that city. I had the exquisite pleasure of attending some rehearsals and evening entertainments of that very artistic company, and feel compelled to say that I have never listened to superior talent. A great deal of praise is due to the very efficient musical director, Mr. Hartman, the services of that gentleman having been secured, at a great expense, by the Society. It is a source of a great deal of pleasure to me to see the beautiful art of vocal and instrumental music brought to such perfection by amateurs, and hope that they may prosper for many years, and continue to exercise that beautiful influence which can only emanate from that divine art of lyric perfection.

J. A.

Relief for the Sufferers.

The following additional subscriptions to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late explosion at the Fort Pitt Iron Works, of Messrs. Reese, Graff & Dull, have been received:

Manchester Collection by Messrs. Pollock and Stewart	$58 50
Union M E Church, Allegheny, by Rev J Hollingshead	18 50
S B Ewing	5 00
Employees of W Boyd & Son, Allegheny City	64 00
Thanksgiving collections in addition to individual subscriptions by Rev Douglass	30 00
German Church, corner of Sixth and Smithfield streets, Rev. Walker	20 20
Fidelia Lodge No 415 IOOF, Allegheny	10 00
	$206 20
Amount previously reported	$13,992 41
Total	$14,198 61

All collectors of the Finance Committee are requested to send their collection books to the rooms of the Association, No. 23 Fifth street.

By order of Committee, W. M. CLANEY, Treasurer.

Important Patent Case.

Two patent suits, of considerable importance, were set for hearing before his Honor, Judge McCandless, in the United States Circuit Court, on Thursday last. Lewis Moore a citizen of the State of Michigan, entered suits, some time since, against the late firm of Maffit & Old, of this city, and March, Beaver & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., for infringing a patent, claimed by him, for certain improvements in grain drills, originally issued to Lewis Moore in 1848, extended in 1862, and reissued, in three divisions, in 1863. The defendants denied the validity of the patents, and also the right of the plaintiff to bring the suits for the reason that he had no exclusive right in or title to the patents, either as patentee, assignee or grantee, within the Western District of Pennsylvania. The latter question was argued, on Thursday morning, at length, after which his Honor, Judge McCandless, decided that the plaintiff could not maintain his actions, and entered judgment for defendants on demurrer in both cases. Plaintiff was represented by S. S. Fisher, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Messrs. Bruce & Negley, of this city, while Messrs. Baldwin & Collier, of Philadelphia, and Bakewell & Christy, of this city, appeared for defendants. We understand the cases will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Soldiers' Monument Project.

The Soldiers' Monumental Association held a meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms on Thursday afternoon. A communication was read from the Managers of the Allegheny Cemetery, tendering the large circular lot on Ridge avenue, occupying one of the most conspicuous positions in the Cemetery, on which to erect the monument. A vote of thanks was tendered to the managers for their very generous offer, and a committee consisting of Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Robinson and Messrs. Preston and Cook, appointed to visit the Cemetery and examine the sites there, and, if they see proper, elsewhere. Mr. Park stated that, on behalf of the Park Commission of Allegheny, he would tender to the Association any part of the common grounds which they might select for the monument site. The thanks of the Association were tendered for the offer, and the above named committee appointed to examine into the matter. On motion, the time for receiving designs for the monument was extended to March 1st, and two hundred dollars offered for the design that will be adopted by the Association, and one hundred dollars for the next best. After considerable discussion it was decided to have the monument constructed of stone, with tablets of the best American marble. The matter of having the names of deceased soldiers cut on the monument, was discussed, but owing to the great cost it would incur, it was decided that it could not be done. A calculation has been made, counting over four thousand deceased soldiers from this county, from which it appeared that the simple cutting of the names would cost about $40,000. After transacting some unimportant business, the Association adjourned to meet on Thursday, January 2d, 1868.

The Re-Union of Presbyterian Churches---Action of the O. S. Presbytery of Ohio.

At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Ohio of the Old School Presbyterian Church, held in the First Presbyterian Church, this city, the following paper on the subject of the union of the Presbyterian churches was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the judgment of this Presbytery the organic union of the different branches of the Presbyterian Church of like precious faith and order would greatly increase the efficacy of the Church, and strengthen its testimony before the world, and invite the promised outpouring of the Holy Spirit for which we confidently wait; and,

Whereas, A Convention representing the different portions of the Presbyterian family met in Philadelphia on the 6th, 7th and 8th ult., and agreed with remarkable unanimity and cordiality upon a basis of organic union founded upon our common standards, therefore,

Resolved, 1. As regards the Basis of Union proposed by the Joint Committee of the Old and New School Assemblies, this Presbytery would decidedly prefer for the Doctrinal Basis the article adopted by the Philadelphia Convention, and they would recommend its substitution for that proposed in the platform of the Joint Committee.

2. That this Presbytery, in accordance with the action of the Philadelphia Convention, prays our General Assembly to appoint five delegates to meet those from the other branches of the Presbyterian family, with a view to an organic Union in one body.

3. That as tending to this result the recommendation of the Philadelphia Convention is hereby adopted, viz.: "That friendly and fraternal intercourse be cultivated by interchange of pulpits, by fellowship with one another in social religious meetings, and in every other practicable way."

4. That in the provision of the Joint Committee of the Old and New School Assembly for revising the lists of publications issued by their respective Boards of Publication, it be agreed that only such issues as conflict with the above named Doctrinal Basis, be rejected.

5. That it be required of all such churches in connection with either Assembly as are not organically Presbyterian, to conform their Church order to our standards before the first meeting of the United Assembly, or that they be dropped from the United Church.

THE COURTS.

QUARTER SESSIONS—JUDGE STOWE.

Morris Lucas, who was convicted on Thursday, on a charge of stealing two horses from Christian Haily, was arraigned yesterday on a similar charge preferred by McKinley & Bro., coal merchants. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, when the defendant was called up for sentence. The Court, after a few preliminary remarks in regard to the course that Lucas has been leading, sentenced him to undergo an imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for a term of fourteen years—eight years on the first indictment and six on the second.

John Kenney, indicted for assault and battery on John Hughes, was next placed on trial. The parties being mere lads the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, the prosecutor to pay the costs.

George Walters and Wm. Johnston, the young men who broke out of jail some weeks since, were arraigned on a charge of stealing two promissory notes and a quantity of postage stamps from the store of Mr. Woodside, on Etna street. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty against Walters, and acquitted Johnston.

George Walters, who was also indicted for stealing two double-barreled shot guns, ten revolvers and two cases of powder from Mr. Schultz's gun works in the Fifth ward, entered a plea of guilty.

Walters and Johnston were next arraigned for the larceny of a large quantity of boots and shoes from Mr. McLaughlin's store on Liberty street. After the indictment had been read they both plead guilty to the charge.

The defendants were then called up for sentence. The Court remarked to Walters that he was an old offender, and had been released from jail some months since with the understanding that he would leave the State. He had, however, neglected to do so, and had been detected in a series of robberies. The Court then sentenced him to the Penitentiary for a term of eight years and four months. Johnston, who was only implicated in one of the robberies, was sentenced to two years and nine months in the Penitentiary.

Wm. Stewart plead guilty to a charge of larceny of a watch from Mr. Daniel Wensberry, of Allegheny city, and he was remanded for sentence.

John McCarthy, indicted for aggravated assault and battery, was next placed on trial. The alleged offense was committed on the 14th inst., at the house of Mrs. Catharine Campbell, near Woods' Run. The prosecuting witness, James McCombs, testified that the defendant knocked him down, and kicked and stamped him. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was remanded.

Wm. McAvoy was placed on trial to answer a charge of assault and battery, in knocking Michael L. Malone with a brick. The parties reside at East Liberty. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

DISTRICT COURT—JUDGE WILLIAMS.

The case of the owners of the steam-tug Mary Danage vs. Wm H. Brown, previously reported, has not yet been concluded. This is the last case that will be taken up until after the holidays.

Police Intelligence.

[Before Alderman Mullin, of Allegheny.]

LARCENY OF A CLOCK.

A man named John Owens was before this Alderman yesterday on a charge of larceny, preferred by N. P. Duffy, proprietor of a livery stable in the First ward, Allegheny. Mr. Duffy states that the office adjoining his stable was broken into on Saturday last, and an alarm clock stolen. From information received he had reason to suspect that the clock was in the possession of Owens, and he asked that search warrant be issued. The Alderman made out the warrant and placed it in the hands of Officer Sarber, who recovered the clock. Owens denies having stolen the clock, and declares that it belongs to him. Owing to the absence of Mr. Duffy from the city, the case was held over for a further hearing.

RUN OVER BY A WAGON.

John Best brought suit against a man named Reiter, charging him with assault and battery. The prosecutor alleges that about two weeks since while he was crossing Liberty street, in the Fourth Ward, Allegheny, Reiter, who was driving a horse attached to a wagon along the street at a rapid gait, ran into him and knocked him down, the wheels running over his knee and legs, injuring him so severely as to confine him to his house, under medical treatment, for some time, and he has not yet fully recovered. A warrant was placed in the hands of an officer for the arrest of Reiter.

FELONIOUS ASSAULT ON THE HIGHWAY.

Henry Koebler lodged information against three men, whose names are unknown, charging one of them with felonious assault and battery and the others with assault and battery. It appears that early on Thursday morning, Mr. Koebler was assailed by three men while passing along East Lane, Allegheny. Two of them struck at him with their fists, but he succeeded in warding off the blows with his arms. The third party struck at him with a knife, cutting through the ear and producing a slight wound on the head. The assailants then fled before the police could be summoned. Warrants for their arrest have been issued.

[Before Justice Lipp, of Birmingham.]

DISGRACEFUL FIGHT BETWEEN BROTHERS.

Three brothers by the name of Ackerman, living in Mifflin township, who had an old grudge between themselves, met at Gebring's saloon, in Birmingham, on Thursday night, and after having drank quite freely got into a quarrel, when two of them set upon the remaining brother and beat him in a brutal manner. The parties were all arrested and taken before Justice Lipp, who held them in five hundred dollars bail for their appearance at Court, for trial.

[Before Justice Heisel, of East Birmingham.]

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

Henry Weidner, who was arrested on Thursday, charged with attempting to commit an outrage on a respectable lady in Birmingham, had a hearing yesterday, which resulted in his being committed to jail for trial at court, in default of the necessary bail.

Public Amusements.

OPERA HOUSE MATINEE.—Miss Emilie Melville will close her engagement this afternoon with the matinee performance, when she will appear as the "Daughter of the Regiment" and the "Pretty Horsebreaker."

GRAND COMBINATION.—Manager Canning, of the Opera House, has made an arrangement with Manager Pugh, of the Lander Combination, by which an extraordinary performance will take place at the Opera House this evening. Shakspeare's great tragedy of "Macbeth" will be presented with a cast unexampled in this city. The distinguished tragic artiste, Mrs. Lander, will personate "Lady Macbeth," in which she is said to rival our famous Charlotte Cushman. Mr. J. H. Taylor will enact "Macbeth," in which character he has won a favorable reputation. Mr. Cogswell will be the "Macduff," and Mr. Fenno the "Banquo" of the occasion, while the other characters will be distributed among the ablest members of both companies. Such a rare dramatic treat may not again be soon presented, and we trust Manager Canning's good judgment and liberality in providing it may be duly appreciated, and that standing room may be at a premium this evening.

THE APOCALYPSE.—This great work of art will be exhibited at Masonic Hall, for a short season, commencing on Tuesday evening. It consists of a series of tableaux illustrating the Book of Revelations, and is beyond question an interesting exhibition.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The great original Miltonian Tableaux, from London, England, never before exhibited here, will be on exhibition at the Academy of Music all of next week. The expulsion of Satan and the rebel host from Heaven is a vivid painting, and cannot fail to impress the visitor.

RAVEL.—Marietta Ravel will be the next "star" at the Opera House, commencing on Monday evening.

ORPHANS' FAIR.—The fair for the benefit of St. Paul's Orphan Asylum is now open, in the basement of the Cathedral. As usual, the attractions are extensive and varied, and a visit to the Fair cannot fail to amuse and entertain all. A brilliant gas jet on Fifth street, near Cherry alley, will direct all in search of the Fair.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, December 20 1867.

FLOUR—Dull at $8@10 for spring extras.

WHEAT—Quiet and steady at $1 89@1 90 for No. 1; $1 81½@1 83 for No. 2.

CORN—Quiet and ½@1c lower, at 84@85c for old; 82@83c for new, closing at 84c for old, and 83½@84c for new.

OATS—Easier, closing at 54@54½c.

RYE—Quiet and 4@5c higher, at $1 55@1 57 for No. 1; $1 55 for No. 2.

BARLEY—Dull at $1 67@1 71 for No. 2.

PROVISIONS—Quiet and firm. Mess pork $20 00. Sweet pickled hams quiet at 11½c. English meats inactive and nominal; Cumberlands 9c; short ribs 10c; short clear 11c. Green meats moderately active; hams 10½@11c; shoulders 6¾c. Lard moderately active and closed firm at 11½@12c.

DRESSED HOGS—Dull; light 25@35c, heavy 15@25c lower, closing quiet at $7 00@8 00 for lots dividing on 200. Live active and firm for best grades; $5 30@6 85 for common to choice.

BEEF CATTLE—Dull and unchanged at $5 00@6 00 for good to choice.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS, December 20.—Tobacco quiet and unchanged. Cotton held at 13½@14c. Flour very dull and business so small that quotations cannot be given; holders are firm, however. Wheat—demand very light with small sales of prime and choice red winter at $2 60@2 70; prime spring $2. Corn dull and drooping at 89@90c. Oats dull and lower at 74@76c. Barley held firmly at $1 95@2 for choice fall. Rye higher at $1 95@2 10. Provisions—business practically suspended; small lots of mess pork sold at $21 50 and dry salt shoulders, packed, at 8½c. Bacon nominal at 10½c for shoulders, 13½@13¾c for clear sides. Lard held at 11¾@12½c, with ¼@½c less bid. Whisky sells at $2 20. Hogs firmer at 5½@6¼c, gross.

New York Dry Goods Market.

NEW YORK, December 20.—Dry goods market inactive and prices of irregular makes and light goods are depressed, while heavy fabrics hold their own pretty firmly. We quote light and heavy brown sheetings at 13½@15½c; Miller River, 11½c; Great Falls J, 10½c; Dwight X, 15c; Pepperell R, 12½c; do N, 10½c, and Bedford R 8½c. Dwight bleached muslins 16c; do linen finish 22c; Lonsdale 16c; Hill's Semper Idem 15c; Hope 12½c; Green Ic; Great Falls P 12c, and G 15c. Cocheco prints 13½c; Sprague's solids 12½c; Wauregan 10½c, and Victory 9½c.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, December 20.—Tobacco quiet at $5 00@15 75 for lugs to medium leaf. Cotton 13½@13¾c. Flour $8. Corn—New shelled, in bulk, 65@66c. Wheat $2 30@2 35. Bacon shoulders 9½c; clear sides 12c. Lard firmer at 13½c. Mess pork $22. Whisky—Raw in bond 30@32c. Hogs $6@6½c gross; receipts 1,500.

Philadelphia Market.

PHILADELPHIA, December 20.—Petroleum dull; crude 15c; refined in bond 23c. Flour dull; western extra family $10 50@11. Wheat steady at $2 50@2 57. Rye $1 75. Corn scarce; new mixed western $1 30@1 32. Oats 74@78c. Mess pork $22. Bacon, green meats and lard declined ½c.

The State Revenue Cases.

The hearing of appeals in the cases of corporations, who object to the payment of certain taxes claimed by the Auditor General of State, was closed in the Dauphin County Court, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday. The following cases were disposed of on Wednesday:

Com. vs. Enterprise Insurance Company; find for plaintiff for $263 71. Com. vs. Holland Petroleum Company; find for defendant. Com. vs. Columbia Oil Company; find in favor of plaintiff for $9,707 76. Com. vs. same; find in favor of plaintiff for $16,609 83.

Judgment for the amounts due in the following cases were entered, upon confession by the defendants: Com. vs. Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company, for $2,076 92; Com. vs. American Fire Insurance Company, for $2,124 31; Com. vs. Lehigh Crane Iron Company, for $3,824 05; Com. vs. Reliance Insurance Company, for $476 15; Com. vs. Buck Mountain Coal Company, for $1,863 32; Com. vs. Franklin Insurance Company, for $8,116 01; Com. vs. Spring Mountain Coal Company, for $9,196 94; Com. vs. Northern Central Railroad Company, for $10,781 50; Com. vs. Powelton Coal and Iron Company, for $973 24; Com. vs. Stout Coal Company, for $5,819 81; Com. vs. Ebervale Coal Company, for $2,432 91; Com. vs. Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Company, for $2,079 12; Com. vs. Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, for $11,361 60; Com. vs. Dickson Manufacturing Company, for $18,881 15; Com. vs. Harrisburg Car Manufacturing Company, for $914 82; Com. vs. Thomas Iron Company, for $14,745 15; Com. vs. Spring Mountain Coal Company, for $9,062 60; Com. vs. Central Petroleum Company, for $4,786 58; Com. vs. Philadelphia and Mahanoy Coal Company, for $4,296 94. Com. vs. Union Canal Company; find for plaintiff for $148 21.

The following cases were held under advisement: Com. vs. Columbia Oil Company. Com. vs. same. Com. vs. United States Petroleum Company; submitted on paper books.

Steinway and Christmas.

Of all things in the world, what is there more suitable, more acceptable and more delightful to the entire family circle than the presentation of a fine Steinway Piano, or one of those *silver tongue* Carhart Parlor Organs? Don't waste your money upon mere finery and worthless baubles of gold and silver, but call at H. Kleber & Bro.'s, 122 Wood street, and procure one of those *Steinway* Pianos or Carhart Organs, and, our word for it, you will thank us for the suggestion, and the pleasure beaming faces of your loved ones will more than repay you for the expenditure incurred.

RELIGIOUS.

☞THE ANNUAL SERMON OF THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY of the Second United Presbyterian Church, Sixth street, will be preached by Rev. J. W. WITHERSPOON, TO-MORROW (Sabbath) MORNING, at 10½ o'clock, at which time a collection will be taken up in aid of said Society. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

☞DEDICATORY SERVICES OF THE SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, Rebecca street, Allegheny, on SABBATH, the 22d instant. Services at 10 A. M., 2:30 P. M. and 6 P. M. Morning discourse by A. CLARK, A. M.; Afternoon W. COLLIER, D. D.; Evening, W. REEVES, D. D. S. F. CROWTHER, Pastor.

☞FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, FIFTH ST., ABOVE SMITHFIELD.—ALEXANDER CLARK, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, at 10:30 A. M., and 7:00 P. M.

☞UNION BAPTIST CHURCH, Grant street, near Sixth, Rev. WM. M. YOUNG, Pastor. Preaching EVERY LORD'S DAY, Morning at 10½ o'clock, and Evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday Evening. s

☞SIXTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Franklin, near Fulton street. Rev. Prof. SAMUEL J. WILSON, D. D., Pastor. Divine service, 10½ A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 2 P. M. Divine Service for Colored People at 3 P. M. tf

☞SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Penn, corner of Irwin street, Rev. W. D. HOWARD, D. D., Pastor. Divine service 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 2 P. M.

☞THIRD METHODIST CHURCH, Pennsylvania Avenue, above Marion. J. ROBISON, Pastor. Preaching EVERY SABBATH at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 8:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M.

☞FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, ALLEGHENY CITY, on Union Avenue, East Common. V. LUCAS, Pastor. Preaching EVERY SABBATH at 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:00 A. M. and at 2:00 P. M.

☞FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM, Meadow street, near Carson. G. G. WESTFALL, Pastor. Preaching EVERY SABBATH at 10:30 A. M., and at 7:00 P. M. Sunday School at 1:30 P. M.

☞FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, SHARPSBURG. H. B. KNIGHT, Pastor. Preaching EVERY SABBATH at 10:30 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:00 P. M.

☞TRINITY CHURCH, SIXTH ST.—Choral Service. Seats free. EVERY SUNDAY, at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

☞*Advertisements on this page under the several heads of* WANTED, FOR SALE, FOR RENT, &c. *will be inserted at transient rates only*—TEN CENTS *per line for each insertion. No advertisement less than* THIRTY CENTS.

WANTED.

WANTED—ROOM—A Room in the Sixth ward, suitable for a small Select School. Address "E," Commercial office.

WANTED—SITUATION—By an active middle-aged man, of thorough business habits, a Situation as Clerk or Bookkeeper. Address T. G. P., care of H. C., Box 1,316 Postoffice, Pittsburgh.

WANTED—STEAM ENGINE—A Second-hand Steam Engine, with or without Boiler—cylinder from 11 to 14 inches in diameter. Address J. K. & W. H. GILCREST, Des Moines, Iowa, with description and price.

WANTED—GIRL—To do housework for a small family. Apply at CHARLES ABEL & CO.'S Drug Store, corner Wylie and Washington streets.

WANTED—TO LEASE OR BUY—A large Building suitable for a Manufactory, with or without Machinery or Power. Must be in or near the cities, and contain about 100,000 square feet floor surface. Address Lock Box 56½.

WANTED—SITUATION—By a steady man, in any position where he can make himself generally useful. Has had ten or twelve years' experience as Shipping Clerk, Assistant Bookkeeper, &c. Has also had some experience in the Retail Grocery business. Address H, Commercial office. tf

WANTED—PARTNER—To purchase an interest in a Jobbing House. Capital required from $6,000 to $8,000. Ill health the reason for selling. Would exchange for city or country real estate. All necessary information given by addressing "B," this office.

WANTED—SITUATION—As Bookkeeper or Clerk; best of references given. Address S, Commercial office.

WANTED--AGENTS.

WANTED—AGENTS—One hundred energetic, go-ahead Men in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia, to control the sale of the Bon Ton Burner, the Light of the World, unequaled by any carbon oil burner ever made, for safety, convenience and economy. It gives 25 per cent. more light than any other burner of the same size in the world. A rare opportunity is now offered for enterprising men with large or small capital to make money, either by traveling or by locating in city or country. Call on or address with stamp, CUSHING & LOCKHART, St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED—CANVASSERS—"THE BOYS IN BLUE" FOR THE HOLIDAYS. An active Agent wanted in every township for the above work. For circulars with terms, apply to or address, A. GILKESON & CO., 60 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED--HOUSES.

WANTED—HOUSE—A House of seven or eight Rooms, with modern improvements, in Pittsburgh, Allegheny, or on the line of the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad, near the city. Possession wanted immediately, if possible. Address F. W. S., Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Office.

LOST.

LOST—POCKETBOOK—On Thursday morning, on Fifth or Market street, containing a large sum of money. A liberal reward will be paid to any person leaving it at this office.

FOR SALE--CITY.

FOR SALE—ENGINE, BOILER AND FIXINGS—In complete running order, as good as new. Price, delivered on cars, $600. DOUDS & CO., New Castle, Pa.

FOR SALE—AN INTEREST—The undersigned wishes to dispose of his interest in the well established Plumbing, Gas Fitting and Steam Heating Business of E. Bourne & Bro., at No. 45 Market street, Pittsburgh, and being desirous to retire before the first of January, 1868, requests that any applications, either personal or by letter, shall be made at once. EDWARD BOURNE. tf

FOR SALE—BUSINESS STAND—A rare chance is presented to a party with a capital of $8,000 or $9,000, as I am now offering my Hardware and Oil Well Fitting Establishment, in Petroleum Center, Venango county, Pa., at a bargain. It is an old and well established house, doing a good business. For full particulars address CHARLES ROBSON & CO., Oil City, Pa. CHAS. ROBSON.

FOR SALE—DYING ESTABLISHMENT—Dyers and Scourers, Attention—The undersigned offers for sale his Dying and Scouring Establishment at Altoona, Pa., together with all the Kettles and Fixtures necessary to carry on the business, and a stock of Dye Stuffs. The location is convenient, and the business very good, but I am compelled to relinquish it on account of failing health. The Good Will, Fixtures, &c., will be sold at a bargain. Address JOS. F. MONNETT, Altoona, Pa.

FOR SALE—PRESS—A second hand Double Cylinder Taylor Press. Size of bed 31 by 46. Address this office.

FOR SALE—STOCK, LEASE, &c—The Stock, Office Furniture, Four Years Lease and the Good Will of a first-class Wholesale Grocery and Commission House, on Liberty street. For further particulars, address Box 39, Pittsburgh P. O.

FOR SALE—TYPE METAL—One Thousand to Fifteen Hundred pounds Type Metal. Apply at this office.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—WAREHOUSE—On First street, No. 171, two doors above Smithfield street. Inquire of Dr. M. COTE, 294 Penn street.

FOR RENT—HOUSE—A Brick House of seven Rooms and Finished Attic, situated in a pleasant neighborhood and in a cheerful part of Allegheny, on the line of the Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Manchester Passenger Railway; would be very suitable for a Physician who wishes an office in connection with a house. Inquire of R. S. SMITH, at the Union National Bank. tf

FOR RENT—WAREHOUSE—A large and substantial Warehouse on Water street, near Market. Inquire of GEORGE A. BERRY, Citizens' National Bank.

CHECKERED FRONT

FLOUR, FLOUR.

5,000 bbls. Now Arriving

Direct from Manufacturers; Well Known and Reliable Brands.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERING.

Inducements offered to Dealers and Bakers that Make Payments Promptly.

Terms---CASH, OR TEN DAYS.

T. C. JENKINS,

No. 273 Liberty St.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

☞FOR BRANDS AND PRICES SEE MARKET REPORT IN TO-DAY'S ISSUE.

AN ELEGANT

HOLIDAY PRESENT.

TWENTY REASONS

FOR BUYING A

MASON & HAMLIN

CABINET ORGAN!

1. It is the BEST INVESTMENT you can make; safer and bringing greater returns than money loaned at interest or invested in bonds or lands.
2. It will render home attractive, and save more expensive and less beneficial amusements.
3. Its music will cultivate good feeling, and have the best influence.
4. It will enable your sons and daughters to learn to play, and so give them a valuable accomplishment.
5. It will give them facilities to qualify themselves as teachers of music, which is as good as a trade or profession. Thousands of ladies are now pleasantly supporting themselves by teaching music, which they learned merely as an accomplishment. If your daughter has some aptness for music you would better give her a good instrument *now*, and encourage her to learn to play on it than to give her thousands of dollars some years hence.
6. It will be a pleasure and comfort yourself during the long winter evenings.
7. It will last a lifetime, and you will value it more and more highly.
8. It is easier to learn to play on than a Pianoforte, and costs much less.
9. The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs are THE BEST instruments of this class in the world.
10. This is proved by the testimony of the best judges. They have been awarded highest premiums at OVER SEVENTY industrial competitions, including the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT PARIS, this year. In their circulars M. & H. print the testimony of more than three hundred of the best musicians in the country that their instruments excel all others. When one who wishes to sell you an instrument claims that it is recommended as the best by hundreds of the most distinguished organists, ask him to *show you their testimony. If it has ever been given, he will have it in print.*
11. Compare the instruments made by M. & H. side by side with any others; compare them critically and thoroughly, tone by tone, and you cannot fail to see superiority in many respects.
12. They are the only ones having the celebrated AUTOMATIC BELLOWS SWELL, the most important improvement in reed instruments for twenty years.
13. They are the only instruments having PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING REED VALVES, and the various other patented improvements of Mason & Hamlin.
14. They are the only reed instruments having clothed mortices.
15. Compare the exteriors and observe that the instruments of M. & H. have the best quality of ivory; ivory fronts to the keys; real ebony and not merely colored black keys; desks made in the most substantial manner of three separate pieces of wood, glued together, and not liable to break, &c., &c. This thoroughness of workmanship, and use of only best material, runs through the whole instrument.
16. The thoroughness of construction of these instruments gives them the GREATEST DURABILITY. They are not liable to get out of order.
17. They will improve by age, getting even better in quality of tone.
18. THEY ARE THE CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS OF THE CLASS; not the lowest priced, indeed, though the difference in price between these and inferior instruments is not great. It costs a little more to do the very best work, but is cheapest in the end.
19. It is not safe to trust to the judgment of dealers, who are *tempted to think those instruments are the best on which they can make the greatest profits*. M. & H. have fixed their prices so low that they cannot afford to pay the large commissions given to dealers by makers of inferior work.
20. Every instrument made by Mason & Hamlin is fully warranted. If it proves defective you can suffer no loss, as their guarantee is above question.

☞Send for a Circular, which will be sent gratuitously, containing full descriptions and illustrations of the different styles and prices, which vary from $75 to $1,000 and upward, each; also with testimony in full from the distinguished organists of the country to the superiority of these instruments.

CHAS. C. MELLOR,

81 WOOD STREET,

SOLE AGENT FOR THE

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

HOLIDAY STOCK

JUST RECEIVED AT FACTORY PRICES.
1p

DAVIS, CLARKE & CO.,

93 WOOD STREET,

OFFER AN UNUSUALLY LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

BOOKS,

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Books of Permanent Value,

AND

Books for the Season,

IN ELEGANT BINDING.

BOOKS SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED,

JUVENILES, TOY BOOKS, &c.

FURS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

JUST RECEIVED, A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FINE FURS,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Fine Mink Set, Muff and Collar for $35, Former price, $40,

Fine Mink Set, Muff and Bertha, for $55, Former price, $75.

LOW PRICED FURS IN GREAT VARIETY

JAMES CALDWELL,

120 FEDERAL ST., Allegheny.
eodtp

NOTICE.—THE SUBSCRIBERS to the Reading Room and resident members of the "Manchester Branch" of the Y. M. C. A. are requested to meet at the Union Methodist Church, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7 o'clock, to elect fifteen persons, whose names shall be presented to the Board of Directors, from whom the Board will elect the Executive Committee. Per order BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

December 21st, 1867.

The Daily Commercial

THE CHARGES OF THE CLERGY.

BY REV. GEO. T. DOLE.

[Dedicated to those ecclesiastical societies who pay salaries of about six hundred dollars, more or less.]

Ho! ye good clergymen!
Come, lead us onward!
We, for your livelihood,
Promise *six hundred*.
Well your light service paid,
Let no demurs be made;
Apostles, sirs, never had
Greenbacks six hundred.

On march the ministers:
Scarce a remonstrance stirs;
Although full well they know
The people have blundered.
"Theirs not to make reply,"
Though seeing no reason why
That Scripture does not apply:
"Preachers should live," not die,
"Of the Gospel;" but how
To live on six hundred?

Charges to right of them;
Charges to left of them;
Charges confronting them;
Income outnumbered.
Flanked by bold butcher's carts;
Bled by sharp traders' arts;
All bound to have their parts
Of the six hundred.

Millers, and market men,
Peddlers, who call again,
Agents and beggars then;
O! how poor ministers'
Pockets are plundered!
Still up the prices go;
All things, for use or show;
Labor, with saw or hoe;
Nothing but preaching's slow,
Low as six hundred.

Black coat, its threads are bare;
Daughters cry "Naught to wear,"
And the boys do *almost* swear
About their old garments,
So easily sundered.
But the *minister's* family
Should ne'er, like a camel high,
Stick fast in the "needle's eye,"
Puffed up with vain riches.
Give but six hundred!

Half a year, possibly,
Half a year onward,
They might get, with weight of debt
Not hopelessly cumbered,
Six months, perhaps, they may
Keep hunger's wolf at bay—
Live, narrowly, scantily,
If promptly they get their pay;
Get—the six hundred.

But rent-bills to right of them;
Store-bills to left of them;
Charged upon all sides;
How fight the year through
Oft they have wondered.
Still they go struggling on;
No funds to fall back upon;
Cash reserved fled and gone;
Not a dime left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Well earned the benison
Sought by thee, Tennyson,
On Bal'clava's heroes,
Who faltered not, any son,
Though thousand guns thundered.
But lo! here a "Light Brigade"
Sustains a whole year's raid
On their small stipends made,
Till lives *not even a shade*
Of *their* six hundred.

—*Congregationalist.*

DICKENS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Ride over the Alleghenies in Canal Boat.

His Visit to Pittsburgh.

Trip Down the Ohio to Cincinnati.

JOURNEY TO PITTSBURGH ACROSS THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS—PITTSBURGH.

We had left Harrisburg on Friday. On Sunday morning we arrived at the foot of the mountain, which is crossed by railroad. There are ten inclined planes—five ascending and five descending. The carriages are dragged up the former, and let slowly down the latter, by means of stationary engines—the comparatively level spaces between being traversed sometimes by horse and sometimes by engine power, as the case demands. Occasionally the rails are laid upon the extreme verge of a giddy precipice; and looking from the carriage window, the traveler gazes sheer down, without a stone or scrap of fence between, into the mountain depths below. The journey is very carefully made, however—only two carriages traveling together—and while proper precautions are taken, is not to be dreaded for its dangers.

It was very pretty, traveling thus at a rapid pace along the heights of the mountain in a keen wind, to look down into a valley full of light and softness; catching glimpses through the tree tops of scattered cabins; children running to the doors; dogs bursting out to bark, whom we could see without hearing; terrified pigs scampering homeward; families sitting out in their gardens; cows gazing upward, with a stupid indifference; men in their shirt-sleeves, looking on at their unfinished houses, planning out to-morow's work; and we riding onward, high above them, like a whirlwind. It was amusing, too, when we had dined and rattled down a steep pass, having no other moving power than the weight of the carriages themselves, to see the engine, released long after us, come buzzing down alone, like a great insect, its back of green and gold so shining in the sun that, if it had spread a pair of wings and soared away, no one would have had occasion, as I fancied, for the least surprise. But it stopped short of us, in a very business-like manner when we reached the canal; and, before we left the wharf, went panting up this hill again with the passengers who had waited our arrival for the purpose of traversing the road by which we had come.

On the Monday evening furnace-fires and clanking hammers on the banks of the canal warned us that we approached the termination of our journey; after going through another dreamy place—a long aqueduct across the Allegheny river, which was stranger than the bridge at Harrisburg, being a vast, low, wooden chamber full of water—we emerged upon that ugly confusion of backs of buildings and crazy galleries and stairs which always abut on water, whether it be river, sea, canal, or ditch, and were at Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh is like Birmingham in England; at least, its townspeople say so. Setting aside the streets, the shops, the houses, wagons, factories, public buildings, and population, perhaps it may be. It certainly has a great quantity of smoke hanging about it, and it is famous for its iron works. Besides the prison to which I have already referred, this town contains a pretty arsenal and other institutions. It is very beautifully situated on the Allegheny river, over which there are two bridges; and the villas of the wealthier citizens, sprinkled about the high grounds in the neighborhood, are pretty enough. We lodged at a most excellent hotel, and were admirably served. As usual, it was full of boarders, was very large, and had abroad colonnade to every story of the house.

We tarried here three days. Our next point was Cincinnati; and as this was a steamboat journey, and Western steamboats usually blow up one or two a week in the season, it was advisable to collect opinions in reference to the comparative safety of the vessels, bound that way, then lying in the river. One called The Messenger was the best recommended. She had been advertised to start positively, every day for a fortnight or so, and had not gone yet, nor did her captain seem to have any very fixed intention on the subject. But this is the custom; for if the law were to bind down a free and independent citizen to keep his word with the public, what would become of the liberty of the subject? Besides, it is in the way of trade. And if passengers be decoyed in the way of trade, and people be inconvenienced in the way of trade, what man, who is a sharp tradesman himself, shall say, "We must put a stop to this?"

Impressed by the deep solemnity of the public announcement, I (being then ignorant of these usages) was hurrying on board in a breathless state immediately; but receiving private and confidential information that the boat would certainly not start until Friday, April the first, we made ourselves very comfortable in the meanwhile, and went on board at noon that day.

FROM PITTSBURGH TO CINCINNATI IN A WESTERN STEAMBOAT—CINCINNATI.

The Messenger was one among a crowd of high pressure steamboats, clustered together by the wharf-side, which, looking down upon from the rising ground that forms the landing place, and backed by the lofty bank on the opposite side of the river, appeared no larger than so many floating models. She had some forty passengers on board, exclusive of the poorer persons on the lower deck; and, in half an hour or less, proceeded on her way.

We had, for ourselves, a tiny state-room, with two berths in it opening out of the ladies' cabin. There was, undoubtedly, something satisfactory in this "location," inasmuch as it was in the stern, and we had been a great many times very gravely recommended to keep as far aft as possible, "because the steamboat generally blew up forward." Nor was this an unnecessary caution, as the occurrence and circumstances of more than one such fatality during our stay, sufficiently testified. Apart from this source of self congratulation, it was an unspeakable relief to have any place, no matter how confined, where one could be alone; and as the row of little chambers of which this was one, had each a second glass door besides that in the ladies' cabin, which opened on a narrow gallery outside the vessel, where the other passengers seldom came, and where one could sit in peace and gaze on the shifting prospect, we took possession of our new quarters with much pleasure.

If the native packets I have already described be unlike anything we are in the habit of seeing on water, these western vessels are still more foreign to all the ideas we are accustomed to entertain of boats. I hardly know what to liken them to, or how to describe them.

In the first place, they have no mast, cordage, tackle, rigging, or other such boat-like gear; nor have they anything in their shape at all calculated to remind one of a boat's head, stern, sides or keel. Except that they are in the water, and display a couple of paddle-boxes, they might be intended, for anything that appears to the contrary, to perform some unknown service, high and dry upon a mountain top. There is no visible deck even, nothing but a long, black, ugly roof, covered with burnt-out, feathery sparks; above which tower two iron chimneys, and hoarse escape-valve, and a glass steerage-house. Then, in order as the eye descends towards the water, are the sides and doors and windows of the state rooms, jumbled as oddly together as though they formed a small street, built by the varying taste of a dozen men; the whole is supported on beams and pillars resting on a dirty barge, but a few inches above the water's edge; and in the narrow space between this upper structure and this barge's deck are the furnace fires and machinery, open at the sides to every wind that blows, and every storm of rain it drives along its path.

Passing one of these boats at night, and seeing the great body of fire, exposed as I have just described, that rages and roars beneath the frail pile of painted wood—the machinery, not warded off nor guarded in any way, but doing its work in the midst of the crowd of idlers and emigrants and children who throng the lower deck, under the management, too, of reckless men whose acquaintance with its mysteries may have been of six months standing—one feels directly that the wonder is, not that there should be so many fatal accidents, but that any journey should be safely made.

Within, there is one long, narrow cabin, the whole length of the boat, from which the state-rooms open on both sides. A small portion of it at the stern is partitioned off for the ladies; and the bar is at the opposite extreme. There is a long table down the centre, and at either end a stove. The washing apparatus is forward, on the deck. It is a little better than on board the canal-boat, but not much. In all modes of traveling, the American customs with reference to the means of personal cleanliness and wholesome ablution are extremely negligent and filthy; and I strongly incline to the belief that a considerable amount of illness is referable to this cause.

We are to be on board the Messenger three days; arriving at Cincinnati (barring accidents) on Monday morning. There are three meals a day. Breakfast at seven, dinner at half-past twelve, supper about six. At each there are a great many small dishes and plates upon the table, with very little in them, so that, although there is every appearance of a mighty "spread," there is seldom really more than a joint; except for those who fancy slices of beet-root, shreds of dried beef, complicated entanglements of yellow pickle, maize, Indian corn, apple-sauce and pumpkin.

Some people fancy all these little dainties together (and sweet preserves besides), by way of relish to their roast pig. They are generally those dyspeptic ladies and gentlemen who eat unheard of quantities of hot corn bread (almost as good for the digestion as a kneaded pin cushion) for breakfast and for supper. Those who do not observe this custom, and who help themselves several times instead, usually suck their knives and forks meditatively, until they have decided what to take next; then pull them out of their mouths, put them in the dish, help themselves, and fall to work again. At dinner there is nothing to drink upon the table, but the great jugs full of cold water. Nobody says anything at any meal to anybody. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting; and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove when the meal is over. Every man sits down dull and languid, swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners and suppers were necessities of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food in a gloomy silence, bolts himself in the same state. But for these animal observances, you might suppose the whole male portion of the company to be the melancholy ghosts of departed book-keepers, who had fallen dead at the desk, such is their weary air of business and calculation. Undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral baked meats, in comparison with these meals, would be a sparkling festivity.

The people are all alike, too. There is no diversity of character. They travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull, cheerless round. All down the long table there is scarcely a man who is in anything different from his neighbor. It is quite a relief to have sitting opposite that little girl of fifteen with the loquacious chin; who, to do her justice, acts [illegible], and fully identifies nature's handwriting, for, of all the small chatter-boxes that ever invaded the repose of drowsy ladies' cabin, she is the first and foremost. The beautiful girl who sits a little beyond her—farther down the table there—married the young man with the dark whiskers, who sits beyond *her*, only last month. They are going to settle in the very Far West, where he has lived four years, but where she has never been. They were both overturned in a stage coach the other day (a bad omen anywhere else where overturns are not common), and his head, which bears the marks of a recent wound, is bound up still. She was hurt, too, at the same time, and lay insensible for some days, bright as her eyes are now.

Farther down still sits a man who is going some miles beyond their place of destination, to "improve" a newly discovered copper mine. He carries the village—that is to be—with him; a few frame cottages, and an apparatus for smelting the copper. He carries its people, too. They are partly American, and partly Irish, and herd together on the lower deck, where they amused themselves last evening, till the night was pretty far advanced, by alternately firing off pistols and singing hymns.

They, and the very few who have been left at table twenty minutes, rise and go away. We do so too; and passing through our little state-room, resume our seats in the quiet gallery without.

A fine broad river always, but in some parts much wider than in others; and then there is usually a green island covered with trees, dividing it into two streams. Occasionally we stop for a few minutes, maybe to take in wood, maybe for passengers, at some small town or village (I ought to say city; every place is a city here); but the banks are for the most part deep solitudes overgrown with trees, which hereabouts are already in leaf and very green. For miles and miles these solitudes are unbroken by any sign of human life or trace of human footstep; nor is anything seen to move about them but the blue-jay, whose color is so bright and yet so delicate that it looks like a flying flower. At lengthened intervals a log cabin, with its little space of cleared land about it, nestles under a rising ground, and sends its thread of blue smoke curling up into the sky. It stands in the corner of the poor field of wheat, which is full of great unsightly stumps, like earthy butchers' blocks. Sometimes the ground is only just now cleared; the felled trees lying yet upon the soil, and the log house only this morning began. As we pass this clearing, the settler leans upon his axe or hammer, and looks wistfully at the people from the world. The children creep out of the temporary hut, which is like a Gipsey tent upon the ground, and clap their hands and shout. The dog only glances round at us, and then looks up into his master's face again, as if he were rendered uneasy by any suspension of the common business, and had nothing more to do with pleasurers. And still there is the same eternal foreground. The river has washed away its banks, and stately trees have fallen down into the stream. *Some have been there so long that they are mere dry, grisly skeletons.* Some have just toppled over, and, having earth yet about their roots, are bathing their green heads in the river, and putting forth new shoots and branches. Some are almost sliding down, as you look at them. And some were drowned so long ago that their bleached arms start out from the middle of the current, and seem to try to grasp the boat and drag it under water.

Through such a scene as this the unwieldly machine makes its hoarse, sullen way, venting at every revolution of the paddles a loud, high-pressure blast; enough, one would think, to waken up the host of Indians who lie buried in a great mound yonder, so old that mighty oaks and other forest trees have struck their roots into its earth, and so high that it is a hill, even among the hills that nature planted round it. The very river, as though it shared one's feelings of compassion for the extinct tribes who lived so pleasantly here, in their blessed ignorance of white existence, hundreds of years ago, steals out of its way to ripple near this mound; and there are few places where the Ohio sparkles more brightly than the Big Grave creek.

All this I see as I sit in the little stern-gallery mentioned just now. Evening slowly steals upon the landscape, and changes it before me, when we stop to set some emigrants ashore.

Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair; one old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair, a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vessel stands off awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long, winding path. It is growing dark; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops, like fire.

The men get out of the boat first; help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers "Good,by," and shove the boat off for them. At the first plash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone, and look after the boat. So they remain quite still and silent; the old woman and her old chair in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them, all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance of increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye, lingering there still; the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her; not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them.

The night is dark, and we proceed within the shadow of the wooded bank, which makes it darker. After gliding past the sombre maze of boughs for a long time, we were upon an open space, where the tall trees are burning. The shape of every branch and twig is expressed in a deep red glow; and, as the light wind stirs and ruffles it, they seem to vegetate in fire. It is such a sight as we read of in legends of enchanted forests; saving that it is sad to see these noble works wasting away so awfully, alone; and to think how many years must come and go before the magic that created them will rear their like upon this ground again. But the time will come; and when, in their changed ashes, the growth of centuries unborn has struck its roots, the restless men of distant ages will repair again to these unpeopled solitudes; and their fellows, in cities far away, that slumber now, perhaps, beneath the rolling sea, will read, in language strange to any ears in being now, but very old to them, of primeval forests where the ax is never heard, and where the jungled ground was never trodden by a human foot.

Midnight and sleep blot out the sense and thoughts; and when the morning shines again, it gilds the house-tops of a lively city, before whose broad paved wharf the boat is moored, with other boats, and flags, and moving wheels and hum of men around it; as though there were not a solitary or silent rood of ground within the compass of a thousand miles.

The Great Exposition.

It is really to be regretted that a department was not created in the great Exposition at Paris for the great Tonics of the age, in all countries. Had such been the case we feel entirely confident that Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters, which are immensely popular in the United States, would have carried off the highest award, and we add with perfect faith in such a result, that Dr. Mishler would have been decorated Knight of the Legion of Honor. The precedent ought to have been established, but it was not, and the fact is to be regretted. Mishler's Herb Bitters are just at *this season* especially valuable. It is the *great household remedy* for all the peculiar ills which are the universal doom of our nature in the summer, when sickness always prevails so generally. As a preventive and curative of disease, the medical faculty declare that it has no equal in the world. Especially is it valuable as a life reviving tonic; contains herbs which impart *immediate strength* and vigor to the *entire system.* We direct attention to the advertisement of the agents, Messrs. Fahnestock & Holton, found on another page in to-day's COMMERCIAL, by which the reader will observe that its cures are really miraculous.

THE IRON CITY COLLEGE.

Business College—A Model Business College—Actual Business Traning—Its Superiority—A Complete Revolution—Practical Realities—Holiday Schools—A Mammoth Counting House—A Special Feature—The Merits of Graduates—Personal Responsibility—Penmanship, etc., etc., etc.

One of the marked and distinguishing features of the present is the increased facilities afforded for acquiring useful, practical knowledge. Formerly it was deemed essential, if a young man desired to become a practical accountant, that he should serve a long apprenticeship in the counting room of some banker or merchant. But since the establishment of

BUSINESS COLLEGES,

This practice has materially changed. No man is willing now to take a green man into his employ. Our best business men, and those who understand the workings of a business college, if about to introduce a young man into their offices, prefer to have him take a "course" in one of these schools first, as he is then enabled to learn in a short time much that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to acquire in the counting room. Of course there is and must be a great difference in the comparative results of these various institutions; but what is wanted in

A MODEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Is a system of study and practice that shall serve the student in the same stead as if he had acquired his knowledge in the office of the most exacting and rigid business man. This want we believe has been fully and completely met by the proprietors of the Iron City College of this city in the admirable system of practical

ACTUAL BUSINESS TRAINING

There adopted and most successfully carried out. The system is original with the proprietors, and without disparagement to any other institution, we can safely say that this is the only school in the country in which it has been carried into successful practice.

ITS GREAT SUPERIORITY

Over any merely theoretical course can not be questioned, since it contains all and much more than these do. By it the student becomes familiar with many of the details of business which he can never thoroughly learn without practice. Instead of making up his books from verbal instructions, or by copying manuscripts or printed forms, however excellent they may be, he deals with things, obtains tangible results, and thus has their relations more forcibly impressed upon his mind. There is no doubt in the mind of any intelligent business man who has witnessed its workings but that it is destined to work

A COMPLETE REVOLUTION

In the mode of conducting these schools; the only thing, perhaps, that prevents its being everywhere introduced arises from the fact that but few of the business colleges have a sufficient number of students regularly in attendance to render the thing practical. Schools having but a limited number of students find it impracticable for them to undertake anything of the kind. Hence those only enjoying

AN EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE

Such as the Iron City College can put it into practice. To be successful it requires a sufficient number of students at all times, to represent and manage all the different kinds of business conducted in a large business community. In order to be satisfied that the system is not one of empty theories, but possessed of

PRACTICAL REALITIES

One has best to visit the well appointed halls of the college, furnished with Banks, Insurance, Express and other offices, all in successful operation and conducted with the most rigid accuracy, strictness and order. We believe it to be the unbiased opinion of every banker, merchant or practical business man who has visited the college and carefully inspected its workings, that the system is not only all and more than its originators claim for it; but that such another institution for the practical education of young men is not to be found in this country. We have enough of book learning already; what is wanted and what we must have is something practical. Time would fail us to give a complete description of all the interesting features connected with this popular business college. We therefore confine ourselves to a few. First and most noticeable among them all is its

BANKING DEPARTMENT,

Which is conducted in every respect precisely the same as our city banks are managed. Not only is the business done with them the same, but all the various books, and the manner of keeping the accounts are the same; so that when the student has worked his way through one of these banks, he has a correct idea of the manner in which the affairs of any bank is conducted. These banks issue their own bills, receive and pay money on deposit, from students, discount business paper, make collections, issue Bills of Exchange, Certificates of Stock, Deposit, &c., all of which is required to be done with the same degree of regularity and formality that characterize the transactions of any regular bank. What is done, and how it is done, can readily ascertained from an inspection of the

BANK BOOKS

Which contain a complete record of all the transactions made for years in succession. These completed books, which have now been accumulating for a long time, not only show the business done by the students, but they prove the most unmistakable evidence as to their skill and competency in conducting a set of books. By a system of

DAILY BALANCES

Of the various dealers, which the bank officers are required to furnish to the Principal each morning, any error in the cash account of any of the large number of students in attendance, is at once detected, and the means for its correction readily suggested. At an appointed hour each day all balances, whether of individuals or of the various offices connected with the College, are reported, when if any errors or discrepancies are detected they must be accounted for before business proceeds again. By this means students are taught the value of time and impressed with the importance of

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY

In all their dealings with each other; a point of inestimable value in practical business, and one which cannot be successfully taught in any other way. We can assure our readers that an examination of the mode in which business is conducted here cannot fail to make useful men out of those possessed of ability sufficient to enable them to profit by the instructions given. The next most important feature connected with the College, is

THE MERCHANTS' EMPORIUM,

Which requires for its proper and thorough management a higher degree of skill on the part of the student than the banks do. All bills of purchase and sale made by the students pass through this office, where they are critically examined, both as to accuracy and mechanical arrangement; nothing that falls below the standard is allowed to pass. Each student thus becomes watchful of, and interested in, the acts of his fellows, and this operates as a powerful stimulant to exertion on the part of all. In the conduct of the affairs of this office a large number of books are required, such as Order Book, Shipping Book, Sales Book, Invoice Book, Cash Book, Bill Book, Day Book, Ledger, &c. These books are all kept by the students who do the

POSTING FROM ORIGINAL ENTRIES,

Dispensing, as in the banks, with the journal. At the close of each days' business the books are carefully posted.

TRIAL BALANCE

Taken off, an account of Stock taken, and the books regularly closed, and balances brought down, precisely the same as any merchant does at his annual closing. The great value of this practical drill will be apparent when we state that it is impossible for any one of the various offices to make a mistake of a single cent without being detected by some one having dealings with it. Here also the student learns practically the method of

CLOSING A SET OF BOOKS.

The object for which they are closed is distinctly seen and indelibly impressed upon his mind; he fully understands what he does, because he comprehends the object to be accomplished in closing. In point of practical utility all other methods of instruction fail to compare with this, as every one must be convinced who has any idea of what is required of a

PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPER,

Who needs something more than can be acquired by the most careful study of even the best of text bookss.

The old theoretical system which still prevails in some institutions, experience has shown to be about as useful to the student as though he had pored over and studied some discarded Day-Book and Ledger. Such commercial colleges have, to say the least, an injurious effect upon the business community as well as upon the youth who are so unfortunate as to get within their portals. This is

NOT A HOLIDAY SCHOOL.

When students are graduated without reference to their fitness, but every one is required to understand not only theoretically but *practically* everthing gone over before he receives his Diploma, which is then awarded him as an evidence of his skill and not sold to him for a price. This idea is a good one, and one, we think, that all institutions awarding diplomas should act upon, for when a student has completed the curriculum of study laid down he is fairly entitled to its diploma and not till then.

A MAMMOTH COUNTING HOUSE.

The scene presented when in full operation is not only novel, but unlike anything elsewhere to be seen. Each is intently occupied with his own particular labor, but all interested in the final result since every man is represented upon the books of the Bank and Emporium, and no discrepancy is allowed between the result of any individual and those obtained by these offices. Graduating here is but the transition from one office to that of another, and the student who has successfully mastered his course here, not only knows that he is prepared for the counting room but feels no hesitation in assuming its responsibilities. The great value of this system of

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

Cannot be fully realized till one has had an opportunity to witness ite operations and carefully study its workings, for we have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion that there are but few even of our skilled and experienced accountants, who could, without difficulty, find their way through the labyrinth of offices and multiplicity of books. A more thorough and efficient system of instructions. we believe, is not to be found in the United States.

A SPECIAL FEATURE

of this system of instruction consists in the fact that any person, at any time, can ascertain definitely the qualifications of any student who may have completed the course, as the filled up books of the Banks, Emporium and other offices contain several pages executed by every man graduating. These books are all as complete in all their parts as those of any regular bank or business house in the country; all the difference is, that, instead of being kept constantly by the same person, they are kept successively by the different students of the College. Hence each is ambitious to see how well he can do, not to fall behind his predecessor. An examination of these accumulated and constantly accumulating volumes, will show better than we can describe, the peculiarities and advantages of the system. As it is, the College cannot, if it would, conceal or magnify

THE MERITS OF ITS GRADUATES,

As each one leaves behind him, and for all time, the most incontestible evidences of his skill as a practical accountant. The consequence is, that every member of the Faculty is interested in the students' advancement. Many of our business men can, and doubtless have, scrutinized these books to see the standing in College of their clerks and book-keepers. In fact, we are informed by the Principals that business men frequently call and examine these books with a view to selecting young men for their offices. We know of several now in the city who owe their positions entirely to the evidence of their skill as it stands recorded by their own hands upon the books in the various offices of the College. From this it is seen that

THE INDUCEMENT OFFERED

To every student to excel in his studies is just what it should be. Each has the opportunity of contrasting himself with others, or those who have preceded him, and the consequence is that he soon learns to put a correct estimate upon his own merits, a point of no small importance to any one who expects to succeed in life, where he is constantly coming in competition with his fellows. Many a man might have saved himself from shame and ruin if he had only known the true position he occupied.

THE PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

Which this system imposes upon the students is perhaps its crowning feature; for, until a young man has been tried, but few are willing to trust him. Here he is subjected to the most rigid tests; he has to do with realities, and if successful here, he knows he cannot fail elsewhere. He does not step from the college to the counting-room with dread forebodings, but with a confidence born of an experience as real as it is possible to make it.

There is another point, also, in which this College surpasses all others, its

SPLENDID PENMANSHIP.

In this particular it has long held an enviable superiority over every other institution in the country. Prof. Cowley is known far and wide for his masterly skill with the pen; and what is of still greater importance, his wonderful success in imparting to his pupils the power to become fine penmen. The Iron City College is known from Maine to California for its unparalleled excellence in this department of a practical business education. Its gallery of

PREMIUM SPECIMENS,

All executed by Prof. Cowley, doubtless is unequaled anywhere in the world. This of itself is enough to give it a name and reputation such as any other institution might well envy. A good handwriting is something which must always gives its fortunate possessor a position among business men which he could not otherwise easily obtain. And when we say that the Iron City College is pre-eminently the place where this is to be obtained, we simply state a fact which is patent to all who are conversant with its history. It is also proper for us for in this connection to notice

THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTANT,

Of which Prof. J. C. Smith, A. M., Senior Principal of the College, is the author. This is one of the most comprehensive and exhaustive works on the theory and practice of Book Keeping ever published, and well worthy a place upon the desk of every Accountant and practical business man. It is written in a clear, simple style, is eminently progressive, both in matter and arrangement, and embraces everything that is of value or interest to the practical book keeper. Many of the most knotty questions connected with the practical management of a set of books, are here thoroughly discussed and controverted points settled. Copies of the work can be obtained by addressing the Principals, Smith & Cowley. We also desire to call attention to Cowley's

SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL PENMANSHIP

In 12 numbers, published by A. H. English & Co., of this city, as a standard work on the subject of which it treats, and the most complete thing of the kind ever executed. The system of instruction so successfully pursued in the College is fully exemplified in this work.

THE ARRANGEMENT

Of the school is in every respect most admirable. The building is not only well lighted and ventilated, but divided into separate compartments, so that each department of the school is separated from the others; the main hall, devoted to the Actual Business Department, being 40 by 100 feet; the others 40 by 60 feet. Through all the vicissitudes of the past twelve or fifteen years, the institution has continued to increase in popularity and favor with those conversant with its merits, until now it has a much

LARGER NUMBER OF STUDENTS

Than any other business college in the State. Its students come from all parts of the Union, and there are never, at any time, less than ten or a dozen States represented in its classes. While most schools complain of a great falling off in their numbers, the patronage of this is steadily and constantly increasing. This, no doubt, is attributable to the superiority of its system of instruction, as no one is willing to forego the splendid opportunities here afforded for the sake of the simple theory taught in other schools.

THE PRINCIPALS

Of the College, Messrs. J. C. Smith and A. Cowley are gentlemen of high standing in their profession and well known throughout the country as masters of the positions they respectively occupy; the former as Professor of Book-keeping, and the latter Professor of Penmanship. These gentlemen, who are wide awake to the best interests of their students, have devoted many years to the practice of their profession, and it is but natural, therefore, that they should succeed. The others members of

THE FACULTY

Are all gentlemen of experience in teaching and business, and thoroughly competent to discharge the duties of their various positions, having been selected with a view to their special fitness. Each is not only a graduate of the College, trained by the Principals themselves, but they have all had a previous experience both in teaching and in business. Hence every thing that could be desired on the part of instructors is amply provided for. In conclusion we would urge our readers

TO VISIT THE COLLEGE,

Where they will be kindly received and hospitably entertained by Messrs. Smith & Cowley, or any of their teachers, and examine for themselves the workings of this marvel of modern institutions. Our word for it, they will go away satisfied that the half has not been told them, and fully convinced that, in point of practical utility, the Iron City College is without an equal in everything that goes to make up a first-class business college.

A Domestic Article.

There is no other article that can be placed in a household of so much value and importance as a first-class sewing machine. If once introduced it will be found as essential as food and raiment, and no thrifty housewife will fail to appreciate its many beauties. Among the legion of machines that have been thrust forward during the last few years as candidates for popular favor, none have had their claims so fully indorsed as the Empire Lock Stitch Machine. Unheralded by any flourish of oral trumpets, it made its appearance in this community under the agency of Messrs. Carson & Bros., and soon made its way into thousands of homes, without any clap-trap, but standing simply on its own merits. It is durable, beautiful, *noiseless*, and capable of doing light or heavy work equally well—in fact, the finish of its work excelling anything of the kind ever attempted. Besides its utility, it can be made a beautiful ornament to the neatest of households, encased as it is in a beautiful mahogany or rosewood frame-work.

The schedule of prices has been so arranged by Carson Bros. as to place these really invaluable pieces of mechanism within the reach of the poorest citizen. Call and examine them for yourselves, at 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the courteous agents can ever be found.

Is Self Preservation a Fundamental Law of Nature?

This is the season of the year when the basis for numerous ills incident to cold weather, are laid in the human system, and it is only because people neglect to take proper thought of the probable fatal consequences that so many thousands die who by the exercise of a little precaution could have saved their lives beyond the shawow of a doubt. If every family in the Union was provided with Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters, and would administer it themselves in time of need, according to directions, we venture to assert that our general mortuary statistics would show an immense decrease. These wonderful Bitters are a certain preventative against the peculiar diseases that always prevail during the several seasons, especially in the winter and spring, and have never been known to fail in warding them off, and Dr. Mishler is prepared to show, at any moment, they are equally successful in effecting permanent and reliable cures. We know that these Bitters are used by many eminent physicians in their regular private practise. The life-saving properties of these Bitters is something marvelous, and so unfailing are they in every case that as a *medicine* Mishler's Herb Bitters are bound to find a place in the *Meteria Medica*. These Bitters may be had at every respectable drug store in the land. In another column of to-day's paper our readers will find the advertisement of Messrs. Fahnestock & Holton, managers of Dr. Mishler's Branch House, No. 26 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Is it a "Christian Institution?"

My wife says that the enterprise of making and selling your machines is not only utilitarian and humanitarian in its influence upon society, but that it is absolutely a CHRISTIAN INSTITUTION; and that she never could have found time to read, meditate, or pray, as a Christian should do, without it.—[Letter of the Rev. J. H. WHITE, Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to the Willcox and Gibbs S. M. Co. Carson Bros., Agents, No. 44 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Important Endorsement of Mishler's Celebrated Herb Bitters by the Lancaster County Temperance Society.

At a recent meeting of the Lancaster County Temperance Convention, the use of all the ordinary and well known stimulants was censured in the most severe terms, as well as that of a very great many of the beverages sold to the public under the appellation of stomach bitters, and the like, which are, or at least very many of which, are merely disguises to conceal the whisky or gin, which is their main component. The public were warned of the injury and danger resulting from the use of such preparations, be they called tonics or whatever you will, as their medicinal properties bear such a slight proportion to their intoxicating that no good can result from their use. But Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters was not included in the remarks of censure or of prohibition. On the contrary of this medicine it was said that knowing its rare medical and remedial properties, the convention would recommend that *a bottle of this bitters be kept in every family*, to be used only in case of sickness, and for the purpose of warding off attacks of cholera and other pestilential diseases that are apt to be prevalent in summer. Such an indorsement speaks volumes, See the advertisement in another column of Fahnestock & Holton, Managers of the Branch House, No. 26 Market street, in this city.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine—Opening of a New Agency in the Iron City—The Superiority of the Singer Machine and its Unrivalled Sale in the United States—Interesting Facts for the People, Etc., Etc.

A few days ago we noticed a change going on at the corner of St. Clair and Penn streets, which, upon inquiry, we found to be the establishment at that old business stand of a new agency for the sale of the celebrated Singer Sewing Machines, and we subsequently paid a visit to the new proprietors of the store and found that the firm, Messrs. Straw & Morton, are the general agents for the Singer Manufacturing Company's celebrated lock-stitch sewing machines in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, and dealers in silk twist, cotton and linen threads, and needles for *all* machines. The new firm will undoubtedly find that No. 40 St. Clair street, corner of Penn street, is the best location they could have selected for carrying on their business, but as we know the incomparable popularity of the Singer Sewing Machine, we feel bound to say that any other place would have answered the purpose just as well, for the people will have the "Singer" in preference to any other if it is convenient for them to get it. However, we congratulate Messrs. Straw & Morton upon having established themselves at a point within access by everybody, and we expect to see their new and beautiful place of business crowded with visitors and purchasers. The store is very handsomely fitted up and is one of the most comfortable and pleasant establishments in the city. The new firm come to us highly endorsed as business men, and we certainly wish for them the highest success, as we believe that they will study to deserve it, and we improve this occasion to direct to them the attention of our readers who may be contemplating the purchasing of a sewing machine, as we know some important facts about the "Singer" which justify us in saying that it cannot be excelled, and in order to prepare our friends to purchase intelligently, we will add a few words concerning the "Singer," which we think will convince their judgment of its superiority, and after our article is read we hope that they will at once call on Messrs. Straw & Morton, the agents, and examine the machine for themselves.

The superior merits of the "Singer" Machines over all others, for either FAMILY USE OR MANUFACTURING PURPOSES, are so well established, and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellencies is no longer considered necessary, and yet it is proper that we should give a few reasons why Singer's latest improved machines are claimed to be the best for family and general purposes: 1st. You can sew anything from the finest single thickness of Swiss or Nansook to several thicknesses of the heaviest Beaver cloth, using any kind or size thread with equal facility, from No. 200 cotton up to the heaviest *patent or Linen thread*.

2d. It uses a short straight needle, easily set, and makes the popular *Lock Stitch* alike on both sides.

3d. It has an *even, self adjusting tension* which requires no change for different thicknesses of material or different sizes of thread.

4th. It is free from all springs, wires and other complications, and is almost *noiseless*.

5th. No threads to hold or wheels to turn in starting.

6th. It does not have to be taken apart to oil and clean it.

7th. It has *perfect feed* whereby you can sew the finest materials without having to keep your work stretched to prevent its "puckering," and you never have to assist the work through as in all other machines.

8th. It will hem any width, sew a straight seam, or make a fell in the most perfect manner, with less skill than is required to sew a straight seam on any other machine.

Its attachments for braiding, cording, quilting, binding, tucking, &c., are novel and practical, and require but little skill to use them.

Every machine is *warranted, and kept in repair for three years, without charge*, and furthermore, the money is always *refunded* if the machines are not *as represented*, and careful instruction is invariably given *at the house* of the purchaser. Singer's new Family Sewing Machine has been over two years in preparation, and which has been brought to perfection, regardless of TIME, LABOR OR EXPENSE, and is now confidently presented to the public as incomparably the BEST SEWING MACHINE IN EXISTENCE.

The Machine in question is SIMPLE, COMPACT, DURABLE and BEAUTIFUL. It is QUIET, LIGHT RUNNING, and CAPABLE OF PERFORMING A RANGE AND VARIETY OF WORK never before attempted upon a single Machine—using either Silk, Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility the VERY FINEST and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for HEMMING, BRAIDING, CORDING, TUCKING, QUILTING, FELLING, TRIMMING, BINDING, etc., are NOVEL and PRACTICAL, and have been invented and adjusted especially for this Machine.

New designs of the UNIQUE, USEFUL AND POPULAR FOLDING TOPS AND CABINET CASES, peculiar to the Machines manufactured by this Company, have been prepared for enclosing the new Machine. These are gotten up in every variety of wood, such as Black Walnut, Mahogany, Rosewood, and the like, and from the plainest to the most elaborate patterns and finish—the Machines themselves being more or less highly ornamented, to correspond with the Tables or Cabinets for which they are intended.

Apropos we clip the following from the London *Morning Post*, which pays a justly merited tribute to the enterprise, skill and indomitable energy of the Singer S. M. M. Co., which is the largest in the world, although the least "puffed" up of any engaged in the Sewing Machine business. The *Post* says:

"As there are several well-accredited machines of varied excellence in the market it is a perplexity with many to decide which of them is the best. To such doubters may safely be recommended that most useful and really elegant, new noiseless, lockstitch machine, now being introduced, for the first time, by the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. As evidence of the perfection and superiority of this new machine, it may be mentioned that it is an improvement upon their justly celebrated letter A family machine, of which nearly two hundred thousand have been sold in nearly all parts of the world. This machine is the result of several years' untiring labor and patience, combined with a liberal expenditure of capital. It is, therefore, presented to the public with the highest claims for that general preference which its predecessors have already obtained over every other similar invention. In asserting for the Singer Machine unrivalled advantages, it is sufficient to state a few of its capabilities. It will sew the coarsest cloth and all the finer fabrics, even the most delicate muslin, the change of needle or thread requiring no alteration in the mechanism. The machine will braid, bind, gather, fell, and tuck, and special attention may be drawn to the patent tuck marker, that creases each succeeding tuck while. The machine, noiseless in operation, is pretty in style and finish, and, when needful, readily assumes the appearance of a piece of drawing room furniture, in short for its simplicity and manifold capabilities, the rapidity and quality of its work, and for its perfect finish and substantiality, the Singer new noiseless family sewing machine claims to be the best and cheapest in use. The SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY have also a patented invention which has successfully triumphed over that hitherto deemed insuperable difficulty—the making of a button-hole. Their Union Button-Hole Machine, which is very simple, is singular and supreme in this intricate operation, being capable of making more than five hundred daily, in the most perfect manner, by the manipulation of any person of ordinary skill, thereby effecting an astonishing economy of labor and cost in that industrial employment."

We might quote opinions of the Press, *ad infinitum*, concerning the undeniable superiority of the Singer machine, but we think the foregoing reflects the general sentiment of the journalists generally upon this subject. In view of the recent dispute which arose over the medals said to be awarded to Sewing Machines at the Paris Exposition, it is proper we should state that the "Singer" was not a competitor for any such empty honors. These medals count nothing here in a republican land, and the "Singer" cares more for the "people's verdict" than for all the gold medals which were or could have been awarded at Paris. At the late New York State Fair the "Singer" competed with all the machines which were entered from this country at the Great Exhibition, some of which received either gold or silver medals from the Imperial Commission, but our home scientific men who made the award at the New York State Fair made a thorough examination for themselves of the several machines in competition, and the result was a *unanimous report*, awarding the *highest* prize to the "Singer" for the *best* Family Sewing Machine; and also, for the *best* Manufacturing Machine; and also for the *best* Button Hole Machine. A clean success and a righteous judgment. It was suggested by many who saw the magnificent display made by these Machines, and the variety and admirable quality of the work they performed, that the Manufacturers were remiss in not sending them to the Paris Exposition, and thus have obviated the bitter controversy carried on over the gold medals.

The following interesting statistics we gather from the quarterly returns, made, we believe, under oath, by the several Manufacturers of Sewing Machines throughout the United States. The figures which we present, and which we have been at some pains to collect, show at a glance the wonderful growth, and great importance of this branch of American manufactures. It will be observed that one Company, alone, has produced and sold, within the year, over *forty three thousand Machines*. It is somewhat remarkable, that during the recent stagnation in trade, this business has been but slightly, if at all affected. But below are the figures in detail:—

Double Thread Machines.	Number.
Singer Manufacturing Co.	43,053
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co.	38,055
Grover & Baker S. M. Co.	32,999
Howe Machine Co.	11,053
Florence S. M. Co.	10,534
Weed Sewing M. Co.	3,638
Elliptic Sewing M. Co.	3,185
Aetna Sewing M. Co.	2,958
Finkle & Lyon S. M. Co.	2,488
Empire Sewing M. Co.	2,121
Leavitt S. M. Co.	1,051
Total Double Thread Machines.	151,135
Single Thread Machines.	Number.
Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.	14,152
Shaw & Clark S. M. Co.	2,692
Goodspeed & Wyman S. M. Co.	2,126
Total Single Thread Machines	18,970

The foregoing facts and figures, we think, are conclusive as to the superiority of the "Singer." Messrs. Straw & Morton have a depot in Wheeling, W. Va., at No. 151 Main street, where our readers who reside in that vicinity will find the "Singer" at all times. The depot in Pittsburgh, as we have said, is at the old popular corner of St. Clair and Penn street. Now that the holidays are at hand, we hope our friends will not overlook the "Singer Sewing Machine" in their purchases of gifts.

Empire Sewing Machine.

Everything that is suggestive of improvement is looked upon with interest, and it is on this account that the Empire Sewing Machine attracts so much attention. The machines are very handsome. One peculiarity of this machine is that it works perpendicularly up and down, the needle being straight. Another is, that the work, on going through the machine, goes straight from instead of in front of the operator. This gives you a better opportunity of making a straight seam. Then it works in a noiseless manner, with great speed and simplicity. It is easily detached from the frame, being placed in a socket and kept there by the belt. It has neither cam nor cog wheel, and therefore runs with the least possible friction. As a specimen of fine workmanship it is difficult to surpass, and the Boudoir or Cabinet machine is really of elegant construction. It sews equally well through fine lace, cloth, leather, lead or copper, so that it answers equally well for the seamstress, dress maker, tailor, shoemaker or coachmaker. Again, the stitch is precisely similar on both sides. In fact it has every requisite to recommend itself to any person in want of a first rate machine. Being of the latest make, it has all the latest improvements. The sales room of the Messrs. Carson is at No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Protect Your Life.

The changes from heat to cold and cold to heat, are inevitably attended with danger to the delicately framed human system. But the perils thus occasioned may always be avoided by the timely use of Mishler's Herb Bitters, which are now so universally recommended by the medical faculty in their daily practice. These Bitters cannot be over-estimated in their great value to the families of our land. As a certain cure for all stages of Dyspepsia and every form of disease arising from impurities in the blood, they unquestionably stand unrivaled in the world. No other medicine, by whatever name it may be known, possesses as many remarkable virtues as Mishler's Herb Bitters, and it should not be a matter of surprise that the demand for it is so immense, for as a people Americans are discerning and quick to seize upon everything having real merit in it, and as Mishler's Herb Bitters have been successfully and thoroughly tested by the profoundest medical authorities and pronounced the most extraordinary curative of the age, the wonder is that these Bitters are not in every household in the Union. The demand for them is greater than for any single article ever before presented to the public, and the cures it is constantly performing are increasing that demand, and we have no doubt that the fame of these Bitters will speedily open the way for its introduction into all parts of the civilized world. See advertisement of Messrs. Fahnestock & Holton, managers of the Branch House, No. 26 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing and doing business in the Grocery line, at No. 88 Seventh street, Pittsburgh, under the name and style of the TEUTONIA COMPANY, has this day been dissolved by the sale and transfer of said Company's assets to Mr. HENRY FREKER, who has assumed and will pay all the liabilities and debts of the late firm.

ELIAS BECKER,
J. P. DIEHL,
H. BRUNING,
H. RIEPER,
HENRY FREKER.

Pittsburgh, December 5, 1867.

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my Saw Mill and Stock to Messrs ALEX. McCLURE & CO., I take pleasure in recommending them to our numerous customers. The books and accounts belonging to me will be found at No. 193 Liberty street, where all who are indebted are requested to call and settle.

JOSEPH KIRKPATRICK.

WM. H. EWING.......ALEX. M'CLURE.

ALEX. McCLURE & CO.,
(Successors to Joseph Kirkpatrick.)
Ninth Ward Saw Mill,
AND
NAIL KEG FACTORY,
CORNER OF BUTLER AND BALDWIN STS.,
PITTSBURGH.

Manufacturers of Nail Kegs, and Dealers in all kinds of Barge and Building Lumber, Decking, Boat Siding, Lath, Shingles, Palings, &c.

BANKS AND BANKERS.

TRADESMENS'
NATIONAL BANK, OF PITTSBURGH, PA.
Wood Street, corner of Second.
A. BRADLEY, President.
WM. VANKIRK, Vice President,
GEORGE T. VAN DOREN, Cashier.
CAPITAL......$400,000.

Collections made on all points in the United States and Canada, on the most favorable terms. United States securities bought and sold. Correspondence solicited.

DIRECTORS:
ALEXANDER BRADLEY, of A. Bradley & Co., Stove Manufacturers.
WM. M. FABER, of Wm. M. Faber & Co., Engine Builders.
SAMUEL M. KIER, of Kier, Moore & Co., Oil Refiners, &c.
WM. E. McKEE, of S. McKee & Co., Glass Manufacturers.
S. S. McELROY, of McElroy, Dickson & Co. Wholesale Dry Goods.
JOHN DUNLAP, Dealer in Tin Plate and Tinners' stock.
JOSEPH WALTON, dealer in Coal.
JOHN F. DRAVO, dealer in Coal.
WM. VANKIRK, of A. Bradley & Co., Stove Manufacturers.

Discounts Daily, 11½ o'clock. Interes allowed on Time Deposits

BANKERS.
N. HOLMES & SONS,
BANKERS,
No. 57 *MARKET STREET, Pittsburgh.*
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN PAR FUNDS AND CURRENCY.
Collections Made on all the Principal Points of the United States and Canadas.
STOCKS, BONDS AND OTHER SECURITIES
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
Particular attention paid to the purchase and sale of
UNITED STATES SECURITIES. eod

BANKING HOUSE OF
Geo. A. Torrence & Co.,
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.
STOCKS, BONDS AND OTHER SECURITIES BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
Deposits Received and Discounts Made.
Particular Attention Paid to Collection.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
eod GEO. A. TORRENCE & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS.
Hart, Caughey & Co.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
CORNER THIRD AND WOOD STREETS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Successors to HANNA, HART & CO.,)
Dealers in EXCHANGE, COIN, COUPONS, &c.
Particular attention paid to the purchase and sale of
GOVERNMENT BONDS,
SIGHT DRAFTS ON LONDON.

SKATES. SKATES. SKATES.—I have received the largest, the cheapest, and the best assortment of
SKATES,
Ever offered in this city. Skates ranging in price, strapped complete, from ONE DOLLAR up to THIRTY DOLLARS PER PAIR. Also, a very superior quality of
LADIES' SKATES,
Some of them the finest Skates made in America. I have a comfortable room connected with my store, where ladies can fit on their Skates before purchasing, so that they will not be annoyed in fitting them on when they reach the ice. For sale by
JAMES BOWN,
ws NO. 136 WOOD STREET.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.
Cheerfulness, Cleanliness, Comfort.
A NEW STYLE OF
SMOKE CONSUMING GRATES,
FOR FIRE-PLACES OR STOVES.

Having the above advantages, are offered to the public. They are a success as to Simplicity of Construction, Ease of Management, Good Appearance, Economy in Fuel, and give a Brilliant Hot Fire. Show no Ashes, Make no Dust. No extra Fender is needed. Price reasonable. Agents are wanted, County or State Rights for sale. Examine one in operation at our Office, Second Floor of No. 29 WOOD STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. H. MEISSNER.

PURE WATER, HEALTH AND ECONOMY.
PATENT LEAD ENCASED
Block Tin Pipe,
Recommended by the Water Boards of New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the most eminent medical men of the country.
COST NO MORE THAN LEAD PIPE of the same strength.
WELDON & KELLY,
eod PLUMBERS, 147 WOOD STREET.

METTAM'S GALVANO ELECTRO
METALIC INSOLES,
VOLTAIC BELTS AND ARMLETS,
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cold Feet, &c.
Depot 434 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale by D. S. DIFFENBACHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots and Shoes, No. 112 MARKET STREET

POULTRY.
50 DRESSED TURKEYS,
Received per express this day, and for sale at
VAN GORDER & SHEPARD'S,
360 Liberty street.

VEN. RED, "ENGLISH,"
150 BBLS. FOR SALE BY
B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S SON & CO.,
eod Corner Wood and First sts.

DRY GOODS.

DRY GOODS,
THE CHEAPEST
IN THE CITY,
AT
J. M. BURCHFIELD & CO.'S,
NO. 87
MARKET STREET,
NEXT DOOR TO THE SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT.

THE BEST QUALITY
OF
GOODS
Brought to this Market
ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT
LOWEST PRICES.

SPECIAL ATTENTION
Given to the Following Goods, which will Always be Found the Best in the City:

WHITE GOODS,
NAINSOOKS.
JACONETS, MULLS,
Swisses,
FRENCH MUSLINS,
LINEN CAMBRIC
HANDKERCHIEFS,
IRISH LINENS,
Linen Lawns,
LINEN CAMBRIC, &c.

SILKS,
FOR
Wedding and Evening Parties,
AND A FINE ASSORTMENT
BEST DRESS SILKS,
Shawls
AND
Velvets.

A FULL LINE OF
MOURNING GOODS,
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
SHEETINGS,
Table Linen,
Doylies, Napkins,
Table Cloths,
WAITER NAPKINS,
Blankets, Quilts, &c.

GOODS FOR
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
ALL GOODS
WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED

Remember the Place,
NO. 87
MARKET STREET.

DRY GOODS.

SPECIAL
DRY GOODS
HOLIDAY SALE,
ON
WEST CORNER
Market and Fourth Sts.,
NO. 69.
GARDNER & STEWART.

Specialties in New Goods,
AND
BARGAINS UNEQUALED,
AND AN
ATTRACTIVE STOCK
IN
Medium
AND
FINE GOODS,
BOUGHT FOR CASH
AT
BOTTOM PRICES,
And for sale LOWER than any House in the Two Cities, is the STYLE of Doing Business on the
West Cor. Fourth and Market,
No. 69
Gardner & Stewart.

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The Committee to whom was referred the subject of Mr. Duff's work on Bookkeeping, *Report*, That they have examined the work submitted to them, and deem the favorable opinions which have already been expressed by gentlemen of competent authority, and prefixed to its pages, well deserved, and in this case very properly bestowed.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed.) CHARLES M. LEUPP,
LEOPOLD BIERWIRTH,
ROBERT KELLY, } Merchants.
President of the Board of Education.
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The Daily Commercial

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head;
"Go it by all means, go it fast,
Go it while leather and horse shoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. O, go it of course—
Go it as fast as ever you can,
But don't slop over my dear young man.

"Dont slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write and regret it in after times;
Keep the end of your effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

"Don't slop over. Great Solomon
Once went a little too far with his fun.
Louis Napoleon, as we know,
Slopped over on Max in Mexico.
Horace Greeley and Jefferson D.,
And Hinton Helper and old J. B.,
And Andrew Johnson, the great 'I won't,'
All slopped over—take care *you* don't.

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the need of such as you.
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath this side of the top;
And so you will *reach* it in wind, and strong,
Without slopping over. Thus ends my song."
—*Exchange.*

TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA.

New Explorations

Sources of the Nile.

Two interesting books of travel appear simultaneously—both relating to Abyssinia, a part of the world just now of peculiar interest. In a volume called "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs," Sir Samuel Baker gives us some new information concerning the great river of Egypt; and in a "Narrative of a Journey through Abyssinia in 1862-3," Mr. Henry Dutton describes the country from the point (Khartoum) where Sir Samuel's travels in Abyssinia ended.

The more important of these books, of course, is Sir Samuel Baker's. His former volume, "The Albert N'yanza," proved that the head-waters of the Nile are contained, not in one lake (as Speke thought), but in two; but his explorations in Abyssinia show further that the inundations of the river are not caused by the periodical overflow of the two lakes—for this supply is only sufficient to keep the stream alive—but by the rush of water from the affluents of Abyssinia in the rainy season. "The mystery of the Nile," he says, "has been dispelled; we have proved that the equatorial lakes supply the main stream, but that the inundations are caused by the sudden rush of waters from the torrents of Abyssinia in July, August and September; and that the soil washed down by the floods of the Atbara is at the present moment silting up the mouths of the Nile, and thus slowly but steadily forming a delta beneath the waters of the Mediterranean, on the same principle that created the fertile delta of Egypt."

Eastward of the Blue Nile, taking a similar but acuter course, and joining it at Wat Medene (14½ degrees north latitude), flows the Dinder through low thorny jungle and prairies. Further east flows the river Rahad, a much larger stream, rising in the country of the Hamada Arabs, which stretches to the mountains of Kwara. This river joins the Blue Nile at Abou Harraz, a little lower than the place of junction of the Dinder, at the corner, where it takes the more directly eastern route to Khartoum. In the hilly district at the north end of Lake Tsana rise streams which meet and mingle to form the river Atbara, the second of the two largest Nile tributaries of Abyssinia. As soon as the Atbara leaves the hilly district, it flows in a slightly northeastern direction during the whole of its course until it joins the Nile at or near Berber, a town on the southeastern limit of the Nubian desert. The courses of these rivers are carefully marked on the maps which accompany Sir Samuel's volume. The text contains this further illustration.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NILE REVEALED.

"It would at first sight appear that the discovery of the lake sources of the Nile had completely solved the mystery of ages, and that the fertility of Egypt depended upon the rain fall of the equator concentrated in the lakes Victoria and Albert, but the exploration of the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia divides the Nile system into two proportions, and unravels the entire mystery of the river, by assigning to each its due share in ministering to the prosperity of Egypt. The lake sources of Central Africa support the life of Egypt, by supplying a stream, throughout all seasons, that has sufficient volume to support the exhaustion of evaporation and absorption; but this stream, if unaided, could never overflow its banks, and Egypt, thus deprived of the annual inundation, would simply exist, and cultivation would be confined to the close vicinity of the river. The inundation, which by its annual deposit of mud has actually created the Delta of Lower Egypt, upon the overflow of which the fertility of Egypt depends, has an origin entirely separate from the lake sources of Central Africa, and the supply of water is derived exclusively from Abyssinia.

"The two grand affluents of Abyssinia are the Blue Nile and the Atbara, which join the main stream respectively in north latitude 15 deg. 30 min. and 17 deg. 37 min. These rivers, although streams of extreme grandeur during the period of the Abyssinian rains, from the middle of June until September, are reduced during the dry months to utter insignificance; the Blue Nile becoming so shallow as to be unnavigable, and the Atbara perfectly dry. At that time, the water supply of Abyssinia having ceased, Egypt depends solely upon the equatorial lakes and the affluents of the White Nile until the rainy season shall again have flooded the two great Abyssinian arteries. That flood occurs suddenly about the 20th of June, and the grand rush of water pouring down the Blue Nile and the Atbara into the parent channel inundates Lower Egypt, and is the cause of its extreme fertility. Not only is the inundation the effect of the Abyssinian rains, but the deposit of mud that has formed the Delta, and which is annually precipitated by the rising waters, is also due to the Abyssinian streams, more especially to the river Atbara, which known as the Bahr el Aswat (Black river) carries a larger proportion of soil than any other tributary of the Nile; therefore, to the Atbara, above all other rivers, must the wealth and fertility of Egypt be attributed. It may thus be stated: the equatorial lakes feed Egypt, but the Abyssinian rivers cause the inundation."

A vivid description of the sudden floods in the Atbara is given as follows:

THE COMING OF THE FLOOD.

* * * "The cool night arrived, and at about half-past eight I was lying, half asleep, upon my bed, by the margin of the river, when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder. I had not heard such a sound for months; but a low uninterrupted roll appeared to increase in volume, although far distant. Hardly had I raised my head to listen more attentively, when a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, with a sound of many feet, and in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, "El bahr! el bahr!" (the river! the river!) We were up in an instant, and my interpreter, Mahomet, in a state of intense confusion, explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water. Many of the people were asleep on the clean sand on the river's bed; these were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of my two hippopotami that were exposed to dry. Hardly had they descended, when the sound of the river in the darkness beneath told us that the water had arrived, and the men, dripping with wet, had just sufficient time to drag their heavy burdens up the bank. All was darkness and confusion; everybody was talking and no one listening, but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.'

"On the morning of the 24th of June I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all nature, even in nature's poverty, was most poor; no bush could boast a leaf; no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums crackled upon the stems of the mimosas, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoom. In one night there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile! an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; there was no drop of rain, no thunder cloud on the horizon to give hope, all had been dry and sultry; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream some five hundred yards in width and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert! Bamboos and reeds, with trash of all kinds, were hurried along the muddy waters. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool? The prison doors were broken, the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara.

"The 24th of June, 1861, was a memorable day. Although this was actually the beginning of my work, I felt that, by the experience of this night, I had obtained a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery, and that, as "coming events cast their shadows before them," this sudden creation of a river, was but the shadow of the great cause. The rains were pouring in Abyssinia! these were the sources of the Nile!"

So great a part of Baker's book is taken up with enthusiastic accounts of his hunting excursions that he has little space, even in a volume of six hundred pages, to treat of other and graver subjects. He pursued, at the peril of his life, and visited with ruthless slaughter, an immense number of elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes, antelopes and hippopotami, and nearly all his wood-cut illustrations depict these scenes of conflict. His wife, who accompanied him through the journey, was often in peril of attack by wild beasts, but luckily escaped harm. Gordon Cumming himself was not a greater Nimrod than Baker. There is too much of this sort of story-telling in the book; but the descriptions are interesting and the brief chapters devoted to more important topics are thoughtful and excellent.

Sir Samuel's book is published from the English plates in a very handsome edition by J. B. Lippencott & Co., of Philadelphia.

Mr. Dufton's volume, already mentioned, is rather a gossippy narrative of Abyssinia adventure than a grave record of exploration. Among his stories is the following account of

AN INTERVIEW WITH KING THEODORE.

"Doffing my hat and shoes, leaving the latter on the threshold, I made a bold advance into the interior of the hut; but great was my surprise when, instead of finding anywhere the outward paraphernalia of Oriental royalty, I beheld the famous Theodore, the renowned warrior and absolute lord of a great dominion, dressed in his cotton shirt and trousers, and these not over clean, seated, not on a throne but on a low divan raised about a foot from the ground. Thinking at first that it could not be the king himself who was seated before me, the profound bow with which I entered was rather uncertainly directed. His request by indication that I would be seated reassured me, and doubling my legs up in the Oriental manner, I squatted down among the rest. We were now well supplied with arracky and *tege* (honey-wine) in the drinking line, as well as with a plain breakfast of teff bread and stewed meat to satisfy the more solid demands of hunger. In the meantime the king, who was sipping arracky all the time, chatted away very pleasantly in Amharic with the missionaries, plying them with questions in theology, or discussing their recent successes in mortar-making. His appearance was that of a man about forty-five, of middling stature, and possessed of a well-knit but not over-powerful frame, conveying more the idea of being tough and wiry than of strong physical development. His complexion is dark, approaching to black, but he has nothing of the negro about him. His features are altogether those of an European. His head is well formed and his hair is arranged in large plaits extending back from the forehead. The forehead is high and tends to be prominent. His eye is black, full of fire, quick and piercing. His nose has a little of the Roman about it, being slightly arched and pointed. His mouth is perfect, and the smile, which during the conversation continually played upon it, was exceedingly agreeable, I may say fascinating. He has very little moustache or beard. His manner was peculiarly pleasant, gracious, and even polite, and his general expression, even when his features were at rest, was one of intelligence and benevolence. On the whole, the physiognomist would find no trace of fierce passion save in the lightning glance of his eyes. I watched for the keen shot of light coming from them at times, and reflected upon what he could be capable of, but they did not strike me as treacherous eyes. I felt that he could act savagely under irritation."

Mr. Dufton stayed three months with the European colony at Gaffat, close to the King's residence of Debra Tabor, and saw much of the King and of his surroundings, but had no opportunity of visiting Gondar, the capital of the country. During his stay he made an excursion with the King fifty miles to the south, where the army was encamped. He estimates the soldiers at 50,000; the camp followers at double the number. They had at that time the oldest fashioned flint muskets, and scarcely any artillery, though by this time Mr. Dufton expects that a good number of cannon, mortars, &c., must have been cast at Gaffat. This southern march of the army was against an insurgent chief, Tadla Gualoo, who was not subdued, and who, after four years, "still waves the rebel flag from the walls of his mountain fortress." On the King's return to Debra Tabor, Mr. Dufton had permission to leave the country, and the King sent him by way of Adowa to Massowah, giving him a soldier for guide. The route by which they traveled was not the usual one, but was the most direct and apparently most difficult, leading our author to say: "Valleys within valleys, mountains upon mountains, constitute the physical features of Abyssinia." After a toilsome and adventurous journey he arrived at Massowah, took a small boat, skirted the Abyssinian coast for four days, then in four days more crossed to Hodeida, a large, well-built town of fifty thousand inhabitants, and thence went by boat to Aden.

The Burning Mountain in Australia.

After wandering among the hills for a considerable time, we were at last directed to the spot, when about a mile from it, by the strong sulphurous smell borne on the wind. Turning our horses' heads in that direction, we soon came upon the mountain. It was smoking and steaming in all directions, but at the time of our visit there was no fire visible. Sometimes, particularly on a dark night, the flames can be seen blazing up with a lurid glare. The subterranean fire has apparently left its former site, and is working under an opposite hill. Through the general fissures in the ground can be heard the fire roaring beneath like an immense furnace, and to such tremendous depth has it penetrated in some places, that if a large stone is thrown down it cannot be heard to touch the bottom, but the sound gradually dies away in the depths below. In others a stone thrown down immediately explodes with a noise like a muffled gun.

The ground everywhere is very warm, and is covered with white ashes (said to be good for the sore backs of horses) and all the stones lying about are so hot that it is impossible to handle them. Everything is covered with a thick coating of sulphur, and the strong sulphurous atmosphere became so oppressive that it was impossible to remain long on the spot. The mountain is known to have been burning for the last fifty years, and there is more than one theory as to its origin. It is, however, evidently not volcanic—at least according to the usual meaning attached to the word volcano. Without professing to be geologists, we have no doubt it is an immense coal seam on fire. Carboniferous deposits are of very frequent occurrence in the neighborhood, and the mountain range parallel with the burning mountain appears to be in a direct line with some of the coal seam in the locality of Newcastle.

Having thoroughly explored the mountains and its environs, and collected a few specimens, we made our way back to the inn, amply repaid for the trouble we had taken, and should recommend all visitors of the district of Murrurundi, who delight to pry into the curiosities of nature, to pay a visit to the Burning Mountain.—*Sidney Herald.*

Chinese Theatricals in San Francisco.

A San Francisco letter says: I wrote, some months since, about the conversion of the old Union Theater, on Commercial street—since known as the New Idea—into a Chinese theater, and its occupation by a first-class Chinese troupe. This is the second temple of the Celestial drama in operation in San Francisco, and one would suppose that the supply would be equal to the demand for that sort of entertainments, but it appears that it is not. The Chinese are now building a magnificent theater on Jackson street, between Kearney and Dupont, which is to eclipse anything ever attempted before by them on this continent, and will compare not unfavorably with anything that Americans themselves have done in California. It is to be of brick, two stories in height, 70 feet front, and 160 in depth, and the bare building, exclusive of "scenery and stage effects," is to cost $40,000 in gold coin. A high-toned star company from the Central Flowery Empire will arrive here by next steamer from the Asiatic side, and will open the new histrionic temple on or about Chinese New Year's, which falls this year early in February. The costumes and paraphernalia of one of these Oriental troupes are something marvellous in costliness and elaborate richness, and the new company expect to literally "astonish the natives."

THE JUBILEE OF THREE CARMELITE SISTERS.—On the 28th ult., the fiftieth anniversary of the nun-life of three Carmelite sisters was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony, at the Carmelite Convent, in Baltimore, Md. The Archbishop of Baltimore, the Bishop of Wheeling, and fathers many, officiated at the ceremonial. This was opened with a procession of clergy and nuns, who entered the convent hall—which was beautifully decorated with evergreens, flowers, and lights—chanting a psalm. At one of the halls, on an elevated platform, three niches had been erected over three seats, to which the lady prioress conducted the three semi-centenarians. The Archbishop then placed crowns of white flowers on their heads, gave each a lighted candle, and a staff crowned with lilies, and made an appropriate address. Three original hymns were then sung, in honor of the sisters three; another address was made, on the beauty and happiness of the nun's life, and the whole ceremonial was concluded with the singing of the *Te Deum.*

Us and Our Descendants.

The Rev. W. G. Hubbard, of Wilson, N. Y., under date of February 13, 1866, writes: "The report of the recent 'Trial' at Troy, is waking up some interest here; and inquiries and calls to see our machine (WILLCOX & GIBBS) are becoming frequent. The machine, however, is well known; as frequent calls have long been made on us to do little jobs that could not be done on other machines; and I think we have never failed to accommodate such. I write you now to ask for a few Descriptive Catalogues, with prices, &c. Also, for copies of that 'Trial' in pamphlet form. I enclose a little money for postage. Our machine is one of your first make. Though having run seven years, it does not show injury to the amount of five per cent. I BELIEVE IT WOULD LAST US AND OUR DESCENDANTS FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS. Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MY PANTOMIME.

BY SYDNEY DARYL.

(From Routledge's Christmas Annual.)

I may as well state at the outset, that from a very early age I was passionately devoted to the drama, and caused my friends much uneasiness by a declaration I made when still in the nursery, to the effect that I would be a clown, and nothing else. At that period of my existence, my taste inclined towards the less intellectual walks in the theatrical profession—a circumstance no doubt due to the very strong influence the annual Christmas entertainments exercised upon my youthful temperament. There was something intensely thrilling in the notion of being able to knock the pantaloon about just as one liked, to make greasy slides for fat old gentlemen to fall on with impunity, and, above all, to steal unlimited strings of sausages, and command the use of the red hot poker without interference. The contemplation of so glorious a future was almost too much for me. I ignored the very mention of lessons, defied the family governess, roused my brothers and sisters into wild insurrection against all the recognized authorities of the household, and turned the schoolroom into a citadel, wherein, with door locked and barricaded, we performed *extempore* pantomimes with much spirit, to the intense and audibly-expressed delight of a literary gentleman residing in the next house, who favored us with many polite messages and promises as to what he would do for us.

Despite all the changes and chances of life, and a very liberal allowance of the ill that flesh is heir to, that follow as a matter of course on emancipation from school, and the consequent embarkation on that peculiarly troublesome voyage making a living, I still found the passion for the drama as full on me as it ever was, only in a different shape. My ambition had undergone a complete revolution. I no longer sought to become a great actor; the aim and object of my life now was to write a piece for the stage, which should be accepted and performed at some one of the chief metropolitan theaters. To this end many laborious days and sleepless nights were passed in a wild and extravagant consumption of foolscap and the best black ink. Moreover, I let my hair grow, ostracized my razor and shaving soap, and allowed my coat and hat to fall into decay, in the belief that such an utter contempt for all mundane appearances was the most prominent characteristic of dramatic authorship. Like many others before me, I commenced the career, which I fondly fancied was to lead me to a house in Belgrave Square, and a baronetcy at least, by writing a tragedy. I felt when I had concluded it that the true bent of my genius was comedy, and that henceforth I must dedicate myself to the service of Thalia, and abandon Melpomene forever.

For some eighteen months I occupied myself with dramatic writing, and during that period turned out seven comedies, ten comediettas, some thirty odd farces, nine or ten *pieces de circonstance*, three classical burlesques, and "*a pantomime.*" I have put the last in italics, for a reason that shall appear presently. Meanwhile, let me ask an enlightened public, can it believe such a thing possible, as that out of all this vast accumulation of brilliant epigram, and flashing repartee, out of this *pot pourri* of sentiment, imagination and humor, but one item saw the light—I should say the footlights—and that one the very member of my extensive family whom I had most despised. While all its more gifted and intellectual companions were wasting their sweetness on the mangerial bookshelves in the various West-end theaters, this ugly duckling, if I may so term it, had, by some unaccountable means, found its way eastward, and come under the notice of the esteemed and genial gentleman who presides over the destinies and treasury of the Royal Nelson Theater. I felt that Destiny had not treated me very kindly in condemning me to make my appearance as a dramatist in so unaristocratic a quarter as Whitechapel, and especially as a writer of pantomime. Where was that sparkling comedy with which I hoped to electrify the town? What had become of that screaming farce, bristling with *jeux de mots*? Alas! as I walked on my way towards the Royal Nelson Theater, in pursuance of an invitation received that morning per post from the manager, an obtrusive individual, by name Echo, whispered in my ear, Where? I whistled aloud in sheer desperation, and then the thought suddenly struck me, perhaps the production of a pantomime in the East may be the first step towards calling the attention of the West to my existence. Straightway I was exhilerated; melancholy owned me as her slave no longer; and I pressed on in the direction of Shoreditch, overflowing with bright hopes and anticipations for the future.

I found Mr. Isachar Jenkins most affable and friendly, though perhaps just a trifle too much inclined to be patronizing. But I was prepared for this, and bore his harmless conceits and assumption with magnanimous inattention. His costume was of a gorgeous, in fact I might say almost theatrical character. The massive chain and huge diamond ring seemed inseparably connected with the property master, while the brim of his hat was curled up at the sides in a way that awakened the thought, that it had at one time or another made its appearance on the stage on the head of some port-wine drinking, hard swearing squire of the approved theatrical type of an English country gentlemen of the old school.

"Well, sir," he said, having invited me into the managerial sanctum—a dirty little room at the back of the stage—at the same time stretching his legs out to their full extent, while he pushed his hand down to the bottom of his capacious trousers pocket, and made a great rattling therein that sounded ominously of a combination of keys and coppers, "business is business, and it's high time they were at work on the pantomime. Now look here, I'm not in the habit of buying these sort of things, especially from new hands. I've got a man on the establishment who knocks them off to suit the scenery; and as I pay him all the year round so much a week, it would be a good deal cheaper to set him to work. But there's something about this thing of yours that's taken my fancy, though, mind you, it will want a lot of cutting and altering, and so, if my price suits you, I'm ready to take it right out."

I could not complain that my customer was not thoroughly plain-spoken and above-board, and so I murmured out something to the effect "that I felt sure I should be quite satisfied with the sum he was willing to pay me." Perhaps, as it immediately afterwards occurred to me, I had been too precipitate in expressing myself content, but I was not left long for reflection, for almost before I had finished my sentence, he broke in—

"Well, then, there's no necessity for wasting more time, and we may as well complete the bargain at once. I'll buy the London right of your pantomime, 'Taffy was a Welshman; or, the Thief, the Leg of Beef, and the Marrowbone,' for five pounds. If you'll wait just half a minute, I'll run into the treasury and fetch my cheque-book." With which observation he disappeared out of the room.

I was utterly and entirely crushed. Sell my pantomime for five miserable sovereigns! barter the offspring of my imagination for so contemptible a sum, the mere thought of such a thing was agony to me! And what of him, who had appraised the labor of my brains at so pitiful a sum? Could I sell myself to him? Never! never! Only to wait till he returned, and I would hurl back the insult he had offered me. I would defy this Issachar Jenkins, with his big watch-chain and diamond ring, and trample his paltry cheque beneath my feet! * * *

The asterisks which appear above represent certain observations and objurgations of the manager of the Royal Nelson Theater, which, for obvious reasons, I refrain from inserting.

Then, like the calm after the storm, came a strange quietness over me. After all, was not my indignation weakness? I paused as the thought struck me, and then pursued my reflections. Perhaps it would be as well to have one of my extensive *reportoire* produced upon the stage, no matter at what sacrifice—ay, even at so miserable a rate of remuneration as five pounds. Besides, who would know what price I had been paid for my work? Issachar Jenkins, for his own sake, would hide his disreputable meanness; and I, out of regard for the other members of my numerous literary family, would bind myself to inviolable secrecy. Yes; I would spare him the ignomy he deserved.

By this time he had returned from the treasury, bearing in his hand the fatal check, which he was waving backwards and forwards, in order to dry it.

"There now, that's done," he said, "and all that remains for you to do is to sign this receipt."

A book was slammed down on the table before me, and in a moment more I had parted with my pantomime of "Taffy was a Welshman," and was stowing into my pocket-book a cheque, with Issachar Jenkins written in large and flourishing characters at the bottom of it. It was over, and I felt that I must hurry out into the open air, away from this close, stifling, managerial den, or I should strangle its smiling, red-velvet-waistcoated occupant on the spot, and leave his mangled corpse upon the floor, among the properties that were littered all over it. I was aroused from my reverie by his saying to me—

"There's nothing here for us to arrange this morning, and I shan't want you here this week. But be good enough to be in attendance next Monday at eleven o'clock precisely, as Mr. Vermilion, our scenic artist, and Mr. Trombone, the leader of the band, will be here; and then we shall be able to point out to you the alterations you will have to make in your dialogue. *Probably* you may have to rewrite one or two scenes, but we shall see. Of course, as regards the songs, Mr. Trombone will supply you with a lot of popular airs, and you will write appropriate words. There now, I don't think I have anything else to say, so allow me to wish you a very good morning."

Before I knew where I was, he had conducted me to the stage door, and politely bowed me into the street, with a "be sure you are punctual on Monday."

I do not think I will disclose for public inspection the thoughts that disturbed me on my way home, after my interview with Mr. Issachar Jenkins; sufficient is it for me to say that they were decidedly of a mixed character.

I have referred to my encyclopædia, and am happy once more. The great, the incomparable Milton disposed of his immortal "Paradise Lost" for a miserably inadequate pecuniary equivalent. Yet his name will live for all time! And perhaps I, too, shall be handed down to posterity! Perchance this rising of my sun in the East might end in a glorious setting in the West! After all what is filthy lucre to fame? Ah, what?

The appointed Monday arrived in due course, and precisely at eleven o'clock in the morning I presented myself for admission at the stage-door of the Royal Nelson Theatre, and having undergone a severe scrutiny at the hands of an extremely dirty and equally surly old man, who guarded it, I was ushered on to the stage by a diminutive boy, in a paper cap, with a squeaky voice, who announced me from the wing as "Please, sir, it's the hauthor." Forthwith I found myself, for the first time, "on any boards," in the presence of Mr. Issachar Jenkins and two other gentlemen, who were at once respectively introduced to me as Mr. Vermilion and Mr. Trombone. The former was a short, pudgy little man, with a great deal of bristling red hair, that gave him a singular likeness to one of his own paint brushes. He was attired in a loose white linen coat, which was covered with smudges, and suggested the notion that its owner had been inspecting the interior economy of an adjacent chimney. Mr. Trombone was a very ordinary individual of melancholy aspect, and attired in black; in fact, I afterwards heard that he occupied his leisure in superintending an undertaker's business.

Mr. Issachar Jenkins, who was sitting at a little table drawn to the prompt side of the stage, did not wait long to open the proceedings, but, rapping his knuckles smartly on it, began—

"My people will be here at half-past, to have the parts distributed, so we must knock off all the preliminaries at once. Now, Vermilion, tell Mr. Blank what alterations you want him to make."

Vermilion did not even pause to take breath, but, drawing his chair close up to me, took a grimy-looking strip of paper out of his pocket, and addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:

"You're evidently not up to this sort of work; but I dare say we shall manage to get on. Your first, fourth and fifth scenes won't do at all—that's to say, we haven't got time to paint them as you describe them; so you must alter the dialogue to suit those that are already in stock. There's a ruined castle, with waterfall, that must be introduced somehow or other, and a splendid movable moon that on no account must be omitted."

But if I were to follow Mr. Vermilion through the various hints and suggestions which, for full half an hour, he rattled off at a pace that Charles Matthews himself might have envied, I should be lost in confusion and bewilderment. I wonder I ever survived his address; I wonder still more that any reason remained to me at its conclusion. And my poor pantomime! how much was there left of it that I was not to alter to suit Mr. Vermilion's stock, or to cut out altogether? I looked to the M.M. I had copied out myself with so much care; it was scored and marked in a way that made me shudder, while a pen was, here and there, run through whole passages in the dialogue, on the brilliancy and pungency of which I had especially prided myself. Then, almost at the same moment, I heard a dull voice saying:

"There's the list of songs to be introduced; none of those you have written will do at all. Be sure you give especial prominence to 'Johnny Comes Marching Home,' and the 'Faithless Sausage Man,' as they are very favorite airs at this end of the town."

And this was the end of all my ambitious hopes and projects for distinguishing myself in the field of dramatic literature. To write a scene to introduce a movable moon and a nigger breakdown; to mould my poesy to accommodate the vulgar, hurdy-gurdy strains of a "Faithless Sausage Man." By the shade of the great Sheridan, whom I had sought to emulate, this was too much! I was no longer an intellectual, thinking creature, but had become a mere machine—a reflector against whose polished surface Vermilion and Trombone were to shine forth for public recognition. My great tournament scene, the one I had taken so much pains to write, in which might be found some of the best things and happiest allusions in the pantomime, was to be remorselessly excised, and all for the sake of Vermilion's transformation scene. I appealed to his feelings; I called upon him as a brother artist not to utterly destroy me. He was obdurate—immovable; while Issachar Jenkins finished me off by saying:

"It's no use talking, it must be cut out, and one word's as good as a thousand;" an observation that was received by certain seedy individuals, who had by this time begun to assemble on the stage, with open demonstrations of approval. I had got another ordeal to undergo, little, if at all, less trying than the one through which I had just passed, and that was to behold in the ordinary garb of every-day life, the actors and actresses to whom the task of representing the characters of my pantomine was to be intrusted. I have no desire to be personal, but I am bound to say that I was not favorably impressed by all or any of them. The chief comic man had a frightful cold, and was buried in a huge woollen comforter, above which a pair of eyes, embarrassed by an awful squint, gave him a most unpleasant appearance. As for the young lady, who performed what are familiarly, in theatrical parlance, termed breeches parts, she had been engaged for the run of the pantomine, and being somewhat of a star in the East, though occupying a very subordinate position in the West, gave herself airs and otherwise made herself most objectionable. She could not think of undertaking Taffy, she said, unless I wrote her a patter song after a model with which she was good enough at once to supply me.

"There won't be much difficulty to do that, you know. Bless me, its the easiest thing in the world: 'Soon, moon, spoon,'—something of that sort for the heroine, and a little soft music, eh! Trombone? By Jove! what an opening it will give you to be poetical. Then, again, your notion of Taffy's Castle in Wales, and the tournament is quite impracticable. It comes too soon before the transformation. You must cut it out altogether, and have a carpenter's scene. Make it on the ramparts, or something like that; it will do just as well, and instead of the tournament, you can have a good breakdown and a walk round by all the characters, and that will give us plenty of time behind to get ready. Besides it's sure to be encored. Breakdowns are always encored here. Then, again——"

But why should I linger longer over my miseries. My destiny was before me, and I must fulfill it. Vermillion's hints and suggestions were carried out. Trombone's melodies—Heaven forgive the term!—supplied with the appropriate words, even the patter song was written to the satisfaction of the young lady of the breeches parts. From that Monday morning until the curtain rose on Boxing-night, I was at everybody's beck and call; from morning till night I was at the theater; indeed, the few friends I had lost sight of me, and believed that I was dead or had emigrated. As the time for the production of the piece drew near, I was much solaced by the appearance of my name in very small letters on the very large playbills, as the author of the "Great Christmas pantomime, which would be produced on a scale of magnificence and splendor never equalled at any other house." Here, at last, was an instalment of the notoriety for which I had thirsted. Trifling though it was, it cheered me, while I looked forward with proud anticipation to the night, when, at the hands of the noble British public, I should receive that reward which was dearer to me than money, when one loud, enthusiastic roar should summon me before them, and I should bow my acknowledgements from a private box.

The eventful evening arrived, and the Royal Nelson Theater was packed from floor to ceiling. My feelings prevent me doing more than giving the concluding extract from a notice that appeared the following day in one of the papers:

"The pantomime, which was received throughout with every demonstration of applause, affords a medium for the display of Mr. Vermillion's artistic brush. He was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and appeared accompanied by the worthy manager, Mr. Issachar Jenkins, whose liberality was conspicuous in the gorgeous scenery. We cannot conclude without commending the admirable musical arrangements of Mr. Trombone."

I have written no more pantomimes!

How they Fight in Abyssinia.

If the Circumlocution Office had not tried the unlucky experiment of treating the "king of the kings of Ethiopia" as through he were some friendless inventor or patient prize-money claimant, the fighting capacities of the subjects of Theodore the Truculent would have remained a matter of perfect indifference to Englishmen.

As far as regards warlike munitions it is all Lombard street to a China-orange in favor of rifled cannon, Enfields, and bayonets; for our new foes, although not altogether unfamiliar with fire-arms, depend chiefly upon

SHIELD, SPEAR, AND SWORD.

These are their favorite arms. An Abyssinian is never so pleasantly employed as when he is sharpening the one or brightening up the other; and nothing disturbs his equanimity so much as any one daring to meddle with them in any way.

The Abyssinian

SHIELD

is a circular one, nearly a yard in diameter; it is made of buffalo-hide, stretched and dried over a heap of hard clay, to give it a concave shape, the rim being afterwards curled upwards and outwards, and its edge perforated with holes to receive loops of leather, by which it is hung on the wall. At the back is a long leathern handle, by which the shield is held in battle, or carried across the arm in marching. The face of the shield has a boss in the center, from which hangs a long tuft of horse-hair, that all may know the owner is a proved brave who has killed his man. Sometimes the face is decked with brass plates; but these are not in much request, as they are mostly used to hide defects in the skin. Chiefs of wealth and importance delight in covering their shields with bosses and plates of silver; those who cannot afford such expensive ornamentation, contenting themselves with strips of lion's skin, or a part of a lion's mane, with perhaps a silver-mounted tail or paw dangling at the end.

LANCE.

Two kinds of lances are used, the cavalry generally carrying both—one, a light javelin, to nail the enemy with at a distance, the Abyssinian being sufficiently expert in its use to hit a mark at fifty yards. The ordinary spear for work at close quarters is never allowed to leave the hand altogether, although the wielder will let it slide as far as the butt. This is a neatly made and tastefully ornamented weapon, about six and a half feet long, the head usually measuring two feet. Skillfully handled, this will penetrate the toughest shield, and inflict a mortal wound, to avoid which unpleasant contingency, it is necessary to manipulate the shield, so that the stroke of the spear should descend obliquely, in which case it is harmless. Some tribes carry

THE SHOTEL,

an awkward and clumsy two-edged weapon, curved like a sickle, with which they strike point downwards over an adversary's guard; but the straight sword is the usual weapon of the Abyssinian soldier. This is generally of European manufacture, and nearly worthless, being "made to sell;" but many taught by experience, prefer swords of native iron, spite of their tendency to bend at a critical moment, because, as they say: "If a sword breaks, who is to mend it? But if it bends, you have only to sit upon it, and it is as straight as ever!" The handles of these home-made arms are of rhinoceros' horn, fashioned so as to impede the play of the wrist, and they are worn buckled on the right side, to avoid disturbing the sheltering shield. Indeed, the Abyssinian seems to have studied the great art of how not to do with considerable success, for he dares not advance his right shoulder to give force to his sword-stroke, lest he should thereby expose his body to the malice of his foe.

SWORD EXERCISE.

A slight feint will open his guard, and then you have him at your mercy; for a shield is of considerable weight, and consequently not so manageable as a sword. The best way is to make a feint at his head, which of course he will guard with his huge shield, thereby blindfolding his own eyes, while you have perfect leisure to amputate one or both of his naked legs, according to the strength and dexterity with which your blow shall be delivered. But if (for there is no rule without an exception) he should be too quick, or you too clumsy to succeed the first time in this manoruvre, repeat the feint; but instead of aiming a second time at his legs, for which he will be prepared, let your feint be only part of a double cut at his head, the second part of which shall descend with as much force as you can bestow on his pericranium at the very moment when he, anticipating a blow on his legs, shall have lowered his shield to protect them.

FIREARMS.

The Abyssinians certainly possess firearms, if they are not very expert in their use; but unless energetic Theodore has vastly improved the quality of Abyssinian weapons of this sort, all the expertness in the world would not render them very formidable. When Mr. Johnston visited Shoa in 1842, Sehala Selassie boasted an armory well stocked with guns of one kind and another. There were long pieces of ancient date, requiring five men to load and discharge them, common matchlocks, and English and French muskets—only intrusted to special favorites, being reckoned to be worth a pair of young horses apiece; besides an odd assortment of fowling-pieces and other sporting guns, the involuntary contributions of various European visitors from time to time. The native powder was execrably bad, while the bullets were small pieces of hammered iron, which, when any fighting was afoot, were doled out, to the "gunners" at the rate of seven bullets per man; when that supply was exhausted, the gunner fell back upon any pebbles he could find. Some years afterwards, Mr. Parkyns found the Abyssinians still giving the preference to the unwieldy clumsy matchlocks, which they served after the following fashion: Having no fixed charge of powder, the gunner poured the grain backwards and forwards between his hand and the hollow cane used as a powder-flask, until he thought he had got the right quantity, when he emptied it into the gun-barrel. He next rammed down some rag and a rough iron bullet; an operation facilitated by the shot being a quarter of an inch less diameter than the bore of the barrel, and the loading was finished; unless, as often happened, the ramrod obstinately refused to part company with the rag, when the ramming occupied the better part of half an hour. "It is great fun to see these gunners when taken unawares by a sudden alarm; one can't find his flint; another has lost his steel; then there is the striking of a light, blowing the match, priming the gun, fixing the match to a proper length and direction; and lastly sticking into the ground the rest—a bamboo staff, shod with an iron spike with two or three forks, to rest the barrel of the gun on. There is one thing in their favor—that the mere sound of driving in the rest is generally sufficient to turn away the bravest Abyssininan cavalry that ever charged.

HOW ARMIES ARE RAISED

The emperor, king, negus, or whatever he chooses to style himself, when he has determined to make war upon rebellious subjects or troublesome neighbors, calls upon each district chief to furnish a contingent of men. Fifty thousand men are soon collected in this way, of which a fiftieth part may probably carry muskets, but the great body will consist of men mounted on horses or mules, armed with the national weapons, the spear and sword. An Abyssinian commander has every inducement to put forth all his skill, for not only is he liable to being nearly flogged to death, should he prove unsuccessful, but upon the result of his first battle depends the existence of his army, for if he is beaten, the remnant of his followers are sure to pass over to the victor's side; while, should he win the battle, his force will be augmented by the remains of his enemy's army.

MODES OF WARFARE.

Different methods of warfare find favor with different tribes. The Quohain warriors when they sought to frighten an invading army from Amhara, stopped as soon as they caught sight of them, saluted them with a shower of lances, clubs, and stones, and then bolted incontinently. This was a cowdardly innovation upon the orthodox mode of fighting, when a battle is fought in true Abyssinian fashion without any vilainous saltpetre being imported into the fray,

When the hostile parties meet, they sit opposite each other at a distance of sixty or eighty yards; then the leaders on each side stand up and yell, jump and harangue until some of their bearers, excited by their appeals, rush into the intervening space, and the combat commences. Each eager warrior singles out an opponent, and squats down opposite to him but a few yards off. They spar at each other with their spears untill one fancies he sees a good opportunity, when, springing to his feet, he launches his spear with all the force he can muster; this his antaganist will probably receive on his shield, cast it to the ground, and then jump and stamp upon it. When tired of this exercise, he threatens his spearless foe, who, dodging about in a stooping posture, hides as much of his body as he can behind his shield till the spear is thrown with harmless effect,

HAND TO HAND.

Snatching their knives from their girdles, they now rush impetuously at each other, throwing their shields away, that they may have the left hand free for grappling, whilst the right is busy dealing swift and heavy blows at the neck and left side. A few minutes decides the conflict; a loud shout from the victor, and he pushes his dead foe away, proclaiming the result to the excited onlookers, who have been making themselves hoarse encouraging and deriding the combatants. Stimulated by revenge, others rush to the battle-ground, to be met by braves form the opposite side; and so the strife goes on, pair after pair entering the ensanguined lists until one party has exhausted its stock of fighting men, and only its weak hr cowardly members remain. Then the victors, joined by their reserve, sweep down upon them, killing every one offering resistance, indeed sparing only those whose heels enable them to escape. How deadly these battles are may be judged from the fact, that at the battle of Hyhilloo between one thousand Dankilli and twice that number of the Minditu, the latter lost in killed—there are no wounded—one thousand men, and the victors three hundred and forty one, in the space of an hour.

Men who can take part in such hand-to-hand contests cannot be said to lack personal bravery, nor do they want brave leaders either. When

SHETOU,

who was afterwards killed in the battle that made Theodore supreme, led the soldiers of Amhara into a certain fertile district to 'eat it up,' the neighboring people of Cologouzai, rather than wait for a similar visit, resolved to attack Shetou there and then; and putting their resolve into action, they surprised the Amharic camp one morning before sunrise. Aroused by their shouts *Isgyoh.* (O God!) Shetou sprang on his horse, galloped among his panic-stricken men, striking them, upbraiding them, encourageing them, entreating them to die like men, rather than to be butchered like sheep, until he collected a handful together, whereupon he charged the enemy. His example inspirited the fleeing soldiers to turn and follow their leader; the foe was checked, and a timely reinforcement enabled Shetou to put them to rout, and the Cologouzai were, of course, in due time eaten up.

Seventeen Amharans once came upon an old

BAREA WARRIOR,

and surrounded him. Nothing daunted, he coolly sat down, took off one of his sandals, and proceeded to sharpen his sword upon it. Upon which the brave seventeen sneaked off without attempting to molest him. Upon another occasion, half-a-dozen mounted Abyssinians attacked a solitary Barea, who received cavalry so adroitly as to kill one, and scare the remainder, leaving him to depart at his leisure with on less then half-a-dozen lances as trophies of war. One Amharic chieftain, named Remha, obtained vast renown for killing a Barea in single combat, a feat he accomplished by pure accident. Remha had charged his enemy at full speed, intending to settle him out of hand with his spear. The Barea by a dexterous movement, avoided the blow, at the same time hamstringing the Abyssinian's horse as it passed, and down came steed and rider, cutting such a comical figure in the Barea's eyes, that he actually stood still and laughed till he cried; while Remha, indignant beyond measure jumped up and drove his lance through his foolish foe.

Many a campaign has come to a most unexpected ending, but we might search the annals of war in vain for a pendant to the

TIGREEN CAMPAIGN

of 1841. At that time Oupi reigned over Tigre, and Ras Ali ruled in Amhara. Some difference arose between the two states: or, rather, King Oupi took it into his head that he was strong enough to add Ambara to his dominions; or failing that, might still make a profitable speculation out of an invasion of that country, and he declared war forthwith. To insure success, he announced a sort of religious crusade, and left Tigre, at the head of twenty thousand men, with as much pomp as he could devise. By his side road the head of the church, the Abouan, or patriarch, mounted, like Oubi himself, on a richly caparisoned mule, and like him, too, bearing in his hand a red parasol. Oubi was attended by a dozen squires, bearing silver-plated shields; while twelve priests, with crosses, censers, and holy books, marched by the side of the militant high-priest of Tigre. After them came the women, eunuchs, singers, and household of the court, followed by the army itself. Their progress was quite unopposed; and after marching three days, the Tigreen warriors encamped or squatted near Devra Tabo—the very centre of the enemy's country.

Here they remained unmolested for a week, while Ras Ali, convinced at last Oubi really meant mischif, collected his trooks, marched to meet the invaders, and soon the two forces lay opposite each other, waiting for the signal to engage. Ras Ali, however, did not want to fight if he could help it, so he tried to open negotiations through the Abouan, but that Christian patriarch not only declined to hold any communication with an infidel, but gave Ali's messengers notice that he would have molten lead poured in the ears of every prisoner Oubi took. Finding he must fight, Ras Ali gave orders for the attack, and at first his troops had the best of it, until checked by the fierce fire of the Tigreen gunners, they hesitated in their advance, whereupon one of Oubi's officers charged them so vigorously, that in a few minutes the defenders of Amhara were fleeing in all directions, the Tigreens following in hot pursuit.

A DRUNKEN KING.

Now comes the curious finale. Alijaz Bourrou, a near relation of Ras Ali, directly he perceived defeat was inevitable, fled with his attendants to the enemy's camp, to surrender to Oubi himself, thinking that a safer course than trusting himself to the tender mercies of the Tigreen soldiery. King Oubi, however, was so intoxicated, not with success, which might have been excusable, but with liquor, that he was in utter ignorance of the real position of affairs; and seeing himself suddenly surrounded by foes, he thought all was lost, and interrupted Alijaz Bourrou's appeal for mercy by begging quarter for himself. This comical game at cross-purposes went on for some time, until the Amharic visitors, finding it impossible to make Oubi understand their intentions, took him at his word, and made him their prisoner. The news of Oubi's capture sped like lightning over the field; Ras Ali's runaways took fresh heart, turned about, and coming upon their late conquerers as they were busy pillaging, massacred them without mercy. And so Oubi, the actual winner of the battle, lost his crown and his liberty through his own stupidity.

The Five Wonders

Of the age, are the printing press, the grand manufactory of mental subsistence; steam navigation, the harmonizer of the nations; the railroad, the cords of national union; the electric telegraph, the archangel's trumpet speaking through the firmament, the earth, and the deep, startling into new life the inhabitants of the world; and the sewing machine, the universal dispenser of charity, comfort, wealth, honor and greatness, as well in the cottages of the lowly as the palaces of the great.

THE SEWING MACHINE

Will be the subject of this article. The inventor was Elias Howe, Jr., born 1819, and died 1867. He not only invented the devices essential to the existence of a Sewing Machine, but he constructed and put in successful operation what is known as the Howe Sewing Machine, which has become the parent of all the various kinds of sewing machines extant, and on account of which, tributes to the amount of $2,000,000 have been paid him by different manufacturing companies. The Howe Sewing Machine comprehends all that is valuable and useful, found in other kinds, and any device or attachment or so-called improvement, which is not found in connection with it, may be regarded as non-essential. The Howe embraces them all and exceeds them all in mechanical principles and devices to execute the infinite variety of sewing required by society,

THE FIRST HOWE MACHINE

Was completed May, 1845, and sewed three hundred stitches in a minute. It can now be seen at the Howe Machine Company's office, New York.

Prof. Renwick says that "Mr. Howe carried the invention of the Sewing Machine further on towards its complete and final utility, than any other inventor that has ever brought a first-class invention, at the first trial.

In the last great trial against infringers, Judge Sprague, in his decision, says: "There is no evidence that leaves a shadow of a doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public, by the introduction of the sewing machine, the public are indebted to Elias Howe, Jr." James Parton, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "Mr. Elias Howe, Jr., devoted twenty-seven years to the invention and development of the Sewing Machine, and he can justly claim that it was his invention which enabled the United States to put and keep a million of men in the field during the war of the rebellion." Elias Howe, Jr.

MANUFACTURED HIS SEWING MACHINE

On a limited scale, improving it from year to year, up to 1863. During this time about 18,000 were issued. A. B. Howe, the brother of the inventor, superintended the sale of the machine. In 1863 and 1864 Elias Howe had put his immense manufactory in operation at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and had organized a company, of which he was President until his death. His aim was to make his Sewing Machine the most delicate, and, at the same time, the most powerful in use, adaptable to the lightest and heaviest fabrics, made of cotton, wool or leather. He spared no expense to perfect the machine, constantly employing men of the highest order of mechanical talent to experiment, to change, to alter, and to improve any principle or device that would attain his end. His object was a perfect Sewing Machine, and he accomplished it. *The mede of the world was awarded him in the most satisfactory manner, when the Imperial head of the late Paris Exposition, by virtue of the unanimous decision of the jury of awards, gave him the First Premium Gold Medal, as the proprietor and manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine in the world.* It is a singular fact that there has never been any attempt by other parties to improve on the Howe Machine. No patent was ever issued with that end in view, while attempts have been made to improve on the Wheeler & Wilson, as for instance the Eliptic and the Florence on the Singer; as the Ladd & Webster, the Weed, the Empire, and the Etna on the Grover & Baker; as the National, the Quaker City, &c.

These four sewing machines, viz: The Howe, the Singer, the Wheeler & Wilson and the Grover & Baker are original types of all others, and although Mr. Howe's original inventions be at the foundation of them, they differ from each other essentially in all other respects. The peculiarity of

THE WHEELER & WILSON

Is its rotating hook with a cylindrical bobbin carrying the lower thread which there is no device to tighten. The tension or tightness of the stitch is obtained in most part by the motion of the machine, which, experience has proved, is not a reliable way of making a stitch uniformly alike on both sides of the fabric sewed or what is commonly called the "back stitch." Its motive power also requires a curved needle, an indication of lack of power, and the impracticability of making fine stitching, or operating successfully on the thinner fabrics without liability to mutilate by plunging them down into the feed and rending them. Its range is the softer kind of goods, as shirting, calicos, ladies' cloth, &c., not being at all adapted to leather. The peculiarity of

THE GROVER & BAKER

Is its stitch. The upper is a true back stitch, the lower a double lock or loup, made by thrusting one loup through another, thereby fastening the upper thread on the lower side of the fabric, and which requires four yards more thread to a yard of seam more than the Howe stitch does. Its needle is curved. It is admirably adapted to ornamental work called embroidery, to seams not exposed to friction, and to seams exposed to stretching, as bags woven stockings and undergarments, &c. It is not used on fine tailoring. The peculiarity of

THE SINGER

Lies in its motion. There is a revolving shaft driven either by cog-wheels or a crank, at the end of which is a cam to which is attached the needle bar by a friction roller, working in the cam, and thereby pressing instead of striking the needle through the fabric. The motion is such, that after the needle has formed the loop through which the shuttle carries the lower thread, and when the shuttle is midway of the loop, the needle rises to aid in tightening the stitch. The consequence is, a loose tension, a large needle in proportion to the thread, a short shuttle, an uncertain tension on the lighter fabrics, and liability to gather, in washing the goods sewed and to break the seam. Fortunes have been expended to produce a Singer machine, that, without change of its inherent mechanical principles, could make uniformly perfect stitching on fine fabrics. Its range is the coarser fabrics of cloth and leather, where it reigned for a long time, supreme. The Empire, and Etna, are Singer machines in principle, differing from them only in the manner of driving the needle and shuttle shafts. The Weed is a mongrel between the Ladd and Webster and the Singer. None of these machines are essentially improvements on their original type—the Singer. Their motion is the same; they use the same large needle, the same short shuttle, and are liable to make imperfect stitches on fine goods. In fact, *that* is unavoidable.

THE HOWE

Radically differs from them all. Its motive power is cams, the most powerful, durable, smooth and true of all motional devices. To these cams are attached the needle and shuttle arms by friction rollers, the former making a perpendicular hammer stroke, and the latter a horizontal stroke. The motion is such that the needle rising from its lowest point one-eighth of an inch, throws out a loop, through which the shuttle passes entire before the needle rises any higher; then both needle and shuttle move together to their extreme distances, perfecting the stitch. The advantages of their motion are no strain on the thread, use of a small needle a long shuttle, a large bobbin, holding a large amount of thread, the absolute control of the stitch by the tension devices, which are so perfect, one acting against the other, that a perfect back stitch is always made on both sides of the fabric.

This machine has a thread controller, which is adjustable, thus adapting it to thin or thick fabrics, at pleasure, by giving off the exact amount of thread required to make a stitch. It has a needle adjuster, rendering it impossible to drop a stitch. It has also an adjustable presser foot, which thereby can be thrown around out of the way of the needle and feed at pleasure. It uses a straight needle, and can make stitches so small as to require a magnifying glass to distinguish one from another.

The smallest Howe machine is adapted to the whole range of work, light and heavy, in muslins and cloth, and morocco and calfskin leather. The largest platform machine does all that the smallest will do, and also work on the heaviest grades of leather as carriage trimming, patent leather, boots and shoes. Its motion is so steady and perfect, and tensions so smooth and elastic, that any number of machine thread of cotton, linen or twist can be used. It is, taking it all in all, the perfection of Sewing Machines. It has all the attachments that modern ingenuity has devised to facilitate sewing, as hemmers, braiders, quilters, tuckers, etc., and performs nearly all that the needle ever did. An

EXTRACT FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Reads as follows: It seams, hems, tucks, binds, gathers, stitches, quilts, fells and braids. It is used in the manufacture of every garment worn by man, woman or child. Firemen's caps, fire engine hose, sole leather trunks, harness, carriage curtains and lining, buffalo robes, horse blankets, horse collars, powder flasks, mail bags, sails, awnings, whips, saddles, corsets, hats, caps, valises, pocket-books, trusses, suspenders, parasols, gloves, the most delicate articles of ladies attire, boots, shoes, gaiters, slippers, etc.

E. C. BURT,

The great shoe man in New York, "had on exhibition, at the late Paris Exposition, shoes, gaiters, and ladies' boots, of all degrees of delicacy, from the stout Balmoral to the boot of kid, satin and velvet, some of the stitches were so fine that they could not be distinctly seen without a magnifying glass, and some were as strong and coarse as those of men's boots." He was awarded the only silver medal for work done on a sewing machine, and all this variety of elegant and durable work was performed, says James Parton, on "The Howe Sewing Machine." There is now a child's dress in the window of the Howe establishment, in Pittsburgh, on St. Clair street, No. 4, which is a marvel of sewing machine work. The material is nansook blue silk ribbands and lace. There are 54,000 stitches in the garment, and not an imperfect one among them. The dress was made by Mrs. McGregor, the Proprietress of the establishment, on the Howe Sewing machine. It is extremely doubtful whether any other sewing machine could make 54,000 stitches on nansook, all alike perfect.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE

is world renowned. The inventor and proprietor, Elias Howe, Jr., while living, devised a trade-mark by which any bogus so-called Howe Machine could be readily detected. It is a medallion head of the inventor, imbedded in the plate of the Machine, with this legend encircling it: "Elias Howe, Jr., Inventor and Maker, New York, U. S. A." There are no original and genuine Howe Sewing Machines now made without this trade-mark.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

is a first-class Sewing Machine, either one of the original types. Wheeler & Wilson's, Grover & Baker's, Singer's or the Howe. If we may advise we say, buy a "Howe" you will then be certain to have a good one.

Pittsburgh Agency, No. 4 St. Clair street.

Messrs. H. Oppenheimer & Co.'s Extensive Merchant Tailoring and Gent's Furnishing Goods Emporium.

On the occasion of one of our recent visits to Wood street, with an old acquaintance, for the purpose of examining the celebrated Nicolson pavement, just laid down on that busy thoroughfare, and which, by the way, is one of the best jobs our municipality ever has had done for it, our attention was attracted to the large show windows of that ever popular and widely known Merchant Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing Goods firm, Messrs. H. Oppenheimer & Co., No. 83 Wood street, and judging from the elegance of the goods on exhibition therein, we conjectured in our mind what must be the character of the stock inside. We have always had an itching for the beautiful, no matter in what shape it may come to us, and hence, we could not resist the temptation to drop into our friend Oppenheimer's and feast our eyes upon the rich and rare fabrics and other goods which crowd his extensive store, and have made his name so familiar to everybody in this section of our State, who appreciate the desirableness of the *best* things in this line, and have ranked Oppenheimer at the head of the column in his department of trade. So in we walked and found the sagacious and energetic senior member of the firm, courteously attending to a bevy of customers who duly valued the uncommon bargains offered to them, for we noticed that every one became a purchaser before leaving the place. For a few minutes we busied ourself among the piles of vestings, coatings, overcoatings and other cloths of which we found an extensive assortment, and thought we had seen all that was to be seen in that line of goods, when our friend Oppenheimer came up to us with that old cheerful smile beaming in his handsome face, and politely conducted us on a tour through his establishment. And it was a tour indeed, for we spent several hours in performing it, and when we came away our friend, who, by the way, has been to the Paris Exposition, remarked that some of the goods were equally as rich in quality as any in the great exhibition which excited his wish to possess them. We have never crossed the old ocean and visited foreign lands, but during some of our frequent visits to the metropolitan cities in the East, of our own land, we have had many opportunities for learning something about the character of goods of this class, and we do not believe that any New York, Boston or Philadelphia tailor can surpass Oppenheimer of Pittsburgh. The same remark will apply to his stock of furnishing goods for gentlemen and youths, which, as every one hereabout knows, is one of the largest and finest in the Commonwealth. Messrs. H. Oppenheimer & Co. occupy a large and commodious building adjoining Mellor's music establishment. It is four stories high, and every floor is occupied by the firm for carrying on its business—each one being appropriated to a distinct department. It will be observed that the firm employ a large number of hands throughout the year, and even with all its present facilities there are seasons when double the amount of room would not do more than afford a comfortable area of working space for the employees. As it is now there are scores of tailors and tailoresses employed by this firm who do the work given to them at their residences in various parts of this city and its surroundings, on account of the limited accommodations furnished by the building on Wood street. The first floor of Messrs. H. Oppenheimer & Co.'s establishment is occupied as a general salesroom. It is divided into two departments—one for tailoring goods and the other for gents' and youths' furnishing goods. An adequate idea of the stock on this floor can not be had from any description of it on paper. Like a thousand other things we can mention, it must be seen to be appreciated. Take for example the imported cloths, vestings, &c., in the tailoring branch of this concern, direct from the most celebrated European manufactories. Mere words cannot convey to the mind of the reader the beauty of the many and various colors and shades, nor the superior excellence of the fabrics themselves. One must hold them up to the light and handle them to learn the vast difference there is between these goods and those which are sometimes palmed off upon unsuspecting people as "imported," by unprincipled dealers. Then there is such a variety of these goods that it seems to us no man can fail to obtain precisely what his taste most desires. Cloths of every conceiveable quality, color, etc., for coats of all kinds, pants and vests, are classified in a truly admirable manner, and connected with this department are samples and discriptive lists of all the different styles and fashions, which this firm are constantly receiving from Paris, London and New York. Indeed there is perfect freedom from difficulty in making a choice at Oppenheimer's. The cutters employed by this firm are gentlemen of long practical experience in their business, and there skill is sometimes truly surprising. To the uninitiated mind it is a matter which excites wonderment that there are so many measurements—so much careful calculation required in making even an ordinary coat or other garment, so that it may fit the wearer perfectly and insure his comfort and ease. But the facility which Oppenheimer's cutters have obtained in doing these things, by years of constant practice, has made them an invaluable and necessary adjunct to this first-class house. The making up of goods after they are cut and prepared for the hands of the tailor is essentially an important part of the process of constructing a garment, and just here, we will take occasion to remark that Oppenheimer exercises great discrimination in the selection of those who are to perform this branch of the work. None except those who can produce proof of the best acquirements in sewing are ever employed, and the reader will see at a glance that all this care on the part of the firm secures to its patrons the highest satisfaction. Recently, a very large and rare stock of goods was laid in for winter trade, and we notice that scores of our first business men in this community have made their selections from it. Now, let us turn our attention for a moment to the furnishing goods department, which contains everything in this line, and in which may be found the first quality of goods to those of the ordinary class. Mr. Oppenheimer has made the purchases in person and selected the stock with great care as to the durability and beauty and finish of the goods, which, we undertake to say, cannot be surpassed by any other house. Among other articles that may be had at this place are all the various styles of White Shirts, Figured Percales Shirts, Printed Muslin Shirts, Spanish Linen Shirts, Cassimere Shirts, Linen Drawers, Jean Drawers, Muslin Drawers, Angola Wool Drawers, Cotton Undershirts, Summer Merino Undershirts, Lisle Thread Undershirts, Summer Silk Undershirts, Angola Wool Undershirts, Lisle Thread Gloves, Silk Gloves, fine Buckskin Gloves, Driving Gloves, Couvoinier's Kid Gloves, Gents' plain Linen Handkerchiefs, Gents' Hem Stitched Handkerchiefs, Gents' Printed Border Handkerchiefs, Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs, Cotton Half Hose, Merino Half Hose, Wool Half Hose, Lisle Thread Half Hose, Silk Half Hose, all kinds of Linen and Paper Collars, Cuffs and Bosoms, Sleeve Buttons, Scarf Pins, Dressing Gowns, Canes, Umbrellas, etc., etc. A speciality in this department consists of the indiscribable variety of Scarfs, Bows and Ties which are innumerable, in style, and to which additions are constantly being added.

Just at this time—the Holiday season—when almost everybody is preparing to furnish himself with either a new suit, or some article in furnishing goods, it is very natural that our friends should look to us for direction as to where to go in order to make the best bargains. We think that among the many establishments in our midst worthy of a large share of the public patronage, there are none more thoroughly stocked with goods from which to make a choice than Oppenheimer's, and so far as *quality* and *price* is concerned, he defies competition. This house is one of the best known in the State, and its reputation is based upon its unquestionable merit and success. Among its *regular* patrons are embraced many of the leading citizens of this vicinity and from all parts of the near surrounding country it enjoys an extensive trade, which of itself is greater than the entire custom of some other houses. No goods are ever made up unless the buyer is first satisfied with them, and as we have said before, every opportunity is afforded to him for selecting what he wants, from the heavy assortment constantly being received. It is the rule rather than the exception, that the customers of this concern are not only satisfied but delighted with their selections. Then as to the measurement and exact fit, and neat and perfect make of the garment, the same careful regard is shown by the firm, and as a natural consequence, the popularity of the establishment has continually increased, until "Oppenheimer's" has become the synomym for everything that is rare, complete and uncommonly satisfactory in the making up of gents' garments. So, too, with regard to the matter of furnishing goods; and hence, we feel assured in our mind that whoever buys of Oppenheimer will not be liable to make any mistakes, and we think we can safely add that whoever buys once will be very certain to go back again the next time they want anything which Oppenheimer can furnish.

Without a Rival.

"I have long been an enthusiast, if not an expert, among the Sewing Machines. Besides, my wife is practically familiar and experienced with leading machines. I have made critical examinations and severe tests of twelve different machines claiming to be 'first-class,' and I am entirely satisfied that the Wilcox and Gibbs is so far above all others in *practical worth* that IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL. The complication of delicate machinery, so common in other machines, seems to be wholly eliminated in this; and I have no doubt it will live to see other 'first-class' machines *forgotten*. Mrs. REID says it is certainly the best, *beyond comparison*. The rotating hook of the Wilcox & Gibbs machine is the beauty and perfection of simplicity itself; and I have nothing more to expect or ask."—[Letter of Rev. H. A. REID, Beaver Dam, Wis., to the Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.] Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Stock and Real Estate Brokers and Auctioneers,

Are prepared to sell at Auction, Stocks, Bonds and all kinds of Securities, Real Estate, Household Furniture, &c., either on the premises or at the Board of Trade Rooms. Particular attention paid heretofore to the sale of Real Estate at Private Sale. Sales of Real Estate in the country attended. Office 109 FOURTH ST., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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BOUGHT AND SOLD.
INSURANCE on Life or property obtained in the Safest Companies.
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Monongahela River.

1867 MONONGAHELA RIVER 1867
PITTSBURGH,
BROWNSVILLE AND GENEVA
MAIL LINE,
PACKET COMPANY.
Will run Four Elegant Side-wheel Passenger Packets
ELISHA BENNETT..........M. A. COX.
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To all points on the Monongahela River. Leave Pittsburgh daily at 8 A. M. and 5 P. M. No Commission on Eastern Freights.
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PEOPLE'S LINE,
1867. 1867.
The new and elegant Side-wheel Passenger Packets,
CHIEFTAIN....CAPT. J. L. HENDRICKSON,
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LEAVE PITTSBURGH DAILY AT 5 P. M.
Wharfboat, foot of Grant street.
No Commission on Eastern Freight.
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PITTSBURGH, WHEELING
Marietta and Parkersburg Line,
1867. 1867.
Leave Company's Wharfboat, foot of Wood street, Daily at 12 M.
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS.
J. N. M'CULLOUGH.....GEO. D. MOORE, Master.
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
LENI LEOTI..........J. HAMILTON, Master.
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
GREY EAGLE..........C. L. BRENNAN, Master.
Freight will be received at all hours by
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For Wheeling, Marietta and Zanesville.
Leaves Pittsburgh Every TUESDAY—4 P. M.
Leaves Zanesville Every FRIDAY—8 A. M.
The new and splendid passenger steamer JULIA No. 2, Captain WM. COULSON, will leave as announced above.
For freight or passage apply on board or to
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FIRST RISE.
The steamer ARMADILLO, Capt. D. H. SWANEY, will leave as announced above.
For freight or passage apply on board, or to
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The splendid towboat MARY DAVAGE, Barges Davage, Nos. 1 and 2, Capt. HUGH CAMPBELL, will leave on first rise in the river.
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1867. 1867.
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FROM
ST. LOUIS TO ST. PAUL.
One of these elegant Steamers leaves St. Louis daily for St. Paul and all intermediate points on the Upper Mississippi River. Through receipts for freight and Passengers given by Pittsburgh Line Boats, connecting with Northern Line at St. Louis, thus enabling consignors to get their freight through without delay and at lowest rates.
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MARVIN'S CRACKERS
ARE
Superior to All Others.
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FARINA CRACKERS,
WATER CRACKERS (J. Davis),
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NO. 91 LIBERTY STREET,
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J. N. SNOWDON,
MACHINIST,
ENGINE BUILDER
AND
STEAMBOAT CONTRACTOR
Having leased the well-known Works formerly carried on by John Snowdon & Sons, and possessing ample facilities for completing contracts in the above line, I am now prepared to engage for work to be done on the best terms and in the shortest time possible. I propose to BUILD STEAMBOATS ENTIRE or furnish any part of the Machinery.
I would especially ask attention to my facilities for, and experience in, the construction of
IRON VESSELS,
For which I am prepared to contract.
Refer to the manufacturers and business men of Pittsburgh generally.
J. N. SNOWDON,
BROWNSVILLE, PA.

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KITTANNING
BARRED
FLANNEL,
IN
BLACK AND RED, & BLACK AND WHITE.
A LARGE STOCK,
OFFERED AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
M'ELROY, DICKSON & CO.,
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DRY GOODS,
AT
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
J. W. BARKER & CO.
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We invite the particular attention of WHOLESALE BUYERS, to our Stock, complete in all the Various Departments of FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS, and to the fact that we sell everything at the VERY LOWEST EASTERN PRICES, and cut all kinds of goods into quantities to suit purchasers.

A SPLENDID LINE OF
Seasonable Goods,
AT
JOS. HORNE & CO.'S.
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
IN GREAT VARIETY.
WOOLEN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
SILK UNDERWEAR,
YARNS, WORSTEDS AND
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Also, a Complete Assortment of
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VELVET RIBBONS, in Blacks and Colors.
DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
LADIES' and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c.,
ALL AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,
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CHEAP GOODS.
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FRENCH POPLINS.
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YARD WIDE LINENS, 25c.
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BUCKABACK TOWELS, very cheap.
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THE CLIMAX REACHED.
The introduction of Dr. MISHLER'S CELEBRATED HERB BITTERS has settled the question of superiority in this kind of medicine. This is, of course, the natural result, which cannot now be changed. The remarkable cures effected solely by the use of
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS,
Where other so-called "Bitters" have failed, and the universal indorsement it has received from the Medical Faculty, stamps these Bitters as the most wonderful in the world. This is the plain fact to which thousands of people are prepared to attest, and to which thousands more have already certified over their signatures.
The speedy curative effects of
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS,
Makes this medicine invaluable to every household. *It is the family remedy of the age.* Hundreds in this immediate vicinity have experienced its beneficial effects. In all cases of Dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, general physical weakness or debility, mental depression, &c., proceeding from indigestion, costiveness, or biliousness.
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS,
Are a positive cure. For Cholera, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, and many other ills which are the doom of our nature These Bitters will overpower and destroy the disease, cleanse the blood, the stomach and the bowels from all unhealthy secretions, and thoroughly regulate the impared functions of the system and produce health. As a preventative of disease its value cannot be overestimated. Buy a bottle at once of any respectable Druggist, and secure your health, comfort, and add, perhaps, years to your life.
Branch House, 26 Market St., Pittsburgh.
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FIRE EXTINGUISHER
PORTABLE SELF-ACTING
FIRE ENGINE,
Puts out Fires instantly.
NO HOUSE SAFE Without Them.
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JACKSON'S UNIVERSAL
WASHING
COMPOUND,
An Entirely New Preparation.
We are now engaged in manufacturing this valuable article for cleansing purposes, which we have confidence will give entire satisfaction.
HOUSEKEEPERS,
PLEASE TRY IT.
With it you can save at least from three to five hours labor on the washboard, besides money, time and fuel. For FINE PAINTS it is invaluable, because it cleans them easily and makes them brighter. It is also useful for scrubbing floors, washing dishes, &c. It is warranted to contain
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Or other injurious article. For sale by Grocers and Druggists generally, and wholesale and retail at our Office and Salesroom,
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TThS

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Particular attention given to Stair Building, and everything pertaining to that Branch. Under the supervision of O. CHESTER, Esq.
JOHN HEATH.
TuThS

The Daily Commercial

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

THE COMMERCIAL is the largest daily paper in the State, and gives daily one-fourth more reading than any other paper in Pittsburgh. It is the only Pittsburgh paper that uses the telegraph liberally, gives full market reports, and all the news of the day.

As proof of the estimate placed on the market reports of the COMMERCIAL, we will state that they are regularly copied by the New York Economist, Shipping List, Iron Age, and other papers of this character in that and other cities, and that leading English commercial papers and circulars regularly reprint them with credit. There is within five hundred miles, hardly an Iron Factory, Oil Refinery, or leading manufactory of any kind that is not a subscriber to the COMMERCIAL, principally, because its reports are the only full and reliable given of the Pittsburgh markets.

WE issue the COMMERCIAL this morning on a double sheet of SEVENTY-TWO COLUMNS, which is larger than any printed in this country. Some years ago one or two holiday papers were printed on a sheet of about the same size; but of late nothing equalling it has been attempted, and never out of New York. Of course we do not promise to repeat this often. We resort to a double sheet to day to give our holiday advertisers a good chance and our readers an amount and kind of reading suited to the season. We are sure we could print nothing more acceptable than Dickens' CHRISTMAS CAROL—the same that he is reading to large and gratified audiences in New York and Boston. The other matter is of an entertaining and instructive kind,—the whole equal to a duodecimo volume, sold at the book stores for a dollar and a half.

In presenting our subscribers with this mammoth sheet, which was printed on the COMMERCIAL PRESS, we beg to be permitted to extend to each and every one of them the compliments of the holiday season, in the hope that throughout all their lives they may be blessed with peace and plenty.

THE "solid men of Boston" have proclaimed for GRANT for President. The meeting in the old Cradle of Liberty, on Wednesday evening, was a "rouser." Faneuil Hall was made to ring again with eloquent speeches and hearty cheers, which will echo throughout all New England, in favor of the Great Captain, who was first in the war of the great rebellion, and is proving himself first in the peace he so gloriously won.

THE letter of Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, to the President of the Virginia Convention, in favor of intelligent suffrage—the test to be applied to incoming voters only—will be read with interest. It shows what progress the principle has made, although the discussion was but recently started and has been by no means exhausted. The limit Mr. WILSON proposes will not satisfy all. The test of intelligence being admitted, the form of its application and what reservations, if any, there should be, will become points for discussion.

THE amendment to the reconstruction law, offered by Mr. STEVENS, and in an amended form promptly passed by the House, is the affirmation of a Democratic precept, to wit: that the majority of votes cast shall decide the question on the adoption or rejection of the new Southern constitutions. The House, on the motion of Mr. BINGHAM, as promptly rejected another provision of Mr. STEVENS's bill for increasing and changing the representation of the Southern States in Congress—rather, Mr. STEVENS on perceiving that this could not pass withdrew it. This will probably be the only amendment which Congress will make to the reconstruction laws.

THE Oracle is at it again. He perceives a "weathercock" inconsistency in condemning the bailing of JEFF. DAVIS and approving the proposition to permit Southerners disqualified from voting to become voters on taking an oath that for the last three months they have supported the reconstruction laws and will continue to support them. This wonderful Oracle no doubt thinks this would open the way to the ballot box for JEFF. DAVIS. If JEFF. DAVIS has been and will be the supporter of the Reconstruction laws, it doubtless would; but it takes an Oracle to discover the danger lurking in the plan, and the inconsistency of which they who condemned the bailing of DAVIS are guilty in approving it, for nobody not endowed with less wisdom than our Oracle, could have the news that DAVIS and THAD. STEVENS have been all the while, and are still, acting together.

There are in the South a large number of true and loyal men, who, by the terms of the Reconstruction laws, are disfranchised. Last week Senator WILSON prepared a bill relieving by name some hundred and fifty of that class from this disability. Thousands more are just as deserving, but to search them all out or for them to present themselves for special enactment, would be impracticable. With the view of getting at a way whereby all these cases would be reached, the *Tribune* proposed the above oath, and we believe it was the *Tribune* that said that no one but a born blockhead would suggest that it could work injury to anybody or anything in the interest of loyalty or justice, while it would be a stroke of simple justice to a large class of as true men as live.

The Republicans in Congress are prepared to go still farther in this direction, and we call the Oracle's attention to one fact on this point. The Tennessee delegation in Congress (except PATTERSON) have united in a petition to the Legislature of their State to repeal a portion of the Franchise Law. They say:

> "To the Senate and House of Representatives of Tennessee:
>
> "The undersigned, citizens of the State, your constituents and personal and political friends, respectfully and earnestly pray that you will repeal the sixteenth section of the Franchise act, thus giving full effect to the principle on which is based our restored State Governments, by obliterating from the statute books the last vestige of legislation which imposes disabilities where there has been no blame, and which neither time nor merit can remove. It would gratify us, and we feel sure it would gratify the great body of your constituents, to know that you had acted in this matter promptly and unanimously, and as in duty bound we will ever pray.
>
> "WASHINGTON, December 7.
>
> (Signed.) Joseph S. Fowler, Horace Maynard, W. B. Stokes, James Mullins, A. D. Munn, John Trimble, Samuel M. Arnell."

The above was prepared after a full conference with the Republicans in both Houses of Congress, and is the initial step to a general policy, which doubtless is destined to encounter the terrible rebuke of Sir ORACLE.

BOSTON AND PITTSBURGH.

Mr. E. CUNARD, the manager of the Cunard line of steamers, has written a letter explaining why they were withdrawn from Boston. It is not extremely flattering to Boston; and we should judge that it may have the effect to create the suspicion on the minds of the business men there that Boston, in a commercial sense, is on the downhill of life. The following is an extract from the letter:

> "We do not require in New York to make arrangements in Canada or in the far West for freight, and during this last autumn, when we have been sending an average of 2,500 tons of freight every week, or 10,000 tons per month in our ships from this port, we have been unable to get 500 or 600 tons once a fortnight in Boston at one-half the freight we were getting here, and that was not considered sufficient inducement, as shippers in Boston complained at paying 20s. per ton when we were asking 40s.@50s. I should think that the Boston shippers, if they wished to encourage shipments via Boston, should not complain of paying half the rate of freight from New York, but we have taken freight from Boston at 5s. per ton and even for nothing. I have ascertained, also, that a good deal of the little freight obtained in Boston was sent on from New York or purchased for New York account, the low rates of freight being the inducement. I do not know what Boston may be in the future as a port of shipment—I have only to deal with the present. I have received communications from Philadelphia and Baltimore clearly proving that those ports offer greater inducements for Atlantic steamers than any others. I have no doubt that the writers fully believed what they wrote, but the trade was to be built up and the experiment was to be made at our expense and not theirs."

There is an admonition in this which Pittsburgh might without injury take to herself. Boston has failed to keep a constant look out for trade of distant quarters, particularly the West. She did a good deal, but not enough or in the right way. New York tapped her at all points, and her commerce, it appears, has dwindled. Failing to fight aggressively for the trade of the West, she has not gained it. Her policy appears to have been a good deal on the idea that somebody else was going to establish railway connections for her benefit—precisely what is true to a good extent of Pittsburgh; and if this continues it will be remarkable if our experience does not prove to be what Boston has been. In these days of enterprise and competition every town and city must fight its own battles, and, to be successful, must be early in the field. Boston, now that the steamers are gone, is making an effort which will probably prove successful for a direct communication with the West; but the damage will not be repaired. Pittsburgh is in danger of waking up one of these mornings to find that a similar event has occurred, whereby an injury has been inflicted which no amount of after thought enterprise can repair.

JOHNSON'S SCHEME TO SECURE THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

JOHNSON's oft-repeated declaration of regard for and abiding confidence in "the people"—his transparent demagogueism—were not without motive. Even at a time when the whole nation was disgusted with his actions and utterances, he kept his eye steadily on the succession in the White House, and has ever since been shaping his ends to accomplish that result. A Washington correspondent exposes the scheme, and gives the programme which the President has laid down in order to compel his nomination on the Democratic ticket. Having thus far failed to command the support of the Northern Democrats—such support as looks towards his nomination—he naturally feels indignant at them. He has done all in his power to secure their indorsement for the Presidency, but they stand aloof, regarding him as too much crippled to succeed in the race. He has now, in a rather startling programme, laid his plans for *making* them come to time. Tennessee is the field chosen for commencing the scheme. The bitterness of feeling existing between the factions in that State is expected to culminate next spring, at the county elections, in the prostration of the elements opposed to JOHNSON's policy. Some time in April JOHNSON will "show his hand," and advise the holding of a Constitutional State Convention, at any time, and the reconstruction of the State Government. In return for this service, JOHNSON expects to have the electoral vote of Tennessee pledged for him. In this manner it is expected that Tennessee will be "redeemed." This State secured, the ice will be broken. The correspondent says:

> By a similar strategy the ten Southern States will be wheeled into line. With the prestige of success in Tennessee it will be an easy matter for Mr. Johnson to declare once again the time for unrolling the Constitution is at hand—that the Southern States are in the Union (he has said so in a dozen messages already), and that they have a right to regulate their own affairs and take part in the coming national election. The reconstruction acts will be *made* a nullity, by ordering Uncle Sam's nephews to mind their own business and let civil matters alone. In order to do this, Grant will be ousted in February, according to the six months' clause of the Tenure of Office bill, and Sherman or Hancock, probably the latter, placed in the War Office *ad interim*, while the Senate wrangle over such nominations as Johnson may choose to make. In return, Johnson naturally expects the *douceur* of political support from the States he liberates. With the electoral votes of eleven States thus secured, he expects to present to the National Democratic Convention the alternatives of making him their nominee, or of certain defeat. Such is the startling, but perfectly legitimate, programme, outlined for Johnson, by his friends in Washington, and so far as Tennessee is concerned, it meets with unstinted approval at the hands of life-long personal and political enemies of the President, mostly old line Whigs. The Democrats cannot well gainsay it, because it is precisely what they would do if in power to-day. They condemn it, however, as making the Southern States a mere foot-ball between Chase and Johnson. There are many drawbacks to the consummation of this scheme, but with all these the friends of the President are sanguine, and feel confident that bold action will overcome all obstacles.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

We call the attention of our readers to the letter of our Lancaster, Ohio, correspondent on the above topic. None more important can occupy the attention of the community, and especially of our legislators. If such results as are stated by our correspondent have been attained in Ohio, it seems in the highest degree important that the matter should be thoroughly investigated before any more money is expended in erecting buildings on the present "Pennsylvania system." We hope the Commissioners spoken of in our first article on the subject, will go to the Ohio Farm School, and see for themselves what our neighbors are doing. Our correspondent promises another letter, more in detail as to the plan of the school, the buildings, the teachers, mode of living, food, and similar topics. We cordially invite those interested in the subject and acquainted with facts bearing on it to give the public light. We shall look with much interest for the forthcoming report of Mr. HOWE, for 1867, to be presented to the Legislature of Ohio in a few days.

IN sending to Congress his extraordinary message nominating HANCOCK for President, Mr. JOHNSON, according to the general belief, was influenced by a malicious motive towards the Democratic party—more especially the friends of PENDLETON, SEYMOUR and the old stagers who, while ready to accept his patronage, have steadily refused to indorse him. His idea seems to have been that by bringing HANCOCK forward he would knock all other candidates, and perhaps HANCOCK too, into a cocked hat, or something else. At any rate, this is one of the interpretations now given to the extraordinary message. Our Democratic contemporary, the *Post*, derides the performance thus:

> The coolest joke of the season is the presentation of the name of General Hancock by the President to Congress for some signal mark of favor, for the assertion of the constitutional fact that the civil shall be placed above the military power. We hope the President will instruct the four other Military Commanders to imitate the course of Hancock. Won't Congress make the General a Christmas gift.

THE Supreme Court of New York rendered a decision against General Butler, who, as executor of his brother, the late Andrew J. Butler, refused to make a return to the Surrogate of the property belonging to deceased out of, as well as in, that State. The decision declares that executors must return inventories of all the personal property of their testators, wherever such property may be. The practical effect of this will be to compel the General to submit an inventory of all the property belonging to deceased, which he became possessed of in New Orleans during the occupation of that city by the Union forces. The case has been pending for nearly two years and a half, but under this ruling of the Court the way is clear for a final adjustment of the difficulties in the way of settlement. There are extraordinary reasons for keeping back an inventory. A nephew of Gen. Butler is the principal prosecutor in the case.

SPEAKER COLFAX has written a letter to Mr. Conway in New Orleans, in the course of which he says: "While I do not believe in confiscation, or anything looking like revenge, and hope to see suffrage as universal as safety to the cause of loyalty will permit, and the restored States guaranteeing education to all, I would not modify the terms of reconstruction in any essential feature one hair's breadth. If the former rulers of the South, whose baffled ambition plunged a peaceful country into the carnage of civil war, refused to exercise the right of voting which Congress proffered to the great bulk of them, on their own heads, not ours, will be the responsibility." This is the undoubted sentiment of the loyal people of the country, in the terse language of Gen. Grant, they "who supported the Government during the rebellion" and "sustained it throughout its trials."

THE New York *Tribune* says Senator Sherman's able report on the Finances was "published exclusively in the *Tribune*." The remark is true of New York, but it was published just as "exclusively" in the COMMERCIAL at the same hour. In New York the *Tribune's* contemporaries published it the next day. Here, as usual, our contemporaries contented themselves with the summary sent along.

THE arrival of Ole Bull in this country, and the statement that he will give a series of concerts this winter, have been received with pleasure by thousands, who remember him with sensations of delight. During the past ten years he has been playing in the great capitals of Europe, with the same success as in former years. In St. Petersburg, especially, he reawakened great enthusiasm.

THE idea which has been hatching in the brain of the Democracy, to steal a march on the Republicans by nominating Grant first, has been given up since the famous "private" letter has come to light. Since its publication the General has lost cast wonderfully with that party.

WE are authorized to state that the report that Rev. D. W. Riddle, D. D., had resigned his professorship in Washington and Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., is entirely unfounded.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

The Punitory and Reformatory Systems—The Ohio Reform School.

Special Correspondence of Pittsburgh Commercial.

LANCASTER, OHIO,
December 17, 1867.

Some three years ago I met in the cars going from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, a large-hearted, plain, practical, benevolent Quaker farmer from New Jersey. He had just come from visiting the "Ohio Reform School" situated some six miles from this place, as one of the Commissioners from New Jersey, to recommend a plan for a Refuge or Reformatory, for juvenile delinquents in that State. He had visited all, or nearly all, the Penitentiaries, Houses of Refuge, &c., in the country. His soul was full of the subject. His talk, and a letter which he showed me from Mr. G. E. Howe, the principal of this school, made that trip one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life. Though interested, I was incredulous and longed to see for myself a place where bad boys, of the worst type, were kept in a "House of Refuge," without walls, without locks, without guards, by night or day, and where the law of love, the spirit of Christ, was the chief thing relied on to restrain, control and reform bad boys convicted of crime, and usually heretofore sent to the Jail, Penitentiary or House of Refuge. I thought there must certainly be some mistake or humbug about it; that either the boys were small, and not very bad, or that in some way my friend had been deceived or mistaken. Yesterday being in that part of Ohio I rode some twenty or more miles in the intense cold and snow to see for myself this "new thing under the sun," and having spent the night at the institution, purpose to give you some of my impressions. I am the more disposed to do so, from reading with pleasure the recent articles in the COMMERCIAL on the subject of our Penitentiary system, and the probability of building a new prison. Before anything of that sort is done, let the public look at what is doing elsewhere in this matter of managing criminals. Let the public know something of the horrors of the boasted Pennsylvania *solitary system* and its admirable results, if it has any. For forty years we have been dooming men and women—aye and children too, sometimes, to this horrible place, without thought, feeling or sympathy—without reflection or knowledge of what they were suffering. I myself have known a man deliberately starve himself to death, rather than endure it. How few of the excellent and respectable gentlemen who have been inspectors of the Penitentiary in Allegheny, until very recently, have been accustomed to go into the cells and take those wretched beings by the hand and listen to their tale of woe—to hear them speak of the horrors of those awful sixteen-hour nights spent in darkness—to see the print of their heels on the floor and to see the mark of their hands on the wall as they turned on their ceaseless march, when sleep fled from them and they thought of wife and child and friend and freedom—aye, and while too they plotted revenge and hardened their hearts.

But to the Farm School. Arranged on a different idea altogether—on the idea that we have no right to punish for the mere sake of punishment. That while we have a right to protect the community from the depredations of wicked men, convicted of crime, it is clearly our duty, as far as practicable, to reform the man and if possible restore him to society a better and a more useful person.

Surely this was a noble—even a godlike aim. I may be mistaken, but so far as I know, no such enterprise has been undertaken with such means and such instrumentalities and with such aims. They commenced with some nine or ten from the Penitentiary, nine years ago. In that time, they have received nearly one thousand and have sent away over seven hundred, leaving them now about two hundred and sixty. These have been sentenced to the school for crimes of almost every name: murder, arson, burglary, passing counterfeit money, horse stealing, grand and petit larceny, assault and battery with intent to kill, incorrigibility, &c., &c. Many of the inmates have been from among the wealthiest families in the State—while the greatest number by far, have been from the lowest and most wretched haunts of pollution and vice. As I understood it, it was those whose offenses would have caused them to be sent to the Penitentiary, that made up the great number of the inmates.

Of course, as it has been in operation nine years I felt sure those dwelling in the neighborhood must have formed opinions of its character. I, therefore, took special pains to inquire of many gentlemen whom I met as to the character of the institution. From every one of them I received a uniform and warm commendation of the school and of Mr. Howe, chief commissioner—in other words, the principal or elder brother, as he is called by the inmates, and of his accomplished and excellent wife. These gentlemen were manufacturers, merchants, farmers and professional men, to whom I was casually introduced, and of the highest character. They felt it was a perfect success. They spoke of the boys coming into Lancaster, like men, and behaving with entire propriety, and bore their testimony to the excellence and value of the school in every way. School I say designedly, for it is not even called a Penitentiary or House of Refuge, or by any other name implying punishment. No such words are used in or about the institution, or as far as I could see or hear, in the neighborhood. And this very thing may, perhaps, be regarded as the key to the whole system.

Approaching the school, instead of finding it hid away in the woods, far away from the public road, as I expected, we found it "a city set on a hill," with the public road running through the farm, and directly in front of the buildings, beautifully laid out, and exhibiting much neatness and taste. The buildings are of brick, neatly and tastefully built. The gates wide open, and the whole surrounded by a low post and board fence, thus allowing every opportunity of escape to those so disposed. The first sight which met our eyes was that of a large company of boys engaged in sledding, with all the glee and enjoyment so natural to boys, on a side track, without the too common accompaniment of snow-balling those who were coasting. Another sight was a squad engaged in making an excavation for a cellar, or something of the kind.

We were most cordially received by Mrs. Howe, in the absence of her husband, who had been absent for a few weeks in ill health. Of all the wonders that I saw there none exceeded this, that the whole establishment seemed to be managed by this refined and accomplished woman, as principal, in Mr. Howe's absence, and that all seemed to look to her, to respect and love her as an honored mother. To many, this will doubtless seem like exaggeration, nonsense and delusion. I can only say, let them go and see for themselves. They may be sure of a cordial welcome and a frank answer to all their questions. At least such was the experience we met with. But my letter is too long now. If you have room I shall give another instalment to-morrow.

I.

THE resolution of the grave Senator Chandler to accord beligerent rights to Abyssinia may do well enough as an elephantine joke; but after all it might be well to consider whether it is not best just at present to avoid as much as possible such causes as may irritate others without benefiting ourselves. It would at least be well enough to await the blockading of the Abyssinian coasts; when he may discover that that empire has not the rights of a belligerent and any proclamation on our part quite out of place.

IF it were not that our readers might misunderstand us and think that we were simply punning, we would like to impress upon their minds the fact that recent events show clearly that it was according to nature and custom for those who went in for black *mail* to go in for Black*more*. Of soap it is likely that it will be said hereafter that "it has riz." The late success may now perhaps be accounted for.

SHOCKING—That the earthquakes should be so persistently offering themselves to the Honorable Secretary of State—and should even come over on to this continent—even to the States in their anxiety to become ours! They seem as if they would even go to "knocking at the door of our dealer in shaky islands." Have we or have we not bought "a Tartar?"

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—Years ago, when the project of a route to the West through the Hoosac Mountain was first started, the late Rev. Thomas Whittemore, President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, was in the western part of the State, and an enthusiastic Tunnel man was urging the importance and feasibility of the enterprise. "Why," said he, "look at the route. It seems as if the finger of Providence has pointed it out." "What a pity," said the old minister, "*the finger hadn't been run through the mountain.*"

THE New York *Leader* of the 14th says: "One of the *Tribune* staff, who has very carefully examined the immense mass of Republican exchanges received by that paper, says that, so far as he has gone, 63 journals have expressed their preference for Grant, 13 for Salmon P. Chase, 4 for Sheridan and 6 scattering, and that for the Vice Presidency 12 support William D. Kelley, 7 Schuyler Colfax, 4 George S. Boutwell, 4 Reuben F. Fenton, 2 John A. Bingham and 6 scattering.

THE New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* announces that arrangements have been completed to carry cotton through from that place to New York by river and land, and thence by rail, in ten days time, at five dollars a bale.

INTELLIGENT SUFFRAGE.

Letter from Senator Wilson.

The following is a letter from Senator Wilson to Hon. John C. Underwood, Judge of the United States District Court of Virginia, and and one of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention at Richmond:

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17.

Hon. John Underwood:

MY DEAR SIR—I received your note yesterday, in which you ask my views touching the proposition to disfranchise all persons in 1871 who cannot read and write. If such a proposition is seriously pressed by any number of persons, they are doubtless influenced to it by the reading and writing provision in the Constitution of Massachusetts. That provision disfranchised no one; it secured the ballot to all who possessed it, and applied the educational test only to those who came of age or were naturalized after its adoption. If a proposition is to be put in your constitution of an educational test in 1871, to apply only to those who come of age at that date, or are naturalized, or take up their residence in your State, it would be in accordance with the oft quoted provision in the constitution of Massachusetts. Such a provision might be an incentive to young men of both races to better qualify themselves to the exercise of the elective franchise. But to take from tens of thousands of colored men to whom education has been denied, and to whom suffrage has been given, a right so essential to the security of their lives, liberty and property, and to disfranchise thousands of poor white men who have never enjoyed the priceless blessings of common schools, would be a great wrong—a measure utterly indefensible. Poor laboring men, more than any other class, need the ballot for their security. Ignorance, if it be loyal, liberty-loving and just, is safer than intelligence that is unpatriotic, unjust and selfish. No poor man in the possession of manhood suffrage shall have the ballot taken from him by my advice or with my consent, unless for crime.

When slavery, the prolific mother of all our woes, perished, and when the civil war ended, I hoped to see nothing done for revenge, but all for security. Heart, conscience and reason bade me strive to secure equal rights for black men, protection for the loyal, and forgiveness for the disloyal. It seemed to me to be a duty of patriotism, humanity, and Christianity to lift up the poor, secure the rights of the weak, and to forgive the erring. I hope our friends in your Convention, and in Conventions of other States, will inflexably maintain the equal rights of all the blacks and whites, and deal generously with those who raised their hands against their country. It seems to me that the policy that shall securely hedge about and guard the civil and political rights of all, and deal mercifully and generously with our erring countrymen, will hasten the time to be striven, hoped and prayed for, when the bitter memories of the bloody conflict through which we have passed, will be forgotten in the common enjoyment of impartial liberty and equal justice, and in the general prosperity and common renown of our native land.

I am, dear sir, very truly,
[Signed,] HENRY WILSON.

Presidential.

The force of the tide of public opinion, and the almost absolute certainty that General Grant will be the Republican nominee for President, renders it quite unnecessary to repeat the evidences of his great popularity which come to us from all quarters. Nevertheless the extract below will doubtless be of interest to the general reader. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writing from St. Louis, says:

> "It is well known that in the Baltimore Convention in 1864, the Missouri delegation, being opposed to Lincoln, cast their votes for General Grant for the Presidency. This is a singular condition of things for 1864, compared to the status of 1867, for it cannot be truly said that the Radicals now favor General Grant as their first choice. Still it is evident to all thinking minds here that General Grant will be the Republican nominee for 1868. As it is useless to resist this movement, our Missouri Radicals are one by one acquiescing in the necessity, and declaring for Grant as the coming man. It is understood Senator Henderson is a hearty supporter of General Grant, and that he proposes to make a speech in this city, shortly, favorable to his acceptance as the Radical candidate. There is every probability that ere sixty days have rolled around there will be a Grant club in every ward in St. Louis. In the interior the sentiment in favor of General Grant is even more unanimous than in St. Louis."

The Grant meeting in the old Cradle of Liberty—Faneuil Hall, Boston—was large, enthusiastic and in every way a great success. Of it the *Advertiser* says:

> It was large, enthusiastic, and greatly resembled the gatherings fifteen years ago, when the merchants and business men of Boston were more in the habit of assembling in this historical building than they have been of late. As our readers know, none of the usual efforts were made to insure a large meeting. There has been no parade of the names of speakers, and the official announcement was only made yesterday morning. Nor did it have the appearance of a mere political gathering. It seemed more, as it really was, an assemblage of business men, to compare views in relation to the remarkable man who is destined to be the next President of the United States.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Era* says: "The whole nation is rising *en masse* for Grant for President. Let the column move forward. Our camp-fires burn brightly to-day, and 1868 will inaugurate a brilliant future for the nation."

HERE'S something to make you laugh and cry too—the brag story of a fireman: One of the "Big Sixes" men had rushed into a burning building to rescue a child. The flames had cut off his egress, and drove him to the fourth story. All means of escape appeared to be gone; he opened one of the windows and called out: "I say, Jackey, jus' you bring the old squirt down to the kerb, put on a three inch nozzle and let her come!" Jackey he put on the nozzle, the boys manned the brakes, up comes a stream as big as a bolony and as stiff as a poker. I just wrapped the little 'un in the old coat, put my legs and arms tight around the stream, and slid down to the pavement without hurtin' me or the child! If you don't believe it; you can just come down to the house and see the baby!"

IT appears that Lord Stanley was only willing to refer to arbitration the Alabama claims on condition that the United States shall waive before the arbitration, the position they have constantly maintained from the beginning, namely: That the Queen's proclamation of 1861, which accorded belligerent rights to insurgents against the authority of the United States, was not justified on any grounds, either of necessity or of moral rights, and therefore was an act of wrongful intervention, a departure from the obligations of existing treaties, and without the sanction of the law of nations. Mr. Seward absolutely declined considering any such propositions.

THE Director of the Bureau of Statistics has prepared for publication a table showing the value of the domestic exports of the United States during the fiscal year ending with June, 1867, to all countries, except in cases where the domestic exports to any country did not amount to $1,500,000, values in specie. The exact total is $334 474 118. In 1863 the total was over $373,000,000.

PERSONAL.

—Jean Pacini, the veteran operatic composer, died at Florence, on Wednesday, December 11th. He was born at Catania, Sicily, in 1796, and is best known in America as the composer of "Saffo," although that was by no means his greatest work. His "Niobe," which was produced at the San Carlos, Naples, in 1826, with Pasta in the title role, was among his more pretentious operas.

—Punch makes a frugal housewife address a butcher, "Oh, Mr. Stickings, I see by the daily papers that the price of meat has fallen twopence a pound. I think you ought to make some reduction in your charges." And the butcher, "Werry sorry, mum, but we don't take in no daily papers, mum."

—The death of Hon. George Martin, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, is announced. Judge Martin was born at Middlebury, Vt., in 1815; graduated at the college there, studied law with Samuel Prentiss, was admitted to the bar, and settled in Michigan, at Grand Rapids, in 1836. He successively held the offices of County and Circuit Judge, and in 1857 he was placed on the Supreme Bench. In 1859 he was re-elected. He has been unable to perform judicial labor during the past three years.

—In 1851 when he was in London, Mr. Greeley sent to Mr. Dickens a letter of introduction from a New York friend. Dickens, instead of calling upon him, strangely enough responded through a note, asking Greeley to drop in upon him, at the office of "All the Year Round," whenever he could make it convenient. Of course Greeley never visited him, after so marked a breach of courtesy; nor has he called upon Dickens since his arrival in America. Longfellow visited London when he was young and comparatively obscure. He bore a letter of introduction to Bulwer from Lewis Gaylord Clark. Calling at Bulwer's residence, he met the novelist upon the steps, just going out, and there presented his letter. Bulwer barely glanced at the signature—said testily: "Mr. Clark has no such acquaintance with me as authorizes him to introduce any one," and then coolly walked away.

—Col. Parker, who was to have married Miss Sackett in Washington a few days ago, but who suddenly disappeared, has been found. He was suddenly taken ill at the house of a friend, and was unable to communicate with the wedding party in time. Two lovers will be made happy as soon as he recovers, which will be in a few days.

REMOVAL.

GREAT SALE AT COST.

My large stock of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS is offered at cost. I am preparing to move into my new building, No. 136 SMITHFIELD STREET, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and will dispose of my present stock AT VERY LOW PRICES.

JOHN ZWEIDINGER,
No. 160 Smithfield street.

A COUGH, A COLD, OR A SORE THROAT,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue,

IRRITATION OF THE LUNGS, A PERMANENT THROAT DISEASE, OR CONSUMPTION,

IS OFTEN THE RESULT.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

Obtain only BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, and do not take any of the *worthless imitations* that may be offered. Sold everywhere. d*

EDUCATIONAL.

The Pittsburgh Female College—Its Buildings, Faculty, Patronage and Facilities—Thorough, Solid and Ornamental Education for Young Ladies, Etc., Etc.

To-day we present to our readers the advertisement of Pittsburgh Female College, (see another column in this paper,) one of the first institutions for the education of young ladies in the United States, and we feel that we cannot do parents a better service than to call their attention to the education of their children. Whether we regard the individual, the church, the state, or the whole country, a thorough education is of the first importance. No child at this day can afford to grow up in ignorance. The parent who compels the child to do it inflicts on it, and on the community, a great wrong. A thorough education is the surest means of securing usefulness, happiness, and in the case of daughters, if need be, *the means of support*. The Church and the School are the hope and safeguard of the nation.

As many will no doubt be inquiring for a good school, where their daughters can secure a thorough education, under careful supervision and wholesome restraints, surrounded by home influences, we commend to their consideration the Female college in our own city. The institution was intended not for private gain, but for the public good. Owing to this fact, and the liberol policy pursued by the Trustees, the College, though but twelve years have elapsed since it was opened for the reception of pupils, ranks to-day among the *very best on the continent*. It has few equals and no *superiors*. Though a full score of private schools have been started in and about these cities, since it was first opened, yet for several years back it has catalogued upwards of four hundred pupils annually. The buildings are large, well lighted and ventilated, beautifully finished and well furnished, and supplied with everything necessary to the comfort and convenience of the inmates. They are, moreover, models of neatness and cleanliness. Every room and hall is neatly papered, and lighted with gas. Coal and water are furnished on every floor. The Chapel, Parlor, Dining-room and Library would do honor to any public building.

In addition to these, and even more important, is the large corps of teachers—numbering twenty-two. In the number and ability of its Faculty, the College may well challenge comparison with any institution in the land. The system of instruction, too, is the most thorough, discarding the miserable plan of mere question and answer, the former too often suggesting the latter. The constant aim is to develop and strengthen all the intellectual powers, and teach *habits of independent thought and investigation.* One year of such training is worth five years of the training too common in most schools. Rare facilities are afforded in all the ornamental branches. French and German are taught by native teachers. The Drawing and Painting Department is under the care of a talented artist from New York, who has been connected with the College for ten years. Prof. Gustave Blessner, who has charge of the Musical Department, is a man of rare abilities as a composer and performer. He is most ably assisted by Prof. Rupp, Mrs. Blessner, and Misses Brown and Ernest.

Not the least important item to parents is the fact that the influences of a *Christian Home* are constantly thrown around the pupils. Parental kindness mingles with strict discipline. Health, manners and morals are sacredly guarded and cared for. And every effort is made for the comfort and improvement of all committed to the care of the President and his excellent assistants. The Winter Term commenced on the 9th of December, and we earnestly urge all who have daughters to educate, to send to the President, Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D., for a catalogue, and to give the College a trial. Pupils can enter at any time.

The Adulteration of Tea.

There is scarcely an article of consumption that furnishes so many opportunities for adulteration as tea. Some time ago hundreds of grocers in England were fined from £100 to £1,000 for carrying on the nefarious trade of manufacturing and adulterating teas.

The teas were made from the leaves of various kinds of Hedgewood, and dyed black with logwood, or green with Dutch pink, verdigris, or carbonate of copper—all of which are poisonous substances.

This nefarious trade is, to a great extent, carried on in this country, and much cheap tea sold is manufactured in the same manner. In prepared coffee a similar admixture of inferior articles is also carried on to a great extent.

We would, therefore, advice Tea and Coffee drinkers to purchase no coffee, except in the whole bean, green or roasted, and to purchase tea only in those places in which they feel positive none but the pure article is sold. The American Tea Company have made it a rule never to buy or sell any but *strictly pure goods*. Their stock is purchased by the best *judges*, and no article is offered for sale unless it has first stood the severest tests as to *purity* and *quality*. In all countries, medical men of standing have agreed that tea and coffee are wholesome and invigorating beverages, if you can but get a pure article. At American Tea Company's Branch House in this city, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, this can be done, as their whole time and attention is devoted to *these two articles*, and as the facilities afforded by their extensive business enable them to sell the best and purest goods at prices lower than many dealers ask for inferior goods, lovers of good tea and coffee will find it greatly to their advantage, both in health and money saving, to purchase these articles of The American Tea Company.

A Mechanical Wonder!

The *Scientific American*, in speaking of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, says: "One cannot but admire the beauty and accuracy of its movements, and the entire absence of all noise, even when running at the rate of 2,000 stitches and upwards per minute; this alone must prove a good recommendation to it. Another merit is the good workmanship. The parts are made interchangeable, so that in the event of accident to the machine, any part can be replaced at a trifling cost. It is, indeed, a mechanical wonder—a household necessity." Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Roasted Coffee.

It is a mistaken idea that coffee looses its natural strength and flavor by being kept after roasting. The manner in which the American Tea Co. (No. 2 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,) roast their coffees at once overcomes all prejudice on this subject. They roast perfectly dry, which insures the retention of the strength and flavor of the coffee, and this will keep for an indefinite time. If, however, coffee should become too hard by dry roasting, which it may do, heating the coffee before boiling will invariably make it give out all its original and fragrant aroma and flavor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SATURDAY,
AT
WILLIAM SEMPLE'S.

AT 12 1-2 CENTS,
2 cases DARK DELAINES.
AT 62 1-2 CENTS,
1 case WIDE FRENCH MERINOS; a good bargain.
AT 6 1-4 CENTS,
2 cases CALICOS, FOR COMFORTS.
AT 10 CENTS,
5 cases GOOD DARK PRINTS.
AT 14 1-2 CENTS,
1 case GRAY KENTUCKY JEANS.
AT 25 CENTS,
2 cases HEAVY SHAKER FLANNEL.
AT 31 CENTS,
1 case HEAVY PLAID FLANNEL.
AT 25 CENTS,
2 cases HEAVY YARD WIDE FEATHER TICKING.
AT $1 25 EACH,
5 bales HEAVY GRAY BLANKETS, slightly damaged.
AT $1 00 EACH,
FANCY KNIT SHAWLS, very cheap.
AT 6 1-4 CENTS PER PAIR,
CHILDREN'S ALL WOOL HOSE.
AT 12 1-2 CENTS PER PAIR,
LADIES' WHITE MERINO HOSE.
AT 18 3-4 CENTS PER POUND,
GOOD BATTING.
AT $3 00 EACH,
VERY PRETTY MUFFS.
AT $3 00 EACH,
VERY PRETTY BERTHAS AND COLLARS.
SEAMLESS AND BALMORAL SKIRTS, Very Cheap.
SHIRT FRONTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, GAUNTLETS, SCARFS, &c.,
Wholesale and Retail,
AT
WM. SEMPLE'S,
180 and 182
FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

PENNSYLVANIA
MILITARY ACADEMY,
REOPENS THURSDAY, JANUARY 2D, 1868.

Application for admission should be made previous to that time, so that Cadets may enter with the Classes upon the regular courses of instruction. For Circulars apply to

COL. THEO. HYATT, Pres't P. M. A.,
Chester, Delaware county, Pa.

Charles Abel's Extensive Drug Store.

On the corner of Washington and Wylie streets is located one of the finest Drug stores in the city; it is no disparagment of any similar establishment for us to say that Charles Abel's concern cannot be excelled, and that he invariable keeps the finest assorted stock of drugs, medicides, perfumeries, toilet articles, &c., that can be found in any part of the city. Mr. Abel is an experienced drug merchant and understands precisely the wants of families and physicians in this vicinity. Long association in the drug business has made him familiar with every detail of it, and closely identified him with its history in this city. The retail drug trade is one of the most important, requiring, as it does, a perfect knowledge of the nature of all the many and various medicines, and how to compound them. And it is because Mr. Abel has made himself by close study and practice a skillful manipulator, that he has been able to earn the distinction which he enjoys and justly merits. The medical profession in this city and its environs appreciate the importance of having their prescriptions carefully prepared, and perhaps this accounts for the large number who direct their patients to Mr. Abel's establishment. This is an indorsement which speaks for itself, and of which he may rightly be proud. The character of Mr. Abel's stock cannot be better than it is, as every article has been purchased with great care, and with a strict regard for *quality* and *freshness*. It is well worth the trouble for any one to go out of his way in order to procure the *best drugs*, which can always be had of Mr. Abel. His reputation is wide-spread throughout the city as a dealer in *fresh* medicines, and in this specialty he has no superior.

There are other articles than mere drugs sold generally in such establishments as the one of which we now write. For instance, there is always a demand for the purest wines and liquors, used for medicinal or communion purposes. Now, just here, we desire to make the remark that this is a part of Mr. Abel's business, to which he devotes the most careful attention. His facilities for obtaining the best viands of all kinds for use in the sick chamber are unexcelled by any other druggist. His stock consists of direct importations from Europe and can be depended upon as strictly pure as represented.

Mr. Abel devotes considerable attention to all sorts of fancy and other articles for the toilet, and he has a very superior stock of these goods now on hand. Every article of perfumery known in the market can always be obtained at his store, including all the manufactures of Lubin, Coudray and other celebrated firms. Mr. Abel imports large quantities of these extracts and supplies a large demand in this vicinity. Our readers may depend upon getting the *bona fide* article of him, as well as every other perfumery that is made either in Europe or America.

As the Holidays are now so near at hand, and thousands of persons will require some toilet article to present to their fair friends, or perchance, to use themselves, it will be to their advantage to keep Mr. Abel's establishment in mind, and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. He has also a fine assortment of pure Havana Cigars, Combs, Brushes, Cosmetics, Colognes, Bay Rum, Fancy Soaps of every description, Sponges, etc., etc., all of which will be found the *best* in the city. Mr. Abel does not consider it any trouble to show his goods to those who contemplate making purchases, and will be glad to see his friends and all others who may want anything in his line, at his old established and widely known stand, corner of Washington and Wylie streets.

Truth is Mighty.

While some of the Sewing Machines are being lauded to the skies on account of the gold medals which they have been awarded at the Paris Exposition, the Empire Lock Stitch machine moves noiselessly along, rapidly gaining ground with all classes. The people will not allow their opinions and interests to be *meddled* with, as is being daily manifested by the crowds who throng the commodious salesrooms of the Carson Bros., the popular agents of the Empire Sewing Machine, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

BUY THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
PIANO AND ORGAN,
SCHOMACKER'S
GOLD MEDAL PIANO
AND
ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGAN.

The SCHOMACKER PIANO combines all the late valuable improvements known in the construction of a first-class Instrument, and has always been awarded the highest premium wherever exhibited.

Its tone is Full, Sonorous and Sweet.

The workmanship for Durability and Beauty, surpasses all others.

Prices from $50 to $150 (according to style and finish), cheaper than all other so-called first-class Pianos.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGAN stands at the head of all Reed Instruments in producing the *most perfect pipe quality of tone* of any similar instrument made in this country. It is simple and compact in construction, and not liable to get out of order. *Carpenter's Patent Vox Humana Tremolo* is only to be found in this Organ. Prices from $100 to $535. Warranted for Five Years.

Barr, Knake & Buettler,
12 ST. CLAIR ST., Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH
FEMALE COLLEGE.
REV. I. C PERSHING, D. D.,
PRESIDENT.

Its Buildings, Faculty, Patronage and Facilities for Securing a Thorough, Solid and Ornamental Education to its Pupils, Etc., Etc.

THE LEADING
Ladies' Educational Institution.
UNDER THE CARE OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
IN THE UNITED STATES.
LOCATION, - - - PITTSBURGH, PA.

BUILDINGS.

There are four Brick Buildings, 148 feet in length by 100 feet in depth, well lighted and ventilated, and furnished with all the modern improvements. Every Room and Hall is lighted with gas, and coal and water furnished on every floor.

SPLENDID IMPROVEMENTS.

During the winter important improvements have been made, which add very greatly to the comfort and convenience of the pupils. The Public Parlor has been splendidly furnished, and a Reception Room and large Private Parlor, for the use of teachers and boarders, fitted up. A new and beautiful Recitation Room, a spacious Library and Reading Room, and Studio and Cabinet Room, have been added, and the Browning Hall superbly furnished. These and other improvements have been made at an aggregate cost of thousands of dollars. Every Room and Hall is neatly papered, and the Buildings, as a whole, are equalled by but few in the country.

The Musical Department

Is made a specialty, and is unsurpassed by that of any other Institution. Arrangements are such that pupils can devote their entire time to Music, and receive daily instruction, if necessary.

Prof. GUSTAVE BLESSNER

Who has charge of the Musical Department, is a man of rare abilities as a Composer and Performer, and is ably assisted by

MRS. BLESSNER,
PROF. WM. G RUPP,
MISS CORA BROWN, and
MISS NANNIE ERNEST.

THE DRAWING AND PAINTING DEPARTMENT
IS UNDER THE CARE OF
MISS C. H. TEAL,
A TALENTED ARTIST FROM NEW YORK.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

Are taught by native teachers, and are daily spoken at the table.

THE BOARDING DEPARTMENT

Is under the special care of the President.

Sixty Dollars Per Term

Pays for Boarding, Light, Room, Rent, use of Furniture, Fuel and Washing of Bed Clothes. Every room is thoroughly furnished with everything but Carpet.

WINTER TERM
COMMENCED
MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1867.
SPRING TERM
COMMENCES
MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1868
☞ SEND TO
PRESIDENT PERSHING
FOR A CATALOGUE.

The RT. REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D. D., President of the Board of Trustees.
☞ Refer to the Bishops and Clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOUIS REINEMAN........CHARLES MEYRAN,
REINHOLD SIEDLE.

1867-'68.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS
RICH,
ELEGANT, RARE.
REINEMAN,
MEYRAN
& SIEDLE,
JEWELERS,
NO. 29 FIFTH STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

EXAMINE OUR LIST OF ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

In our immense stock will be found an unusually large assortment of

MAGNIFICENT
Gold and Silver Watches,
OF THE FOLLOWING STANDARD MAKES:

By the American Watch Company, Waltham;
By E. Howard & Co., Boston;
By Tremont Watch Company, Boston;
By R. F. Cowderoy, London;
By Patek & Co., Geneva;
By Appleton, Tracy & Co., Waltham;
By United States Watch Company, New York;
By Charles Frodsham, London;
By James Nardin, Locle;
By Charles Jacot, Locle;
By F. D. Johnson, London;
By Henry Begnelin, Locle;
And other well known and celebrated makes.

SUPERB JEWELRY,
Magnificent Parlor Ornaments,
Sewing Cases,
OPERA GLASSES,
JEWEL BOXES,
Bronze and Marble Statuary
TEA AND DINNER SETS,
Plated on White Metal or Nickel Silver.
Bohemian Glass Ornaments,
Toilet Sets, &c.
BRIDAL
AND
BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
AMERICAN AND FRENCH
CLOCKS AND FANCY GOODS.

Particular attention paid to the getting up of FINE CLOCKS and REGULATORS for Railroad Depots, Banks, Churches and Public Buildings.
Engraving on Wood, Stone or Metal, done by first-class mechanics, with neatness and dispatch.
All kinds of Jewelry repaired and made to order.

WATCH REPAIRING

Chronometers, Levers, Duplexes, Cylinders, &c., carefully adjusted and repaired by skillful mechanics, under the immediate supervision of Mr. MATTHEW WINTERHALTER, who, for nearly eighteen years, has filled the Watch Maker's department in an old and well-known Jewelry House of this city; this, together with the fact that every member of our firm is a practical and learned Watch Maker, gives us unusual facilities for adjusting and repairing any and all work entrusted to our care to perfect satisfaction.

CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD, SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Our long experience has taught us that, to achieve success in business, it must be derived by promptness, liberal and honest dealing, and our efforts in the future, as in the past, shall be such as to merit a large and constantly increasing patronage.

Our extensive connections with Eastern and European manufacturers, and our frequent visit to our markets, enable us to supply ourselves with the newest and richest Goods in our line, and to sell the same, either wholesale or retail, at

LOWER PRICES

Than those of any similar establishment West of New York City.

Reineman, Meyran & Siedle
No. 29 Fifth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS
FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS
Of Affection and Charity!
Of Affection and Charity!
PURCHASE AN IMPROVED
PURCHASE AN IMPROVED
Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine
Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine
NONE ARE SO SIMPLE!
NONE ARE SO SIMPLE!
NONE ARE SO DURABLE!
NONE ARE SO DURABLE!
NONE WILL GIVE SUCH
NONE WILL GIVE SUCH
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
WARRANTED THE MOST
WARRANTED THE MOST
PERFECT SEWER IN THE WORLD.
PERFECT SEWER IN THE WORLD.
WM. SUMNER & CO
WESTERN AGENTS,
NO. 27 FIFTH ST.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

AT
EVANS' NOVELTY,
THE LARGEST
AND
MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT
OF
GOODS,
SUITABLE FOR
Christmas Presents,
IN THE CITY.

Fresh and desirable stock, offered at prices never before known in Pittsburgh.

Watches,
Silver Plated Ware, of every description;
Pocket and Table Cutlery,
Dominoes and Chess Men,
Meerschaum Pipes,
Ladies' Purses,
Traveling Bags,
Watch Stands,
Note Cases,
Segar Cases,
Portemonnaies,
Fine Gold Jewelry,
Work Boxes,
Razors,
Writing Desks,
Albums,
Ladies' Companions,
Pocketbooks,
Portfolios,
Carvers,
Bohemian and Ruby Vases,
Engraved and Ruby Cologne Bottles,
China and Decorated Vases,
Wine Glasses, &c.

The above comprises but a small part of our extensive assortment. Large line of Goods for

CHILDREN'S PRESENTS.

ANY ARTICLE ON THE COUNTER FOR 25c.

M. A. EVANS & CO.,
59 FIFTH STREET.

NOTICES

☞ NOTICE—PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK OF PITTSBURGH, No. 80 Fourth street. Capital $100,000. Deposits made in this Bank before January 1st, 1868, will bear interest from that date.
President—HENRY LLOYD.
Vice President—WILLIAM REA.
Secretary and Treasurer—S. F. VON BONNHORST.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, December 19, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION of Directors of this Bank will be held at the Bank on TUESDAY, January 14th, 1868, between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M.
J. D. SCULLY, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PA., Pittsburgh, December 14, 1867.
☞ ALLEGHENY COUNTY PRISON.—The Board of Inspectors of the Allegheny County Prison will hold the Annual Election for Warden and Physician of the Prison at their stated meeting on JANUARY 4TH, 1868. By order of the Board of Inspectors.
HENRY LAMBERT, Sec'y.

☞ ELECTION NOTICE.—THE Stockholders of the Germania Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, will meet at the office of HONEGGER & CO., No. 2 Sixth street, on THURSDAY, December 26th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year and for such other business as may be brought before them.
R. HONEGGER, Secretary.
Pittsburgh, December 16, 1867.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF ALLEGHENY, Allegheny City, December 14, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the BANKING HOUSE, on TUESDAY, January 14th, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M.
J. N. DAVIDSON, Cashier.

THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, December 14, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Nine (9) Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the BANKING HOUSE, on TUESDAY, January 14th, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
ROBERT J. STONEY, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' AND MANUF'RS NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, December 14, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Directors of this Bank will take place at the BANKING HOUSE, on TUESDAY, January 14th, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
JOHN SCOTT, JR., Cashier.

EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, Pa., December 7, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION of Directors for the Exchange National Bank of Pittsburgh, will take place at the Banking House, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January, 1868.
H. M. MURRAY, Cashier.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, December 14, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Directors of this Bank, to serve for the ensuing year will be held at the BANKING HOUSE, No. 82 Fourth street, on TUESDAY, January 14, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.
D. LEET WILSON, Cashier.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, Pittsburgh, December 13, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for nine Directors to serve during the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, TUESDAY, January 14, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
JOHN B. LIVINGSTON, Cashier.

ALLEGHENY NATIONAL BANK, PITTSBURGH, December 14, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for nine Directors, to serve during the ensuing year, will be held at the bank on TUESDAY, 14th day of January, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.
R. W. MACKEY, Cashier.

TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, December 7, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR ELEVEN DIRECTORS to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the BANKING HOUSE, on TUESDAY, January 7th, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.
W. VANKIRK, Vice President.

FARMERS' DEPOSIT NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, December 7, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Directors to serve for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, January 14, 1868, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock P. M.
R. A. GEORGE, Cashier.

PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, December 7, 1867.
☞ AN ELECTION FOR ELEVEN Directors of this Bank, will be held at its Banking House, on TUESDAY, January 14, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M., and 2 P. M.
F. M. GORDON, Cashier.

CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, Pittsburgh, Pa., December 7, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Nine Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Bank, on TUESDAY, 14th January, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
J. E. BRADY, JR., Cashier.

PITTS'GH NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, December 7, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Nine Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, January 14, 1868, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.
JOS. H. HILL, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BIRMINGHAM, Birmingham, December 6, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL ELECTION of Seven Directors of this Bank will be held at the Bank on TUESDAY, January 7th, 1868, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock P. M.
JOHN P. BEECH, Cashier.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RR. CO., Office of Secretary and Treasurer, Cleveland, Ohio, December 2, 1867.
☞ THE ANNUAL MEETING OF the Stockholders of the CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD COMPANY, for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, in Cleveland, O., at 10 o'clock, A. M., on WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1868. The Transfer Books will be closed on the 16th instant, and reopened January 2d.
G. A. INGERSOLL, Secretary.

DIVIDENDS.

☞ DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE Directors of the Little Saw Mill Run Railroad Company have declared a Dividend of THREE AND A HALF PER CENT. for the past six months, free of all tax, payable at their Office on and after the 1st day of January, 1868.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, Pres't.

AUCTION SALES.

A. LEGGATE, 159 Federal street, Allegheny.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A. LEGGATE,
159 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—BY Virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Allegheny County, the undersigned, executor of James S. Neeld, late of said County, deceased, will expose to sale by Public Vendue or Outcry, on the premises in Upper St. Clair township, Allegheny County, Pa.,

On THURSDAY, January 9th, 1868,
AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

All that certain lot or tract of land, situate in Upper St. Clair township, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a sugar tree on McLaughlin's Run, adjoining lands of Hiram Ray; thence by lands of said Ray south 46 degrees, west 53.26 perches to a post; thence south 60 degrees, west 5.75 perches to a stump; thence north 47 degrees, west 43.46 perches to a hickory; thence north 59½ degrees, west 67.8 perches to a stone; thence by land of Wilson Lesnett south 31¾ degrees, west 90 perches to a post; thence by land of Samuel Collins south 88 degrees, east 30 perches to a white-oak; thence north 7 degrees, west 39 perches to a stone; thence by land of J. McMillin Jr., north 83¾ degrees, east 20.12 perches to a post; thence south 63¾ degrees, east 38 perches to a post; thence south 78¾ degrees, east 20 perches to a post; thence south 3 degrees, east 15 perches to an ironwood; thence by lands of Thomas McMillin's heirs south 60¾ degrees, east 144 perches to the place of beginning; containing 96 Acres and 156 perches strict measure.

Terms.—After deducting the sum of $3,100 and expenses of sale from the gross amount of sale, one-third of the balance to remain a lien on said premises, secured by bond and mortgage, during the lifetime of the widow of the said James S. Neeld, deceased; the balance, after deducting said $3,100 and expense of sale, to be paid on confirmation of sale.

For further particulars inquire of
GEORGE NEELD, Executor, or
C. S. FETTERMAN, Attorney for the Estate, No. 139 Fourth Street, Pittsburgh.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.—The undersigned, appointed Assignee in bankruptcy, of the estate of WILLIAM BURNS, and as surviving partner of the late firm of S. & W. Burns, will expose to public sale, on THURSDAY, the 2d day of January, 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Hotel of J. Long, in Corsica, Jefferson county, Pa., the following described property, viz: Two Wagons; six pairs Board Sleds; two Timber Sleds; Board and Slab Cars; 150 feet twelve inch Belting; 200 feet Belting, (assorted widths); 110,000 feet white pine Boards, more or less, at Seaton & McGaffick's Saw Mill; 4 Board Circular Saws; 4 Edging Saws; 1 new Truck Log Wagon; 1 Saw Gummer; 1 set Blacksmith Tools; 1 Piano.
Terms—Cash.
J. B. JONES, Assignee of W. Burns, etc.

ADJOURNED ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Lawrence county, there will be offered at Public Sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, December 28th, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following property, late of BENJAMIN RAMAGE, deceased, to wit: One Lot of Ground, situated at Enon Station, Lawrence county, Pa., bounded on the north by the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, east by property of Mary Reiber; south by Front street, and west by Main street; on which are erected a good large Frame Storehouse, Frame Warehouse, Smoke House, Stables, &c. The above property is well located for a general Mercantile and Commission Business.

Terms—One third of purchase money on the confirmation of the sale; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from the confirmation.

For further particulars inquire of
JOSEPH KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r, No. 193 Liberty street, Pittsburgh.

ACCOUNTS
INVESTIGATED, BALANCED AND CLOSED,
By an experienced Practical Accountant. Address
POSTOFFICE BOX NO. 505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUNDRIES.
20 bbls Sweet Cider; 20 bbls Sweet Potatoes;
50 bxs Cheese, Hamburg, Goshen and Factory;
1,000 bush Potatoes;
500 bbls Apples;
15 bbls Hickory Nuts;
20 tubs Mince Meat; in store and for sale by
VAN GORDER & SHEPARD, 360 Liberty street.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
WARM AIR REGISTERS
AND VENTILATORS,
Black or White Enameled, Square or Round, at
BISSELL & CO.'S, No. 235 Liberty street.

POULTRY.
50 DRESSED TURKEYS,
Received per express this day, and for sale at
VAN GORDER & SHEPARD'S, 360 Liberty street.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.
M. W. CANNING.......MANAGER
Farewell appearance of
MISS EMELIE MELVILLE,
At the Grand Family Matinee, THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON, December 21st, 1867, when will be presented the beautiful musical play of the
DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT,
And the brilliant comedy of the
PRETTY HORSEBREAKER.
Miss Melville in both pieces.
Admission 25 cents to all parts of the House.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.
WM. HENDERSON.......LESSEE.
M. W. CANNING.......MANAGER.
T. R. HANN.......STAGE MANAGER.
Grand Combination for One Night Only. The Dramatic Event of the Season.
SATURDAY EVENING, December 21st, 1867.
The Management has the honor to announce that, at heavy expense, arrangements have been made with the distinguished Tragic Artiste,
MRS. F. W. LANDER,
(Formerly Miss Jean M. Davenport) and her talented Company of Artistes, to appear in conjunction with the Opera House Company, in Shakespeare's great tragedy of
MACBETH.
Mrs. F. W. Lander as.......Lady Macbeth.
Mr. J. H. Taylor as.......Macbeth.
Mr. W. J. Cogswell as.......Macduff.
Supported with a powerful cast.
☞ Prices will remain as usual.

MASONIC HALL.
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY,
COMMENCING ON
Tuesday Evening, Dec. 24th.
Open every night after until further notice, and on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2 o'clock.
The Wonder and Marvel of the Age.
MAGNIFICENT AND DIVINE,
THE GREAT
Apocalypse
ILLUSTRATED; THE BOOK OF
REVELATIONS
UNSEALED; THE
VISIONS OF SAINT JOHN.
Opened to view in Fifty Splendid Moving Tableaux Scenes showing what St. John saw when a door in HEAVEN WAS OPENED, as described by him in the Book of Revelations, commencing with the Vision of Seven Golden Candlesticks, and ending with the Visions of the
Day of Judgement.
The whole comprising the Entire Vision related in the Book of Revelations, and presenting to view the most sublime and
Startling Spectacles
Vouchsafed to man, and only revealed to St John, the "beloved disciple," that the world through him might learn of the things that
Must Come to Pass, and Prepare for the Great Day of His Wrath. When None Shall be Able to Stand.
Tickets 25 cents. No half price. Doors open at 7 o'clock.
Merry Christmas Matinee, Wednesday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Grand Family and School Matinee, on Saturday Afternoon at 2 o'clock. Admission to Matinee, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.
CHAS. W. KIDDER, Agent.
O P. MYERS, Manager.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
POSITIVELY SIX DAYS ONLY.
COMMENCING
Monday Evening, Dec. 23.
Christmas Week—Grand Christmas Matinee,
Wednesday Afternoon, Dec. 25.
"Old Santa Claus" or his Agent on the stage after each exhibition. The Great Original
MILTONIAN TABLEAUX,
FROM LONDON, ENGLAND,
The most extraordinary exhibition in the world, creating the most intense sensation wherever exhibited, the largest halls being filled day and night to witness
THE IMPOSING SPECTACLE,
Conveying to the mind of the beholder the most exalted idea of HEAVEN, and an awful and impressive idea of the INFERNAL REGIONS BELOW.
The same world-renowned exhibition that for the last few months created such a great sensation in the Eastern cities, the largest and most popular halls
PACKED NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
For weeks, and thousands often turned away unable to gain admittance.
Go and see the Great Spectacle of SATAN AND THE REBEL HOST being driven out of Heaven.
EVERY NIGHT,
Pandemonium, or Hell, with Satan in Council there. Satan's Voyage from Hell through Chaos to this Earth.
EVERY NIGHT,
The Garden—Adam and Eve—Their Sin and Expulsion.
MINISTERS RECOMMEND IT.
THE ELITE AND INTELLIGENT PATRONIZE IT.
The citizens of Pittsburgh will please bear in mind that this is not the Panorama of Milton's Paradise Lost, traveling through the country, copying our bills and otherwise imitating to some extent our style of advertising—this being the great original Miltonian Tableaux, from London, England, and only complete and legitimate representation of Milton's Paradise Lost in the world. *All others are imitations.*
An able Elocutionist will recite selected portions of the Poem, with thrilling effect, explaining each scene.
In order that all classes of people may have an opportunity to witness this wonderful exhibition, the price of admission is reduced as follows:

Parquette and Dress Circle only	35 cents.
Family Circle	25 cents.
Gallery	15 cents.
Reserved seats in Parquette and D. Circle	50 cents.
Admission to Matinee, all parts of house	25 cents.
Children	15 cents.

Reserved seats can be secured without extra charge for any night during the week, at C. C. Mellor's music store, 81 Wood street, where a diagram of the Academy of Music can be seen every day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., commencing SATURDAY, December 21st.
Doors open in the evening at 7 o'clock, to commence at 7½ precisely. Doors open to Matinee at 2 o'clock P. M., to commence at 3 precisely.
Gentlemanly Ushers will be in attendance and an efficient Police Force preserve order. Carriages may be ordered in waiting at 9½ o'clock.
The Cabinet Organ used in these entertainments is one of the Paris Exposition First Prize Mason & Hamlin Organs, furnished by C. C. Mellor, the sole agent for Pittsburgh and vicinity. Warehouse, 81 Wood street.
A. M. BORLAND, Manager,
CHAS. L. OLDS, Agent.

ORPHANS' FAIR,
IN
Basement of Cathedral.
OPEN
Every Evening after 20th.

MERCANTILE
LIBRARY LECTURES.
Friday and Saturday Evenings,
20TH AND 21ST DECEMBER, 1867,
MR. HENRY VINCENT,
THE RENOWNED ENGLISH ORATOR,
AT
LAFAYETTE HALL.
FRIDAY EVENING, December 20, by request, Mr. VINCENT will deliver his humorous and entertaining Lecture, entitled, "SOCIAL FOIBLES IN ENGLISH LIFE." "Louts" and "Stupid Fellows;" Shabby Genteel Life; Our Parties, and the People we meet there; Talkers and Singers; Backbiters, Slanderers, and Meddlesome People; Importance of Cultivating kindly Sympathies, and Intelligent and Civilized Habits and Thoughts; The Gentleman; The Scholar; The Tradesman; The Workman; The Man; The Woman.
SATURDAY EVENING, December 21, Mr. VINCENT will deliver one of his best Lectures, entitled, "JOHN MILTON." John Milton, The Man, the Scholar, the Poet, the Patriot, the Active Man, the Prose Writer, the Puritan, the Republican, the Political Prophet, the Prodigy of his own age, and the glory of all time.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; Lecture at 7½. To prevent detention at the doors, Entrance Tickets may be purchased of Mr. APPLETON, at Library Rooms, corner Penn and St. Clair streets.

PROF. COWPER'S
FASHIONABLE
DANCING ACADEMY,
At his New Assembly Rooms, 51 Fifth street, opposite the Old Theater. New Classes now forming on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS. Ladies' Masters' and Misses' Class 3 P. M.; Gentlemen's Class at 8 o'clock P. M. PROF. COWPER can be seen daily at the Academy, or at St. Charles Hotel, where circulars can be obtained. Hall to let to Select Parties.

CITY BILL POSTER.
JAMES THACKERAY,
63 DIAMOND ALLEY, OR 66 VIRGIN ALLEY.
Merchants and others wishing large or small show bills posted in conspicuous places in this city, Allegheny and Birmingham, will be promptly attended to by leaving their orders at the "Commercial" Office. I rent by the year the principal corners in the city, and have the exclusive use of the same.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

OFFICE OF ALADDIN OIL WORKS, No. 43 Market street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership between THOMAS J. BRERETON, JOHN T. JOHNSTON and H. B. WILKINS, under the style of BRERETON, JOHNSTON & WILKINS, was dissolved on the 29th day of November, 1867, by the withdrawal of John T. Johnston. All the debts due to and by the said partnership will be settled by the remaining partners, who will continue the business, under the firm and style of BRERETON & WILKINS.
THOMAS J. BRERETON,
JOHN T. JOHNSTON,
H. B. WILKINS.
Pittsburgh, December 16, 1867.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—ALL persons interested will take notice that Letters Testamentary have this day been issued by the Register of Allegheny county to the undersigned, as Executors of the last will and testament of JAMES WOOD, late of the city of Pittsburgh, deceased. All persons indebted to the estate of said decedent will call and make payment to the undersigned, and all persons having claims against said estate will forthwith present the same, duly probated, for settlement to the undersigned, at No. 115 WATER STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JAMES T. WOOD,
CHARLES A. WOOD,
BENJ. B. KEATH,
Executors.
December 11, 1867.

PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF TRUSTEE IN PLACE OF THOMAS PERKINS, DECEASED, No. 99, December T., 1867.
And now to wit, December 10, 1867, the account of NATHANIEL BALLENTINE, Trustee of said estate, having been filed and confirmed nisi, and the same will be confirmed absolutely on the fourth day of January, 1868, unless exceptions are filed thereto in the meantime. By the Court.
[L. S.] From the Record.
JACOB H. WALTER, Prothonotary.

PRODUCE.
15 bbls Rye Flour, fresh ground; 125 bush Bolted Corn Meal; 50 bush Bolted Corn, white; 5,000 lbs chopped Feed, Corn and Oats; 3,000 lbs chopped Feed, Corn and Rye; 500 lbs White Middlings; 15 bush Barley; 30 bush Shelled Corn. Now receiving and for sale; 100 bxs prime W. R. Cheese; 100 bxs new, to arrive; 1,000 lbs fresh May Butter. In store and for sale by
H. RIDDLE, No. 184 Liberty street.

The Daily Commercial

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Continued from Seventh Page.

self comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit Us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do you say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker; not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar; his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now, at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good natured, and not much caring for what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shown him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindness of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits, for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when, at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blindman being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits and loved her love to admiration, with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right; for the sharpest needles, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge, blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here's a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit—only one."

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagarie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Sro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes," inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have directed their thoughts from Mr Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment, and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well; Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but he may have it, nevertheless! Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return and thanked them in an audible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew, and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited; but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital and jail; in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out; he left his blessing and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children's Tenth Night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was grey.

"Are spirits' lives short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three-quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at his feet, and clung upon the outside of his garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and a girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned devils lurked and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's" said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse. And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resources?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no work-houses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE IV.

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently, approached. When it came near him, Scrooge went down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him; and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as if observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shade of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for, the city rather seemed to spring up about them and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, among the merchants who hurried up and down and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stepped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man, with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way; I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman, with a pendulous excresence on the end of his nose that shook like the gills of a turkey cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life, I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excresence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business; very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem; in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold; isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial, but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its out-stretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cess pools, disgorged their offenses of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets, and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed beetling shop, below a penthouse roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, and bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal-stove, made of old bricks, was a grey haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frowsy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line, and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance. If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe, and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds, then! What odds, Mr. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so!"

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone, by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the wall, and added them up in a total when he found that there was nothing to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains?"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing, and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say that you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do not?" replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without em I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching! Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I an't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache, but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman, with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot, "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends this way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed; a bare, uncurtained bed; on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with anyj accuracy, though Scroogs glanced around it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced toward the phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scroog's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares. They have brought him into a rich end, truly.

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge, quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you."

The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing, and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news, (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good?" she said, "or bad?" to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband; "he is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature, if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was very sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

"What the half-drunken woman, whom I told you of last night, said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me; turns out to be quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune, indeed, to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were light. The children's faces hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be for ever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along Scrooge looked here and there to find himself but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet, very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet.

"'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard these words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it, rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast, indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter, "often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard. I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that! said Peter."

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before—though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be in days to come."

The Spirit stopped; the finger was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it; "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future; The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE V.

THE END OF OF.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own to make amends in.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive with me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do," cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect lacoon of himself with his stocking. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody. A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo, here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fire-place. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to day?" cried Scrooge, calling down to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh!" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas day."

"It's Christmas day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present, and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delightful smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church and walked about the streets, and watch the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I; your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh! he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are," repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them, for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, in which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no farther intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterward; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us. And so as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless us, Every One.

HORTICULTURAL.

Messrs. John R. & A. Murdock, Extensive Nurserymen—Preparations for Christmas and the Holidays—Plethoric Display of Natural Flowers, Boquets, Etc., Etc.

Horticulture is the most perfect method of tilling the earth so as to produce the *best results* in the form of *flowers* and fruits. It is, however, the first named objects of beauty of which we now intend to speak, in connection with the extensive nursery of Messrs. John R. & A. Murdock, who have pursued this branch of industry with the highest success, and secured the rarest and sweetest scented flowers and choicest plants by their skilled process of cultivation, that have ever been seen in this section of the country. These gentlemen have recently opened an establishment at No. 112 Smithfield street, where they will in the future keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of natural flowers and boquets. Besides these, they have in store a large stock of birds and cages, rustic and wire baskets, gold fish and globes, immortelles, gardening tools, etc., which they will supply to the trade and the public upon the most reasonable terms.

As a matter of course the demand for Christmas Trees, Assorted Evergreens for Decorating Churches, Baskets of Flowers, Boquets, Wreaths, etc., is just now very general, and we know of no place to which we can direct our friends with greater confidence that their wishes will be *exactly* and *promptly* supplied at *reasonable cost* than Messrs. John R. & A. Murdoch. They have made a steady advance in horticulture and promoted a high and correct taste and appreciation of the beautiful in flowers and fruits, and especially in ornamentation; in fact, with them decoration amounts to an absolute science in which they have no superiors. Our Church committees and all others who may require the aid of practical, experienced and skilled hands in preparing for the Holidays, should consult with the Messrs. Murdoch, without delay. In addition to the Christmas trees, evergreens and flowers, of which they have a very varied and fine assortment, our readers will always find a full line of aquariums, choice vegetable and flower seed, terra-cotton vases, bird seed, crosses, and everything else in profusion belonging to their trade.

The American Tea Co.

Only Branch House in Pittsburgh, Pa., is located at No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge. Call and examine the stock.

THE HOLIDAYS.

Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle's Extensive Jewelry Establishment—Preparations for the Holidays—Rare and Elegant Array of Goods, Etc., Etc.

The Holidays are close at hand, and old and young are eager to enjoy their annual return. The nipping frosts and sweeping winds, not less than the slow pacing calendar, tell us that the era of jewel purchases and presentations to loved ones will dawn in a few hours more. These affectionate reminders are not out of place at any time, and they are particularly appropriate when the old year fades away forever, and a new one is born amidst scenes of festivity and rejoicing. *Appropos*, among those in the "Iron City" who cater to the good taste of the people are our friends Messrs. Louis Reineman Charles Meyran and Reinhold Siedle, who compose that widely known and representative firm—Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle, jewelers and dealers in fine gold and silver watches, fine jewelry and diamonds, superb solid silver and plated ware, superior table cutlery, fine American and French clocks, musical boxes, spectacles, watch makers materials and machinery, etc., etc. On Friday morning, December 13th, our citizens were generally shocked upon learning that Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Seidle's new and magnificent store, into which they intended to move on the 15th inst., was the scene of an untimely and destructive fire, by which furniture and adornings of rare design and exquisite finish, which had attracted universal attention, were rendered useless, but which, thanks to the proverbial enterprise and energy of the firm, will be replaced, at the earliest moment, and to our city will thus be secured the most elegant establishment of the kind of which we have any knowledge. The skilled taste and workmanship displayed in the chaste and extraordinarily rich carvings in walnut cases, counters, desks, drawers and office fixtures and furniture, has never been excelled in any city in the Union. It was executed by Mr F. Borchard, of No. 145 Croghan street, Detroit, Mich., who deserves the highest distinction in his branch of industry, of which he is a perfect master. He will immediately reproduce the splendid work destroyed by the fire, having unusual facilities in his manufactory for doing so.

In the meantime, we infer from the widespread and merited expression of sympathy for Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle, in their sudden and provoking misfortune, that the stock intended for their new store, will be eagerly sought after and purchased at their present (temporary) stand, No. 29 Fifth street. A very large stock, purchased for the grand opening for the 15th inst., is now ready for examination and sale at their present place of business, and we most heartily join in the prevailing hope that this provoking disappointment and loss may prove an incentive to a largely increased patronage of this first-class establishment.

A visit to Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle's is just now peculiarly attractive, when its ordinarily completed stores have been increased in every department to an astounding plethora by dazzling arrays of goods, imported from Paris, Italy, Switzerland, Great Britain, and other countries. The long array of goods is too numerous to describe, and so grand in the *ensemble* as to defy close scrutiny. We will not attempt the task, but we feel bound to say that they offer a choice not to be excelled in the world, and at prices moderate enough to bring them within the reach of many who otherwise could not purchase. Among the stock which is grouped in rich profusion will be seen an array of watches, in all styles, of the latest and best, gathered from the factories of the Old and New worlds, in every variety of form and fashion. These are splendid, but as we turn to the sparkling array of diamonds in untold numbers and of almost fabulous value, their splendor seems to pale by the comparison. This is one of the specialties of the firm, and its patrons find that their most extensive wishes and most cultivated tastes can be catered to as perfectly as if submitted to a Paris workman, while, at the same time, the firm is able to offer the great advantages of ready comparison, quick service, and the avoidance of the monstrous charges which are inseperable from any appeal to the dictum of artists across the Atlantic. We found equal grounds for admiration in the magnificent collection of silverware. Those who wish to see a really tempting display in this line of goods, such as will do the heart good, and make the tenth commandment ten times harder to observe, will do well to look in—the sight will repay the trouble. Our limited space will not permit us to speak *in extenso* of the bewildering array of rings, brooches, pendants and other jewelry; nor of the agates, cornelians, pearls, rubies, and fine stone cameos. Neither can we give our readers such a description as we desire to do of the clocks and bronzes, French clocks of every shape and make, card-trays, opera glasses, musical boxes, spectacles, vases, miniature statuary, sewing cases, jewel boxes, Bohemian glass ornaments, toilet sets, nor the unexampled collection of bridal and birthday presents, with which this establishment literally abounds. Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle have been taught by long experience that to achieve success in business it must be derived by prompt, liberal and honest dealing, and this accounts for the truly enviable standing of this firm in the mercantile world. Their extensive connections with Eastern and European manufacturers and frequent visits to their markets enables them to supply themselves with the newest and richest goods in their line, and to sell, wholesale or retail, at lower prices than those of any similar establishment west of New York city. They have gathered around them some of the best artizans in the country, and in view of all these facts, it must be admitted that Messrs. Reineman, Meyran & Siedle, deserve the largest confidence and most liberal support and encouragement. Hundreds are daily visiting their store and purchasing from the unexcelled array of goods in every department. Reader, go thou and do likewise.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

In another part of to-day's COMMERCIAL our readers will find the advertisement of Messrs. William Sumner & Co., No. 27 Fifth street, Pittsburgh, Pa., agents for the world-renowned Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. This machine now stands at the very head of the long list of sewing machines which are known to the public. Its great reputation in Europe and America is based upon its merit, which is pronounced superior in all points to that of any other machine, and its popularity everywhere as well as its repeated success in carrying off the highest premium at every fair of any note where it has contended for the first honors, unquestionably establishes its claim to be the *best* sewing machine of which we have any knowledge. The judgment and intelligence of the Imperial Commission, in the matter of awards at the great Paris exposition, was clearly evinced in the following extract, which we clip from the *Exposition Universelle Illustrated* (a publication authorized by the Imperial Government of France). It says:

"By their skill, universally recognized, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson added to Howe's system of sewing machines important modifications, which have placed them *in the front rank of manufacturers*.

"The gold medal which has just been awarded them affirms, moreover, that none of the machines from the workshop of Howe, or of his principal tributaries, unite the qualities of simplicity and solidity of mechanism by which these machines are distinguished above all others.

"In their machine, remarkable for its form and elegance, they have substituted for the shuttle of Howe a small flat disc which revolves vertically with unvarying swiftness. Hence this machine is the most simple of all, and notwithstanding its great precision in operation, its price is not above that of the most imperfect systems.

"Elegance, perfection of work, simplicity, solidity of mechanism, and facility of management, such are the essential qualities united in the Wheeler & Wilson machine, constituting a superiority which the jury has with unanimity recognized and proclaimed.

"To these gentlemen the gold medal was awarded as *manufacturers of machines*; to Mr. Elias Howe a similar medal was awarded as *propagator*. The distinction made by the jury explains itself.

"The original machine of Thimonnier, only needed to pass into the skilful hands of Wheeler & Wilson to receive its highest perfection. To-day, thanks to its cheapness, their machine is accessible to all. Its simplicity assures it not only a place in the chamber of the seamstress, but its elegant form wins its admittance into the most sumptuous parlor."

For a holiday gift nothing can be more suitable, beautiful, durable and cheap than a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. We trust our friends will call upon Messrs. William Sumner & Co., and examine this marvellous machine.

American Tea Company.

Since this company has opened its Branch House in this city, Tea Stores have sprung up in nearly every street of the city, as it seemed, over night.

These parties, stimulated by the American Tea Company's immense success, thought all that is necessary to make a fortune in less than no time, is to open a Tea Store. But to open a store and to be successful are two different things.

In order to be able to furnish these commodities, Tea and Coffee, better and lower than they are generally sold, it is necessary to possess such immense facilities as the American Tea Company. Everybody can buy teas, but one cannot buy as cheap as the other. It is a well known fact, that the party who can buy the largest quantities can buy and consequently *sell the cheapest*. The American Tea Company have first class stores in nearly all of the largest cities of the Union, which fact gives them facilities that very few houses in this country have, and which enables them to sell goods as cheap as many of the dealers buy for, and to the adherence of their fixed principle to sell only the best and strictly pure goods, they owe their success.

The "Best Machine in the World."

Mrs. D. L. DeGolia, says: "I have used the 'twisted-loop' stitch for *seven years*, and have had *nine* to sew for; *yet I have never known a seam to 'rip'*—nor has the machine been out of order. The Wilcox & Gibbs is the best Machine in the world!" Carson Bros. Agents, No. 49 St Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

☞ METCALFE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS are daily effecting wonders. They have cured over 9,000 persons of Dyspepsia during the last three months. All those affected with this terrible disease are advised to try them.

☞ HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—Pregnancy—During this delicate situation, ladies will experience great relief by using this mild cathartic medicine for correcting those indispositions and nauseating sickness to which they are subject at this period. They give a gentle stimulus to the circulation, and purify and expel all those humors which irritate the stomach and bowels. They are so mild that the most delicate constitution may take them with perfect safety. For assisting females at the dawn of womanhood, or at the turn of life, they are equally adapted. Sold by all Druggists.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S

PRESENTS.

USEFUL

AS WELL AS

ORNAMENTAL.

SHAWLS.

Paisley Plain Black Center;
Paisley Plain Scarlet Center;
Paisley Covered Center;
High Colored Plaid Wool;
Plain Colored Plaid Wool;
Black and White Plaid Wool.

DRESS GOODS.

Plaid Poplins;
Striped Poplins;
Plain Poplins;
Extra Heavy Corded Poplins;
Black and Colored Dress Silks;
Handsome Irish Poplins.

BLANKETS,

White and Colored.

CASSIMERES,

VERY CHEAP.

VELVETS,

FOR

MANTLES AND SACKS.

VERY BEST

PRINTS,

12 1-2 Cents.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

A VERY FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK, AS LOW AS THEY CAN BE PURCHASED IN

New York or Philadelphia.

CALL AND SEE THEM,

ON THE

North-east Corner

OF

Fourth and Market Sts.,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. HANSON LOVE & BRO.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

HO! FOR 1868!

CHRISTMAS---NEW YEARS.

HOLIDAY

GIFTS.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

ATTENTION, LADIES.

The Only Original

AND

SPECIAL CLOAK FACTORY

IN PITTSBURGH,

IS THE

PITTSBURGH

Cloak and Mantilla Store

NO. 78

MARKET STREET,

BETWEEN

Fourth St. and Diamond Market,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

We have in Stock and are Daily Adding Every Morning,

NEW GARMENTS

ADAPTED TO THE

FALL AND WINTER OF 1867 AND 1868,

To which we invite the attention of the Lady Readers of the COMMERCIAL. Our capacity is double that of any previous season since the introduction of the Cloak Trade in Pittsburgh.

OUR STOCK OF

Velvet Cloaks

This Season, will exceed any previous season for Beauty and Excellency.

N. B. The COUNTRY TRADE respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we intend to JOB GOODS at from 8 to 10 PER CENT. LOWER than can be bought in New York.

Ladies' and Children's

DRESS MAKING

Attended to in All its Branches.

SPENCE.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

HANGING BASKETS,
FLOWER VASES,
FLOWER STANDS,
GARDEN-STATUARY,
PARIAN AND BRONZE STATUETTES,

AT

WEYMAN & BROS'.

SLATE MANTEL ROOMS,

No. 79 SMITHFIELD STREET.

1867. Christmas Gifts. 1867.

MACRUM & CARLISLE,

19 FIFTH STREET.

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

OF

Magnificent Presents

Jewel and Work Boxes,
Handkerchief and Glove Boxes,
Elegant Perfumery Stands,
Cigar and Dressing Cases,
Fine Fans and Belt Clasps,
Fine Jet and Fancy Jewelry,
Morocco Wallets and Bags,
Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs,
Fine Cashmere Scarfs,
Fine Cloth and Kid Gloves,
Real and Imitation Laces,

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Undershirts and Drawers

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

EAR MUFFS!

Just the thing for this cold snap. A complete line of TRIMMINGS, CORSETS, SKIRTS, ZEPHYR AND KNIT GOODS.

All goods sold at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

MACRUM & CARLISLE,

19 FIFTH STREET.

NOW READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

A large and choice variety of our

EINE CONFECTIONERY,

Made from Double Refined Sugar, strictly pure and highly flavored.

VANELLA ROASTED ALMONDS.
WHITE NONGET "GLACE" FRUIT.
CHOCOLATE AND COCOA FRUIT PASTE.
CHOICE CREAM IMITATION FRUIT,
COCOA NUT CHOCOLATES.
ORANGE CHOCOLATES.
VANELLA CREAM CHOCOLATES.
CREAM FRUIT PASTE.
MARSH MELLOWS.
CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRY AND VANELLA CARAMELS.
Also, FINE CREAM BON BONS, JELLIES, &c.
HANDSOME FRENCH BOXES, CORNETS, &c.

REYMER & BROS.,

NOS. 126 AND 128 WOOD STREET.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS,

AT

Ed. Foerster's,

No. 164 SMITHFIELD STREET,

You will find a Splendid Assortment of

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

NOTICE.

THE COUPONS OF THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.,

DUE JANUARY 1ST, 1868,

WILL BE PAID ON AND AFTER THAT DATE,

IN GOLD COIN,

FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX,

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau st., N. Y.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer.

DRY GOODS.

CLOTH SACQUES,
VELVET SACQUES
AND FANCY CLOAKINGS,

Are now offered at a great reduction in prices, by

WHITE, ORR & CO.,

25 FIFTH STREET.

NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

NEW WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS HOUSE

OF

DUNCAN & HUGUS,

53 and 55 WOOD STREET.

A FULL LINE OF

CASSIMERES,
TWEEDS,
WATERPROOF CLOAKINGS,
LADIES' SACKINGS,
CANTON FLANNELS,
RED, YELLOW AND WHITE FLANNELS,
BLANKETS.

ALL MAKES OF

BARRED COUNTRY FLANNELS,
BROWN AND BLEACHED SHIRTINGS AND SHEETINGS,
TICKINGS,
PRINTS,
DRESS GOODS,
COTTON BATTING,
NOTIONS, &c.

W. C. DUNCAN,
D. HUGUS.

CARPETS.

SLEIGH ROBES.

SLEIGH LININGS,

NEW STYLES

AND

NEW PATTERNS.

JUST OPENED THIS DAY,

The Finest Assortment, Largest Stock and Cheapest Priced

ROBES,

IN THIS MARKET.

Bright and Handsome Druggets and Feltings for Sleigh Linings,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c

AT STILL LOWER PRICES.

OLIVER M'CLINTOCK & CO.

NO. 23 FIFTH STREET.

1867. 1867.

WINTER STOCK.

CARPETS,

MATTINGS,
OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES,
DRUGGETS,
MEDALLION DRUGGETS,
MATS AND RUGS,
TABLE AND PIANO COVERS,
ALL WOOL INGRAIN,

A Good Assortment, AT VERY LOW PRICES.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,

21 FIFTH STREET.

OVER BATES & BELL'S.

CARPETS

AT COST.

PREPARATORY TO

TAKING STOCK.

A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

OIL CLOTHS

HOLLANDS,

AND

ALL-WOOL INGRAINS.

RAG CARPETS,

A SPECIALTY.

McCALLUM BROS.,

51 FIFTH STREET.

DRUGGISTS.

HARRIS & EWING,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

Corner of Liberty and Wayne Sts.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CITY AND COUNTRY TRADE SOLICITED.

W. J. McKNIGHT & BRO.,

DRUGGISTS, Brookville, Pa.,

Dealers in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, Books; also, Periodicals, Magazines, &c., &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

BANKRUPTCY.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of Michael O'Hara, a Bankrupt, In Bankruptcy.

To whom it may concern: The undersigned hereby give notice of their appointment as Assignees of Michael O'Hara, of the City of Pittsburgh, in the county of Allegheny, and State of Pennsylvania, within said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on Creditors' Petition, by the District Court of said District.

Dated Pittsburgh, the 13th day of December, A. D., 1867.

JOHN M. KENNEDY,
JOHN G. MACCONNELL,
Assignees, &c.

Attorneys at Law, No. [illegible] Diamond street.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Cheerfulness; Cleanliness, Comfort.

A NEW STYLE OF

SMOKE CONSUMING GRATES,

FOR FIRE-PLACES OR STOVES,

Having the above advantages, are offered to the public. They are a success as to Simplicity of Construction, Ease of Management, Good Appearance, Economy in Fuel, and give a Brilliant Hot Fire, Show no Ashes, Make no Dust. No extra Fender is needed. Price reasonable. Agents are wanted. County or State Rights for sale. Examine one in operation at our Office, Second Floor of No. 20 WOOD STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. M. MEISSNER.

1,350 BAGS COFFEE,

GOOD TO STRICTLY CHOICE,

In store and for sale at the VERY LOWEST EASTERN PRICES. Parties wishing to buy please call and see samples and get prices.

ARBUCKLES & CO.,

242 and 244 Liberty street.

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—50 PER CENT. SAVED! Spear's Anti-Dust Gas Burner STOVES for Parlors, Halls, Dining Rooms, Chambers, Stores, Offices, etc., secures perfect cleanliness when poking the fire, entire safety of the fire and freedom from dust; requires very little attention; facilitates ventilation of room, and is a first-class gas consumer. Six sizes. Send for a circular, or call and examine. ROBERTS & SHERRATT, Agents, No. 61 Smithfield st., Pittsburgh.

"Our Father's Honor."

A DOMESTIC SKETCH

"So much gone! I might have known it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper with a most unpleasant expression upon his face.

"What is gone?" asked the wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling, fretfully.

"What money?"

"The money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coolly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over persuaded to loan the sick clergyman. in order that he might go South during the winter. "He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harry! how can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family never was seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars I wouldn't——."

But he checked for shame, not for any better feeling, the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front, neatly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portion, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere, not lavishing but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C——. Now the hand of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless, with her two children whispering over her in childish terror. The news of his death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said; "my appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs, and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his beloved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She had no mental stamina," they said; "she cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor made her heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South, in the hope of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before—they sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman!' What a fine sense of honor she has! But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterward that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an indorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch the document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Kate Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Sterling to her mother on the evening of the day on which her first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; "but she is queer!"

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing, to-day—I almost laughed out, but I am glad I didn't. Three of us—Katie, Lilie Lonefield and I, were walking round the square at recess time when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cent pices, he said 'Here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar plums.' Lilie and I screamed out, and were starting away for a candy shop in an instant; but Katie stood still with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along,' I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. 'Ain't you going to buy candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely, and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words,) "It's for father's honor," and leaving us went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange."

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie has worn the same frock to school every day for over three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospects of getting back his money he had loaned Mr. Granger as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark—"It's for father's honor;" the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a strong impression on him. It troubled him to take the money from her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, as it was counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck his ear:

"An apple don't cost but a penny, Katie, and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Kate," plead the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in self-denial, of this little child, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheek of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones," he called as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come," repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was very sweet.

Three months after, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was very pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through overtaxing toil and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum and was now paying it into his hand to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him—he never would take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self denial, and that of her children, in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask, naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocketbook and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in plain figures the sum of $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose $230. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and the figures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this came to his ears the sentence, "No, dear, it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Cancelled," and then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness—but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him; "it is as white as snow."

Then he thrust upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will," was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals?"

"But keep this last payment," urged the widow; "I shall feel better."

"No, madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him he assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he held with you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children, whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their tender meat to cancel the obligation which death had paid. And you made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, madam!"—Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much—"If we could all see right in the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor of fifty dollars, and I will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset. British man-of-war;
A phantom ship with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "all is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then, impatient, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting house windows blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm yard wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road;
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear.
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE,

The Life of the Doctor and the Death of the Patient.

Very much that is very remarkable belongs to the diagnosis and prognosis of a case. No two medical cases exactly resemble one another, any more than any two human faces are exactly alike, or any two blades of grass even. A man can no more be a physician by reading books than a man can be an artist by reading all extant publications on form and color. Each case is a separate study in itself. Now this diagnosis is exceedingly troublesome work. Patients often cause a good deal of this trouble. They send for a medical man, and at once expect him to explain what is the matter, and to write them a prescription. If a medical man will not do this off-hand, they lose confidence in him, and will apply to some other practitioner. It is perfectly wonderful how a London physician in extensive practice will examine and prescribe in a very few minutes. But as a rule, a man ought to have an opportunity of studying a chronic case minutely before he adopts any decided treatment. Invalids have also another way of proceeding, which is a sore trouble to some medical men. They make a round of the London physicians, and take a morbid dislike in discovering a conflict of medical opinion. The go to some doctor, and when they have extracted an opinion from him, they suddenly turn round and say that his views are totally at variance with that of the renowned Sir Kappa Chi, and derive little countenance from the view of Dr. Lambda. Some doctors become reticent in their opinions, and are afraid to deliver a judgment until they know what may be the opinion of the great authorities. But for the most part, the general practitioner will give his own views; and if they are at variance with those of the great authorities, he will declare that the great authorities are in the wrong. I do not think, however, that the patient has been in the wrong. In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom, and an obscure case has the fullest chance of being properly understood when it has been submitted to different medical lights. The diagnosis is the making out of what is exactly the matter with a patient; the prognosis is the judgment, made with more or less certainty, of the issue of the disease. Some doctors attain a wonderful skill in both respects. They can almost complete both diagnosis and prognosis by looking at a patient's face.

"'It is a very difficult case,' said a doctor one day to a patient, 'but I will tell you one thing for your consolation, which is that you will get well.' This proved to be the case, but singularly enough, the great man himself died suddenly before he saw the patient again. As a man, for the first time, was entering a physician's consulting room, the latter whispered to a friend, 'Case of great pain, I am sure—muscle adhering to bone—chronic and hopeless'—as it proved. The same man was walking down a street, and at the door of an hotel was a smiling landlord, portly, fresh-colored, and apparently robust. The friend made some casual remark to the effect that there was a typical Briton, or something of that kind. 'You think so,' said the doctor. 'That man is safe to die within a twelve-month.' The diagnosis, sometimes easy enough, is occasionally perplexing in the extreme. The great majority of cases are patent enough—an experienced physician will see it all in five minutes; but others are exceedingly obscure, and the medical man is man is never quite able to clear up the obscurity. Sometimes there is some little circumstance, unexpected and out of harmony with other circumstances, which baffles all the calculations. 'In every respect the patient is going on extremely well,' said the doctor to an anxious member of a family; 'but I confess there is a little twitching over the eye which I do not at all like.' The case terminated fatally. It sometimes happens that when a patient, by all the rules of art, ought to be getting better or worse, he persists in getting worse or better. It is a question of the patient's previous history and constitution; a slight attack in one case being more dangerous even than a dangerous attack in another. I remember being very much amused with the case of a young doctor and his first patient. It was a child afflicted with hydrocephalus. According to all the rules the child ought to die. Nevertheless the untoward infant persisted in not dying. The doctor went from his books to the bedside, and from the bedside to his books. He asservated to me that the infant ought to die, and manifested a not altogether friendly feeling towards the infant because he did not die. His treatment was altogether better than his prognosis; at the time when my knowledge of the case terminated, it was going on well.

"It is very hazardous for a doctor to give a prognosis; if he openly gives an unfavorable one, and the case terminates favorably, his reputation is well-nigh gone. But you will not often find a medical man doing this sort of thing. As a rule the doctor always takes the most cheerful view possible of the case, and even hopes against hope. In the last illness of George IV. the physicians were also pronouncing him better, and in the midst of the 'betterness' he died. Other doctors, however, there are, morbidly disposed, from whom you may take every grain of comfort they give, and something more. It is curious that a doctor cannot always be trusted with the diagnosis and prognosis of his own case. The great Dr. Bailie is said to have been a case of this. He is said to have died of consumption, and yet to have denied that he was consumptive. He did not experience any difficulty in breathing, and argued that, while his breathing was good, his lungs could not be bad. But no medical man now takes this as decisive. Nature, in her bounty, provides a larger space of lung than is necessary, and will long go on with a very small amount of lung, and with very little difficulty in breathing. Another noteworthy case of lung disease is a very different person, the notorious empiric, St. John Long. He professed to cure consumption, but in reality, like other similar quacks, he only cured cases of cough and bronchitis with symptoms imitative of those in phthisis. He unquestionably caused death in several instances by a treatment which would be perfectly harmless in most cases, but which was fatal to many delicate women. He was himself struck down by consumption, and died at the early age of thirty-seven. One of our most promising doctors in chest complaints, Dr. Hope, who, at an early age, had reached almost the summit of his profession, was prematurely cut off by consumption. There are few volumes more affecting than the narrative of his life; and it is impossible to resist the impression that his fatal illness was in great measure due to extreme and unmitigated devotion to intellectual labor.

"Medicine has often very startling surprises in store, which are frequently gloomy enough, though sometimes of a pleasant nature. We will, in the first place, select some of the former. A clergyman in the nighborhoood of Mount Edgecumbe was one day walking very fast, when he was met by his doctor. He explained, in conversation, that he was suffering from pains of indigestion, and was in the habit of taking long walks in order to get rid of them. The medical man insisted on examining him, and then explained to him that he was in fact suffering from aneurism of the heart, and that these long walks were the worst thing possible for him; and was obliged to add that the disease would some day prove suddenly fatal. The statement was sadly verified. In the midst of a sermon, at a very emphatic passage, the preacher fell down from his pulpit, and life was found to be quite extinct. The congregation broke up in the utmost consternation and terror. A man was in company with another, and from some casual circumstance he took off his stockings. His friend took the liberty of observing that one of his feet was really very black. It was discovered that from some cause the foot was mortified. In former times it would have been thought necessary to amputate it, but medical art has contrivances whereby this is avoided. A very remarkable case is mentioned by the pious Bishop Newton, in the valuable fragment of the 'Autobiography,' which has come down to us. A young nobleman in the country was dangerously ill with a fever. Physicians were summoned from different quarters, and the Bishop relates that no less a sum than seven hundred guineas was paid to them as fees All the means used were unavailing, and the patient sank rapidly. When he was quite given over, and left alone to die, he was heard to murmur a request for beer. A large goblet, containg nearly a quart of small beer, was handed to him, which he drained at a draught, and then drank again. He recovered. I think I recollect also a similar case in one of the London hospitals. A man was talking one day at a dinner table with a physician, and he mentioned a particular circumstance occurring, in his own instance. 'I do not mind mentioning to a man like you,' said the doctor, 'that that is a sign of the existence of a cavity in the lung.' A man who had been ailing for a long time was persuaded by a friend to consult an eminent physician. He accordingly went to the consulting room, and after an examination he was significantly asked by the physician whether he had as yet made his will. I am informed that he only lived a fortnight afterwards. I hope it was not a case in which he died of the doctor rather than of disease; for panic destroys almost as much as pestilence. On the other hand the utmost happiness has been caused when men had made up their minds for the worst and had then been disabused of some mistaken notion. Such an occurrence is not unfrequent. One of the largest fees ever known in the profession was given to Sir Astley Cooper, when he had the pleasure of explaining to some rich merchant that the latter was quite mistaken in supposing that he was suffering from a fatal disease. There are several bastard diseases, comparatively harmless, which closely imitate the peculiarities of very serious ailments. It is the most delightful part of the physician's duty to give the assurance of health, to disabuse the patient's mind of harassing fears, and to guide him safely on the pleasant yet often perilous path of convalescence.

"The limits of our subject might be indefinitely enlarged if we entered on the personal history of physicians, and discussed the incidents, often romantic enough, of their careers. Sometimes men look with admiration and envy on the career of the great physician. His name is high on the roll of fame. They hear that he has just been made a baronet. They see his carriage flashing through the street. They see the portals of the greatest houses thrown open to him, as with the familiarity of intimacy he penetrates to its most sacred *adytum*. For our own part we lean to the belief that the profession of medicine is not sufficiently rewarded. Why should the peerage, so often conceded to law, and not denied to literature, be never conferred upon a medical man? There it no other profession so occupied with incessant benevolence, and with active scientific advance. As Carlyle says, in his own peculiar way, 'The profession of the human healer being naturally a sacred one, and connected with the highest priesthood, or rather being in itself the outcome and acme of all priesthoods and divinest conquests here below.' For the few who really succeed there are many who make a comparative or a speculative failure. How many there are who are conscious of high training and great abilities, who wait on year after year for the chances which never come, or which come so late. How often has the young man left the obscure country town, where he might have achieved a prosperous mediocrity, to try for greatness in London, and has been worsted in the train? Even the great physician is not always to be envied. Every guinea has been hardly earned by expenditure of brain and nerve; and we must think of the guineas which he constantly refuses as well as the guineas which he takes. No rich man should grudge paying his doctor with liberal hand, for in the medical profession there is a very large amount of unrenumerated work, and only most rarely is any tax on benevolence declined. The successful physician has often fallen a victin to his own success. The work is enormous and incessant. Early in the morning he has to transact a laborious correspondence, where every word must be diligently weighed. Then the tide of visitors sets in, and it is calculated that, with all the rapidity a man has a right to use, the physician can hardly see more than four patients in an hour. Then he goes abroad, and can never be quite sure when he can return home. When at home he can never be sure that he will not be called out. He can only most rarely reckon upon a holiday and his holiday is always liable to be abruptly cut short. Some men break down under this excessive strain, especially if they are men of delicate organization and very sensitive. There are several cases in which the distinguished physician has been found dead in his carriage. A medical man who met Dr. Todd in one of the last years of his overworked life, seemed to think that he was dying visibly before his eyes. Some men, who are endowed with iron constitutions, firm nerves, strong will, and excellent tact in the management of themselves and others, breast the full tide of adverse circumstances, masters to themselves and their position. But such cases are rare, and even those afford illustrations of the hard rule that the rewards of this world are in inverse proportion to the deservings.

"There is much more illness in the world than the world often thinks of. In the constant roar and animation of the London streets we lose sight of this, and are apt to obtain a false impression of human life. Here in Cheapside the other day I marveled at all this buoyant life and exuberance of health and energy, and was tempted to think of those who are ailing in hushed and darkened rooms as an infinitessimal minority of miserables; but this is not the true view of the facts. Of this surging crowd there are not a few who are carrying about with them malady in its germ or full-blown existence; not a few who to-morrow will be on a sick bed; not a few who in a few days or weeks will be in their graves. I have seen it calculated that on an average every man has ten days' illness in the year. It is as well that the healthy man should keep before him these dreary possibilities that are always flitting about. Such a thought will teach him to prize the priceless boon of health, and not disregard and waste it. This may give him a practical sympathy with the vast multitude of the mourners; a sympathy also with the whole army of those whose lot is cast almost exclusively among the sufferings and shadows of life. This may also give him an intellectual interest in those great departments of human knowledge which are concerned with medicine, whose mere romance has been touched upon in these random shots."
—*London Society*.

Algerian Jugglers.

Seven Algerian jugglers and snake charmers, who first exhibited in Paris, we believe, are now giving their disagreeable performances in London. They are Mahometans of the tribe of Aissa-Houha, and call themselves African convulsionaries. Their tricks would seem well calculated to throw nervous people in the audience into convulsions. The London *Morning Post*, describing their feats, says:—

"A number of snakes were produced; they were about four feet long and an inch thick. These one of the performers, Kmida Ben Mustaffa, coiled round his head and allowed to bite his tongue until they hung at full length dangling from his mouth. The next performer was Mohommed Ben Omar, who ate the bowl of a wineglass, and crushed the metal between his teeth with considerable gusto. A number of others feats equally surprising followed; and then came the grand sensation scenes. Mahommed Ben Ali Batata balanced himself on a naked sword, and subsequently tied a rope round his naked waist. This was pulled by a dozen persons so hard that the cord appeared almost to enter the man's body, but without occasioning any pain. He next seized an instrument which appeared to act like a center-bit, and having inserted the point in the left eye, worked the handle round until the eyeball was forced three parts out of its place, presenting a most horrible appearance. The man himself did not, however, seem to suffer inconvenience, though the perspiration stood on his face, and his chest heaved as if considerable difficulty was experienced in breathing. The next feat was to puncture himself with skewers. This was effected by forcing one through the tongue, another through the lip, and a third through the cheek. To prove that the perforation was real he walked among the audience, and allowed any one sufficiently curious or sufficiently sceptical to examine the holes and to touch the skewers. Several persons availed themselves of the privilege, and expressed themselves satisfied. This experiment was attended by a very partial and insignificant hæmorrhage. A tall negro, Haradji Ben Ali, then presented himself, and, having danced frantically to the music of the tom-toms until the necessary amount of excitement was engendered in the system, proceeded to hold a lighted torch to his neck, chin and mouth, without suffering any inconvenience. He subsequently placed a lump of live charcoal in his mouth, at which lucifer matches and cigars were lighted. The charcoal was at first held in its place by the teeth, but was afterwards placed on the tongue, where it remained for several minutes. The convulsionaire who was good enough to gouge out his eyes then played with live snakes, and eventually bit off the head and tail of one, which he masticated with Eastern gravity, and threw the decapitated portion to the audience for examination. The snake was similar to one of those which had hung suspended from the tongue of Kmida Ben Mustaffa. These and other feats equally wonderful and disgusting followed, all of which were performed with apparent ease by the Africans. The effect left upon the spectator by these extraordinary performances was the reverse of grateful."

Mr. Frank Buckland, in his paper Land and Water, attempts an explanation of some of these feats. The snakes they handle are not poisonous, but belong to a harmless species common in France and England. The man who thrusts skewers through his tongue and the back of his neck has permanent holes for their introduction and does not suffer more pain than when a lady puts on her earrings after leaving them off for some time. Mr. Buckland does not, however, attempt to explain all the tricks, but says in conclusion:—

"Altogether, I do not recollect having seen an exhibition which combines so many horrible and truly sensational sights in so short a space of time."

The Supply of Eggs—Poultry.

The *English Cottage Gardener* has an interesting article on the supply of eggs and poultry, from which we make some extracts:

"Our home producers as a class, are probably not much given to the study of figures, or they might be struck with the vastness of the importations, of a demand that never relaxes, and a supply from abroad that continually increases—so much, indeed, that our egg merchants look upon the home source as a mere trifle in the scale in satisfying the wants of their customers. We have no accounts of the numbers brought to the markets of Leadenhall and Newgate, and only the rough estimate of a French authority, who gives the value of the poultry of the United Kingdom at less than one year's supply of eggs from abroad. Thus the annual import of eggs from the Continent averaged 73,000,000 from 1843 to 1847; it averaged 103,000,000 during the next five years; 147,000,000 for the next five years, and 163,000,000 for the next five years. In 1861 we recived from abroad 203,313,360; in 1864, 335,298,340, and in 1866, 438,878,880, being in excess of one million a day, and valued at £1,097,197 sterling. These are facts that might well astonish the agricultural mind.

EGG-RAISING IN ENGLAND.

"The increasing demand for eggs, although it has failed to elicit any corresponding or commensurate efforts in our own country, has not been lost upon our quick-witted and versatile neighbors across the Channel. The metropolis is almost wholly supplied from foreign sources, and new laid eggs, as they are called, obtain exorbitant prices, and only reach the tables of the well-to-do classes. Those who have the good fortune to accept the hospitalities of the farmhouse, in addition to the never-failing appetite on such occasions, will discover the superiority of this portion of the fare, and will gladly return with a contribution from the hen-house. The provincial towns, with trifling exceptions, monopolize the eggs from the surrounding neighborhoods; the small farmers who do not sit in the market sell their supply to the country shopkeepers, or give them in exchange for other articles. Many cottages contrive to keep a few fowls, and where there is no pig these act as scavengers, consuming the scraps of the family, the outside cabbage leaves, peelings of boiled potatoes, &c., and if supplied with a little corn, lay a great many eggs. There are no regular agents or dealers engaged in the trade, but the grocer or the butcher of the village takes the surplus at the usual mraket price, deducting his commission. The consumption of an ordinary household in the country is as much as two thousand eggs per annum, so that the residue has no great effect upon the metropolis, or the large manufacturing towns. Indeed, it is but too probable that the caire of poultry has retrograded, for as the small holdings have been absorbed by large farms, many an active, frugal housewife has been withdrawn from rural life who had the will and the means of supplying the market. Neither the cottager with his allotment (instead of his share in the village green or common), nor the artisan has range enough for producing eggs to advantage; therefore, in catering for the public, the wholesale merchant must occasionally pay a personal visit to the markets in France, and rely upon the foresight and activity of agents to meet the wants of his trade.

EGG-RAISING IN FRANCE.

"The egg business in France is almost exclusively confined to small farmers, by whom it is carried on in a vigorous and commercial manner, more especially in the provinces of Burgundy, Normandy and Picardy. According to the latest agricultural returns furnished by the French Government, for forty-three departments, the value of eggs and feathers produced each year was taken at 32,500,000 francs. This was considered to be much under the mark, as the consumption of Paris alone is equivalent to 12,000,000 francs; and, although, per head, it would be less in the provinces than at Paris, it may be fairly set at rather more than half as great. The eggs, which at Paris are worth sixty francs per 1,000, average forty francs per 1,000, in the country. We thus obtain a total of 100,000,000 francs, or, with the export, 142,000,000 francs (£5,680,000), as the annual value of French eggs. At this rate the consumption amounts to 2s. per head of the whole population. One of the French writer on this subject gives 7,000,000 eggs as the annual produce; and if we average sixty eggs as the number that each hen would lay, there would be at least 117,000,000 fowls, and these, at 3 francs apiece, would give £14,625,000 sterling as the value of the poultry stock of France. For the past year, on the same ratio of sixty per head, the eggs imported into this country represent the laying of on less than 7,300,000 hens.

FRENCH POULTRY.

"From a pamphlet published by M. de la Fosse, at Gousesinville, near Houdan, we select a few statistics of the trade in that immediate neighborhood, which will give a correct idea of its importance. At the markets of Houdan, Dreux and Nogent le Roi there are sold annually upwards of 6,000,000 head of fat poultry, viz-

	Per. week.	Per month.	Per year.
Houdan	40,000	160,000	1,920,000
Dreux	50,000	200,000	2,400,000
Nogent le Roi	35,000	140,000	1,680,000
Total			6,000,000

"This does not include the sale of chickens, poultry and eggs, which forms a separate trade. Every village, says an eye-witness, has its weekly markets, where farmers and their wives bring their produce for sale, in preference to selling at the farmyard. The police regulations in the markets are strictly enforced. The various products are classified before the market begins. Each person is bound to keep his assigned place, and not allowed even to uncover his goods, much less to sell, before the bell rings, under the fine of five francs. At the ringing of the bell, the bustle to uncover, the rush of buyers, and the chattering are worth whil to witness. The dealers and merchants taken up their stand outside the market, where they send all the products they purchase. The seller has a ticket given him, with the purchase price on it, and is paid on delivery of the goods at the dealer's stand. It seems almost incredible that even in some village markets, within two hours, such a vast amount of business can be transacted, with the greatest order and docorum. Some merchants will purchase from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of butter; others 20,000 to 30,000 eggs or 1,000 head of poultry, &c., all of which are taken to teeir warehouse, to be sorted, packed, and perhaps, forwarded the same day to London or Paris. The current price for every commodity is fixed and known immediately after the market opens, and depends entirely on the demand and supply. At the wholesale poultry market, La Vallee, in Paris, where the poultry, dead or alive, is forwarded from all parts of France, there are a number of licensed agents, who sell by auction to the highest bidder; this market is a curious scene from four till nine in the morning, when thousands of crates of all descriptions of poultry are cleared out and disposed of.

"The eggs are sold in the markets of Paris in baskets, which ought to contain one thousand and forty good, valuable eggs. These are counted, at the wish of the buyer, by the official agent, who verifies the *dechet* or loss; also the size, by passing them through a ring. For such there are charges from twenty-five cents per *mil* for counting, sixty cents per *mil* for examination, and fifteen cents for passing the ring; besides these charges there are the duties collected by the municipality of Paris. The production of eggs in France is, to a certain point, unlimited; and the attention of breeders has been drawn to the improvement of the breed by foreign additions, and modes of preservation also for long voyages."

POULTRY SHOWS.

"In consequence of the success which had attended the exhibition of the poultry of La Bresse (in Burgundy) a stir was created, and, on the representations made to him, the Minister of Agriculture instituted a special show for fat poultry at Paris. The fowls were distributed into five classes—La Bresse, Houdan, La Fleche Normandy, and all other breeds. La Bresse, kedt the lead, gaining, after a struggle with La Fleche, the gold medal for the best fowls of any class. Much of this success was due to the strenuous exertions of the Count Le Hon, as no region had greater difficulties to surmount than La Bresse, which constitutes the arrondissement of Bourg, in the Department of Ain, and extends from the banks of the Saone eastward to the spurs of the Jura. The fowls have certain features to distinguish them, and the hen begins to lay in February, and for a month or six weeks lays daily, then three or four times a week, till she has laid about one hundred and sixty eggs, besides rearing two or three broods. On every farm poultry is fattened to a certain extent, and until lately was little known or appreciated at Paris, though for forty years it has been exported to St. Petersburg."

How Experience Conquers Prejudice.

Mr. George Thrall, of Rochester, in a recent letter to Willcox & Gibbs' S. M. Co., writes: One of your machines has been used in my family for the past eighteen months. It has given perfect satisfaction, and I consider it the best Sewing Machine for family use. *I the more cheerfully bear my testimony in its favor because I was at first greatly prejudiced against it.* Carson Bros, Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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RAILROADS.

PITTSBURGH, COLUMBUS AND CINCINNATI RAILROAD. *Panhandle Route.*

CHANGE OF TIME. On and after SUNDAY, December 8th, 1867, Trains will leave and arrive at Union Depot, Pittsburgh, as follows:

PITTSBURGH TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Mail Express	2:15 a m	3:55 p m
Fast Line	9:40 a m	7:05 p m
Fast Express	2:50 p m	10:55 a m
Mixed Way	6:10 a m	6:50 p m
M'Donald's Ac'n No. 1.	11:10 a m	2:30 p m
Steubenville Accom'n	3:55 p m	9:30 a m
M'Donald's Ac'n No. 2.	5:20 p m	8:20 a m

SPECIAL NOTICE—Sunday Express leaves at 2:50 p. m., arriving in Cincinnati at 6:30 a. m. next morning.

Church Train leaves Sunday at 12:55 p. m.

The 9:40 a. m. Train leaves daily. Sundays and Mondays excepted, arriving in Cincinnati at 9:30 p. m. same evening, 8 hours in advance of all other routes.

No change of cars between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and but ONE change to St. Louis, Cairo, and the principal points West and Southwest.

When purchasing Tickets be sure and find the Office of the *PITTSBURGH, COLUMBUS AND CINCINNATI RAILROAD*, Union Depot, (south side).

M. D. MOTHERSPAUGH, Ticket Agent,
S. F. SCULL, General Ticket Agent,
JOHN H. MILLER, G. E. Agent.

PITTSBURGH, Ft. WAYNE AND CHICAGO R. W. AND CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAIL ROAD.

From November 25th, 1867, Trains will leave from and arrive at the Union Depot, North Side, Pittsburgh, City Time, as follows:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Chicago Exp.	2:13 a m	Chicago Ex.	3:43 a m
Cleveland Ex.	2:13 a m	Cleveland Ex.	3:43 a m
Erie & Ygn Ex	6:13 a m	Chicago Ex.	10:58 a m
Cl. & Whg M'l.	6:28 a m	Wheeling Ex.	11:08 a m
Chicago Mail	6:58 a m	Chicago Ex.	3:53 p m
Chicago Ex.	9:43 a m	Cl. & Whg. Ex.	4:03 p m
Pitts & Cl'd Ex via Youngs'n	9:43 a m	Erie & Ygn. Ex	6:13 p m
Cl. & Whg. Ex.	2:13 p m	Chicago Ex.	6:38 p m
Chicago Ex.	2:28 p m	Cl. & Whg Ex	7:08 p m
Whg. & Erie Ex	4:33 p m	Pitt & Cl'd Ex via Youngs'n	9.28 p m
Depart from Allegheny.		Arrive in Allegheny	
N.Br'tn Acc.	8:58 a m	N. Br'tAcc.	7:03 a m
Leetsdale Acc.	10:13 a m	N. Brt'n Acc.	8:28 a m
Leetsdale Acc.	11:53 a m	Wellsville Ac.	8:58 a m
Rochester Ac.	1:33 p m	N. Castle Acc.	10:13 a m
Wellsville Acc	3:43 p m	Leetsdale Acc.	11:23 a m
Leetsdale Acc.	5:03 p m	Leetsdale Acc.	1:18 p m
N.Brt'n Acc.	5:33 p m	N.Brt'n Acc.	2:43 p m
N.Brt'n Acc.	6:28 p m	Leetsdale Acc.	4:23 p m
Leetsdale Acc.	10:43 p m	Leetsdale Acc.	7:38 p m

9:28 P. M. Chicago Express leaves daily.

10:58 A. M., Chicago Express arrives daily

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD—On and after OCTOBER 6, 1867, trains arrive at and depart from the Union Depot, corner of Washington and Liberty streets, as follows:

Arrive.		Depart.	
Mail Train	1:30 a m	Day Express	2:00 a m
Fast Line	1:50 a m	Wall's No. 1	6:30 a m
Wall's No. 1	6:20 a m	Mail Train	8:30 a m
Brinton No. 2	7:50 a m	Wall's No. 2	9:50 a m
Wall's No. 2	8:50 a m	Cincinnati Ex	11:15 a m
Cincinnati Exp	9:10 a m	Wall's No. 3	11:30 a m
Johnstown ac	10:15 a m	Johnstown Ac	2:50 p m
Phila. Express	1:50 p m	Wall's No. 4	3:30 p m
Wall's No. 3	1:30 p m	Phil. Express	3:30 p m
Wall's No. 4	3:50 p m	Wall's No. 5	4:10 p m
Wall's No. 5	5:50 p m	Wall's No. 6	4:50 p m
Wall's No. 6	7:00 p m	Fast Line	6:05 p m
Altoona Ac. and Emig't train	10:30 p m	Wall's No. 7	7:20 p m
			10:50 p m

The Church Trains leave Wall's Station every Sunday at 9:15 a. m., reaching Pittsburgh at 10:05 a. m. Returning leaves Pittsburgh at 12:50 p. m. and arrive at Wall's Station at 2:00 p. m.

Cincinnati Express leaves daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Philadelphia Express and the Altoona Accommodation and Emigrant Train arrive daily. Cincinnati Express arrives daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

For further information, apply to W. H. BECKWITH, Agent.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, Gen'l. Supt., Altoona, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—On and after November 1st, 1867, the Passenger Trains on the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, will arrive at and depart from the Federal Street Depot, Allegheny city, as follows:

Arrive.		Depart.	
Sharpsbg No 1.	6:25 a m	Mail	6:50 a m
Freeport No 1.	8:15 a m	Freeport No 1.	9:00 a m
Express	10:10 a m	Sharpsbg No 1.	11:20 a m
Sharpsbg No 2.	1:25 p m	Express	1:50 p m
Freeport No 2.	4:15 p m	Harmersville	3:55 p m
Mail	6:05 p m	Freeport No 2.	6:05 p m
Harmersville	7:10 p m	Sharpsbg No 2.	7:30 p m

Above trains run daily except Sunday.

The Church Train leaves Allegheny Junction every Sunday at 7:40 a. m., reaching Allegheny City at 9:50 a. m. Returning leaves Allegheny City at 1:20 p. m., and arrives at Allegheny Junction at 3:45 p. m.

Commutation Tickets—For sale in packages of twenty, between Allegheny City, Chestnut street, Herr's, Bennett, Pine Creek, Etna and Sharpsburg, and good only on the trains stopping at Stations specified on tickets.

The Trains leaving Allegheny City at 6.50 a. m. make direct connection at Freeport with Walker's Line of Stages for Butler and Hannahstown. Through Tickets may be purchased at the Office, No. 3 St. Clair Street, near Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, and at the Depot, Allegheny City.

For further information, apply to JAMES LEFFERTS, Agent, Federal Street Depot.

The Western Pennsylvania Railroad will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for wearing apparel, and limit their responsibility to ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS in value. All baggage exceeding this amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, General Superintendent, Altoona, Pa.

ALLENTOWN ROUTE

TO THE EAST.

SHORTEST AND FASTEST LINE

Between Pittsburgh and New York, via Harrisburg, Reading, Allentown and Easton.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN PITTSBURGH AND NEW YORK.

SLEEPING CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS.

Trains leave Union Depot of Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh, daily (except Sundays) at 3:10 and 11:25 A. M., 4:30 and 7:30 P. M. On Sundays at 11:25 A. M.

Leave New York for Pittsburgh, from Station of CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY, FOOT OF LIBERTY STREET, at 9:00 A. M., 5:00 and 8:00 P. M.

Baggage checked to all points between Pittsburgh and New York.

H. P. BALDWIN, General Passenger Agent.

PITTSBURGH AND CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after SUNDAY, October 13th, 1867, the trains will leave the Depot, corner of Grant and Water streets, as follows:

	Depart.	Arrive.
Mail to and from Uniontown.	7:00 a m	6:00 p m
Express " "	3:00 p m	10:00 a m
West Newton Accom	6:15 p m	8:36 a m
First McKeesport Accom	11:00 a m	6:40 a m
Second " "	10:30 p m	3:05 p m
Braddock's "	4:10 p m	5:45 p m
Sunday Church train to and from West Newton	1:00 p m	10:00 a m

For tickets apply to J. R. KING, Agent.

WM. B. STOUT, Sup't.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD.

Running Through to Brady's Bend.

On and after THURSDAY, July 18, 1867, Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Pittsburgh Depot, corner Pike and Canal streets, as follows:

	Leave Pitts'gh.	Arrive.
Mail (to & from Brady's Bd)	6:40 a m	6:30 p m
First Soda Works Accom.	8:40 a m	7:45 a m
Hulton Accommodation.	10:00 a m	12:30 p m
Kittanning Accom'n	1:00 p m	9:30 p m
Express	3:20 p m	10:30 a m
Second Soda Works Ac.	5:30 p m	3:40 p m
Sunday Church Train from and to Soda Works	1:00 p m	8:30 a m

Express, North, makes close connection at Brady's Bend, with Packets for Franklin and Oil City.

Mail, South, connects with Packets from Franklin and Oil City.

H. BLACKSTONE, Superintendent.

INSURANCE.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH.—Office, corner of Market and Water streets, second floor.

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Insures Steamboats and Cargoes.

Insures against loss and damage in the navigation of the Southern and Western Rivers, Lakes and Bayous, and the navigation of the Sea.

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JNO. H. CLANEY, Secretary.
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Office, northeast corner Wood and Fifth streets, second floor.

Insures against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE on Dwellings, Stores and other Buildings; Furniture, Household Goods and Stocks of Merchandise.

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OF PITTSBURGH.

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OF THE CITY OF ALLEGHENY.

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ROBERT CHRISTY,

GRAVEL ROOFER,

OFFICE, COR. FIFTH AND WOOD STREETS,

Over National Bank of Commerce.

A CHRISTMAS CA

IN PROSE.

Being a Ghost Story of

By Charles D

STAVE I.

MARLEY'S GHOST.

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's *done for*. You will therefore permit me to *repeat*, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say St. Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal—and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day, and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I'm sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! what right have you to be merry? what reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gaily, "What right have you to be dismal? what reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again, and followed it up with "humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" repeated the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it!"

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good, and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded, becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed, he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry with all my heart to find you so resolute. We have never had a quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring lights, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops, where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp-heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke, a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should, and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet and colder! Piercing, searching, biting, cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of—

"God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind man's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the City of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, alderman and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry, or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That and its livid color made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said, "Pooh, pooh," and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall and up the stairs, slowly too, trimming the candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades; and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare, which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that; darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing gown and slippers and his night cap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fire-place was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all around with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet the face of Marley, seven years dead, come like the ancient Prophet's rod and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular—for a shade." He was going to say "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair, and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fire-place, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality, beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom, taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the earth—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it, link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it, since. It's a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it might be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one's life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me, Jacob! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you may have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell strikes one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, and its chain wound over and about his arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear, for, on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge, and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE II.

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night! It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order," and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was past; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced that he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour-bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy One. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white, and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand, and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible, and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts, no outline could be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if, instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps, Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown and night-cap, and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose, but, finding the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost, "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervor—"I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on!"

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and bye ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to me?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high road by a well remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for, entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthly savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire, and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panelling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had he to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand; saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and, with a mournful shaking of the head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened, and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and, putting her arms about his neck and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said, Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-bye right willingly, and getting into it, drove gaily down the garden-sweep, the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right; I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew."

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind, and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them they were now in the busy thoroughfares of the city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great amazement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every moveable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shily, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up at the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

When this result was brought about old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But, scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran new man, resolved to beat him out of sight or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits and more dances; and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverly." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, ah! four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance—advance and retire, hold hands with your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place—Fezziwig "cut," cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again with a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said,

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all!"

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick."

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning dress, in whose eyes there were tears which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty, and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words. No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature, in an altered spirit, in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered. "Heaven knows! When I have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything with Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him she resumed,

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him and they parted.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more, I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there, than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in their sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price. In short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued, that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it, the center of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenceless porter! The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received. The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor, and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house; where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know," she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed, "Mr. Scrooge?"

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat, alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me."

"Remove me," Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it."

He turned upon the Ghost, and, seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which, in some strange way, there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer."

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost, with no visible resistance on its own part, was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright, and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood, upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed-room. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE III.

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands; and, lying down again, established a sharp look out all around the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its first appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time of day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and consequently, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon the bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room; from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glisten. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrifaction of a chimney had not known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red hot chestnuts, cherry cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare, and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night if you have aught to teach me let me, profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch and all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough but brisk, and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses; whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear heart's content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the house tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapet and now and then exchanging a facetious snow ball—better natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown faced, broad girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung up mistletoe. There were pears and apples clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound; or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices, so delicious, the candied fruits, so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but that the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye streets, lanes and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in the baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. For once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said it was a shame to quarrel on Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was.

In time the bells ceased and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven, where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name; who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost, (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's,) that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribands, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribands; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own, and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid, to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the [illegible] young Cratchits. "Hurrah! T[illegible] the two goose, Martha!" [illegible]ere's such a

"Why, bless your heart [illegible] late you are!" said M[illegible] dozen times, and ta[illegible] alive, my dear, how for her, with [illegible] Cratchit, kissing her a

"We'd [illegible]ing off her shawl and bonnet replie[illegible]fficious zeal. [illegible] deal of work to finish up last night, [illegible] the girl, "and had to clear away this [illegible]orning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity; and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to th[illegible] to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready before-hand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner, at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turns came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delivery (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish,) they didn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough; and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered; flushed, but smiling proudly; with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children; Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild reply, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake, and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!—he'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord was much about as tall as Peter; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and bye and bye they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scroo[illegible] Spirit went along the streets, [illegible] and the the roaring fires in kitchen[illegible] brightness of sorts of rooms, was [illegible]s, parlors, and flickering of the bl[illegible] wonderful. Here, the a cosy dinner, [illegible] showed preparations for [illegible] with hot plates baking through [illegible] before the fire, and deep red cur[illegible]ady to shut out cold and darkness. [illegible]ere, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and furbooted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches: well they knew it—in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamp-lighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed; though little kenned the lamp-lighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed—or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse rank grass. Down in the West the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where Miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other a Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them, the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be, struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-gone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death; it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, *I should like* to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions, Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily,

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live," cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrogg's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether, she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew; "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least, you always tell me so."

"What of that, my dear," said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make him-

Concluded on Fifth Page.

The Daily Commercial

1868.

THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

A Paper for the Business Community and Household.

Presidential Year.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

It is unnecessary to occupy time or space in setting forth the character of the COMMERCIAL. Its standing as the leading newspaper in Pennsylvania—although the most recently established of the first class papers of the country—is already assured. At no time an experiment, it has steadily grown in circulation, strength and patronage, until it has become recognized everywhere not only as the leading journal in this State, but the favorite with the reading public in a large part of Ohio, West Virginia and even beyond their borders. It employs the telegraph on a scale equalled only by the great papers of the larger cities. As a COMMERCIAL PAPER it has a recognized standing at home and abroad, and is read by the most intelligent of all classes, among whom it exerts an influence second to no other in the State. Its MARKET REPORTS are carefully prepared by competent reporters, and we employ every means to insure completeness and reliability.

Republican in politics, the COMMERCIAL does not scruple to be independent and criticises freely the leading men of the party. Adhering firmly to the fundamental principles of that party, it believes success is most surely achieved by freely discussing propositions and measures, with the view of assisting the reader to arrive at correct conclusions.

Entering, as we now are, on the Presidential year, a preference for GEN. GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY has already been expressed. In this respect, the COMMERCIAL was one of the first to take a decided stand; and it has the satisfaction of having already seen its favorite the accepted of the great majority of the Republican party.

In State affairs the COMMERCIAL is the unflinching advocate of a FREE RAILROAD LAW and a LIBERAL SYSTEM OF IMPROVEMENTS for the development of the vast resources of our State, whereby she will be enriched and the welfare of her citizens advanced.

Our aim from the first has been to make the COMMERCIAL SECOND TO NONE AS A GENERAL NEWSPAPER. We leave nothing untried to accomplish this object. So well have we redeemed our promises, that we deem it useless to make new ones in this or any other particular.

Terms of the Daily Commercial.

Daily Subscribers, (per year,)	$10 00
Delivered by Carrier, (per week,)	25
Single Copies,	5

The Weekly Commercial

Is a large 36 column newspaper, containing few advertisements. Its ample columns contain a complete compendium of the news of the week, the leading editorials from the DAILY, and all the foreign and home markets carefully reported and corrected expressly for the WEEKLY up to the date of each issue. It is emphatically a Family Newspaper.

Terms of Subscription, in Advance.

One Copy, (one year,)	$2 00
One Copy, (six months,)	1 00
In Clubs of twenty,	1 50

Office, Commercial Building, No. 76 Fifth street. Address,

COMMERCIAL, Pittsburgh.

CITY MATTERS.

MERITED SUCCESS.—Dr. Aborn, of this city, is meeting with remarkable success, at the McHenry House, Meadville. The Doctor's successful mode of treatment is becoming widely known. He returns to his rooms, No. 134 Smithfield street, January 15th.

SOLDIERS' MEDALS.—Captain Penteeost, of No. 148 Federal street, Allegheny City, has medals for the following persons, late members of West Virginia regiments, who can obtain them by calling on him: Arthur Little, John Wulfetange, Lawrence G. Marshall, Frederick Weissert, Henry Meyer, Samuel Weissert, Henry Peterson.

SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.—Morris Lucas, George Walters and Wm. Johnston, who were convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions yesterday, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for various periods, were at once removed to that institution by Sheriff Cluley. The entire party had succeded in eluding the vigilance of the Warden and escaping from prison, but their freedom was of short duration.

HEAVY VERDICT.—The case of John P. Gibson vs. the Ardesco Oil Company, which had been on trial in the District Court for some days, was concluded yesterday. The plaintiff was injured severely by the exploding of a still in the defendants' refinery, located in McClure township, near Woods' Run, about a year ago, and the suit was brought to recover damages therefor. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for three thousand nine hundred dollars.

PRESENTATION.—The proprietors of the Hope Cotton Mills, Allegheny, on Thursday evening presented to their efficient manager, Mr. Samuel Cottrill, an elegant gold watch-guard, in appreciation of his services. They also presented Mrs. Cottrill with a silver cup, valued at fifty dollars. The watch guard cost seventy-five dollars, and is a very fine piece of workmanship. Mr. Cottrill has been connected with the Hope Mill for the past eight years.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—The Lecture Rooms of Second Methodist Church, Rebecca street, Allegheny, will be dedicated to-morrow. Rev. Alex. Clark, pastor of the First Church, Pittsburgh, will preach at half-past ten A. M.; Dr. Collier at 2:30 P. M., and Dr. Reeves, President of the Pittsburgh Conference, in the evening. The exercises promise to be very interesting, and no doubt the beautiful church will be crowded.

TAKEN TO THE POOR FARM.—The original Pat. Murphy, well known to the residents of this vicinity for a quarter of a century past, was arrested again in Allegheny, yesterday, and committed by Mayor Morrison to the Allegheny City Poor Farm. Pat. has been a frequent tenant of the Poor Farm of late, but he always manages to get out by making some excuse or promise, which, however, he seldom keeps. When arrested yesterday he promised faithfully never to drink any more, and it remains to be seen whether or not he will hold good his promise.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—For the week ending December 15th, 1867, the number of interments in the city, as reported by A. G. McCandless, Physician of the Board of Health, was twenty. The causes of death were as follows: Old age 1; pleurisy 1; diarrhoea 1; small pox 1; consumption 3; disease of the bowels 1; disease of the brain 1; pneumonia 1; still born 1; indigestion 1; diphtheria 1; accident 2; scarlet fever 2; marasmus 3. Of the above there were, under 1 year, 4; from 1 to 2, 0; from 2 to 5, 4; from 5 to 10, 2; from 20 to 30, 2; from 30 to 40, 3; from 50 to 60, 1; from 80 to 90, 1. Males 9; females 11; white 19; colored 1; total 20.

OFFICERS INSTALLED.—A special meeting of Davage Lodge, No. 374, A. Y. M., was held on Thursday evening at their hall in the Fifth ward, Allegheny, when the following newly elected officers were installed:—W. M., Joseph Chadwick; S. W., M. A. Barnes; J. W., Henry Warner; Treasurer, N. M'Clinton; Secretary, Will. A. Farseman. The installation ceremonies were conducted by T. B. Davage, Esq., after whom the Lodge was named, and one of the patriarchs of the order in this vicinity. A large number of the brethern from the different lodges of both cities were in attendance. After the ceremonies had been concluded, the members adjourned to the Railroad Hotel, where an excellent supper was prepared, and every person enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—A man employed at a planing mill on Herr's Island, in the Allegheny river, met with an accident yesterday which may result in his death. It appears that he was engaged in the upper portion of the planing mill in filing a saw. While he was thus engaged, some person gave the signal for running on the belt which drives the circular saw, and a man employed in the lower part of the building ran the belt on, but on hearing a cry from the sawyer up stairs, immediately turned it off again and ran up. He found that the man engaged at the saw had been struck by it in the chest and abdomen, and was very seriously, if not fatally, injured. Medical assistance was immediately rendered the wounded man, but he was so badly injured that he could not explain how the signal had been given. His life is despaired of.

ARRESTED AT THE DEPOT.—Officer Pender, on duty at the Union Depot, on Thursday evening received a dispatch from Detective Hackett, at Greensburg, notifying him to arrest a young man, Thomas Donnelly, on the arrival of the train, against whom a suit was pending in Greensburg. Donnelly is a resident of Greensburg, and it appears that on Saturday last hired a horse and buggy for the purpose of taking a drive. He did not pay the hire, but promised to do so on his return. He failed to return, however, and left the horse and buggy at a house some distance from Greensburg, where the owner, after some difficulty, recovered them. Donnelly came to this city on Sunday, and remained until Wednesday, when he went to Latrobe. On Thursday evening, Detective Hackett, who was at the Greensburg station, observed Donnelly on the train coming West, and telegraphed to officer Pender to arrest him on the arrival of the train in this city. He was accordingly taken into custody and sent back to Greensburg yesterday morning.

Presentation.

On Thursday evening a large Family Bible, and a purse well filled with greenbacks (amounting to nearly fifty dollars,) was presented to Mr. John T. Wilson, foreman of the blacksmith shops at the Outer Depot and at Torrens station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Bible was a very beautiful and costly one, with illustrations, notes, etc. The presentation was made at the Outer Depot, Mr. James Woods handing over the gifts, and expressing the kindly regards of the donors. On the back of the Bible is the following inscription in letters of gold: "Presented to John T. Wilson, by his fellow workmen of the Pittsburgh and Torrens smith shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as a token of their esteem." The present was worthily bestowed, and will be highly appreciated by the recipient.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

Suitable for Holiday Gifts, at H. Oppenheimer & Co's., No. 83 Wood street.

What Will I Buy?

Call and see Pittock's large assortment of suitable Holiday gifts.

For the Holidays.

Genuine Farina Cologne, Grape Perfumery, Basket Perfumery, Odorators, etc., at Clark's, Druggist, No. 103 Fifth street.

Dry Goods at Immensely Reduced Prices.

Great closing out sale at Gardner & Stewart's, corner of Market and Fourth streets (No. 69), commencing on Monday, December 23d instant.

Holiday Suits.

Anderson & Wilson, the well known Fashionable Merchant Tailors, No. 129 Fourth, near Smithfield street, are making up for their customers the most elegant Holiday Suits. This firm enjoys a great reputation for making the best clothing. Our readers will consult their interests and satisfy their tastes by giving their order to Anderson & Wilson. Don't forget the address, No. 129 Fourth, near Smithfield street.

Messrs. Boyd, Murray & Fawcett, Manufacturers and Dealers in Looking Glasses and Picture Frames, etc., etc.

It is no part of our present intention to describe in detail the magnificent stock of Messrs. Boyd, Murray & Fawcett, manufacturers and dealers in looking glasses and picture frames, No. 61 Wood street, but rather to speak of their manufactures in general as affording a fair illustration of what we have so repeatedly claimed for our city—that in every branch of industry we have the peculiar talent right at home here which is able to vindicate the honor of Western Pennsylvania, which has been too often impugned by the offer of our citizens to send elsewhere for what may be had in their very midst. Our friends, Messrs. Boyd, Murray & Fawcett, occupy one of the spacious stores under Lafayette Hall, on Wood street, where they carry on an extensive business in their line—a trade which penetrates to the farthest sections of the country; and which, on the other hand, embraces the patronage of our first families in this vicinity. This firm has rapidly won its way to the public favor and confidence by the superior excellence of their manufactures. It possesses facilities equal to any other house for producing fine gilt and other frames for looking glasses, oil paintings, portraits, engravings, etc. Besides, the long practical experience of the senior member of the firm, who is known to the trade in nearly every part of the country, is itself a guarantee of the unquestionable excellence of their stock in every detail. It is an indisputable fact that the demand for fine gold gilding is now very general, perhaps greater than it has ever been, and as a natural consequence, the public desire to know where to obtain *bona fide* article. Inexperienced persons cannot detect any difference between real gold leaf gilding and its imitation, and hence, they are compelled to rely upon the representations of the firm from whom they buy. It is, therefore, very important that the purchaser patronize a house which can be depended upon—one which has an established reputation for the strictest integrity in all its transactions, and which will pledge its honor that every article it sells is precisely as represented. Our principal object in preparing this article is to direct the attention of our readers—whether wholesale or retail buyers—to just such a manufacturing firm as can be confidently trusted without any fear of being deceived in the quality of the work purchased. Now, Messrs. Boyd, Murray & Faucett manufacture direct from the same material and produce all kinds of gilding. But pure gold gilding is a *specialty* with them, and one in which we undertake to say that they have no superiors. Our readers may depend upon it that this firm will furnish them at any time with the best gold gilding that can be done and may rely strictly upon their representation of its quality, etc.

Messrs. Boyd, Murray & Fawcett have constantly on hand a full line of Pier and mantle looking glasses, plain and ornamental gilt frames, carved walnut and other picture frames, oil paintings, Chromos, Engravings, Lithographs, Stereoscopic Views, etc., etc. As the *Holidays* are close at hand our readers will find a rare and elegant stock of goods at this house from which to make selections for *gifts*, at the *lowest Eastern* cash prices. Drop in and make an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

Holiday Wines.

If there must be drinking at all, it must be agreed that none but pure wines and liquors should be tolerated. It is the testimony of all observers in those countries where the grape is produced in greatest abundance, and the people take wine freely as a beverage, that there is less of the evil effects than in our own country, where so much difficulty is experienced in obtaining unadulterated distillations—whether of wine or stronger drink. Something that is "old and good" is the call of all alike, but so seldom is it answered at all satisfactorily, that it becomes a matter of "special knowledge," almost inspiration indeed, where the places are where the cultivated taste may be gratified. At present we have in our eye the famous old establishment of William Miller, Nos. 221 and 223 Liberty street. Could Mr. Miller's vaults and lofts only speak, what stories they would tell of choice brands ever so old—of real brandy that money will scarcely buy, and to even smell of which renews the man,—of none of your chain lightning stuff, but the product of the good old days of honest distillation, suggestive of careful keeping and rarest flavor from the first. In these holiday times it is aggravating to think of these things—we mean the good old days before internal taxes had driven men to distraction almost. Therefore, we say go and ascertain for yourself, and don't forget the number.

At McCord's,

No. 131 Wood street—Fur gloves and mufflers for gents.

The Bridge that Carries You Safely Over.

The man who will not speak well of the bridge that carries him safely over, is worse than a heathen. On the same principle, he who will not return to the place where he has had justice done him once is no Christian. To make a practical application, as ten thousand persons well know, Flemming's corner of the Diamond and Market streets, where on ever so many recuring holidays all sorts of people, in search of nice things for nice presents for the holiday table and the holiday basket, throws his doors open to all the public—and the joke of it is, all the public are entering. This fact should not deter others from going, for their is room for all; and such hosts of things—nice articles—of fancy and utility; of curious little bottles, with curious labels; such wines and liquors, with which you need not be afraid or ashamed to drink the health of your lady love or best friend. And then the polite attentions accorded to all comers, from clerks and proprietor; and everything is so cozy one is almost inclined to help himself. As we are bound that way ourselves and our time is brief, we will say nothing more about it, but taking the reader by the arm, ask him to come along and see if this is not all so.

At McCord's,

No. 131 Wood street—Gents' Holiday style silk hats.

BEAUTIFUL TOYS FOR THE MILLION.—Several large consignments to arrive, and will be disposed of at acution and private sale, during this and the coming week, at the Mammoth Auction House of Smithson, Palmer & Co., 55 and 57 Fifth street.

At McCord's,

No. 131 Wood street—Youths' and children's hats and caps.

SHETLAND PONIES AT AUCTION, on Saturday, December 21, at 10 A. M. See advertisement of Smithson, Palmer & Co., in Auction column.

Millions of Bottles

Of Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters have been sold since this great medicine of the nineteenth century was first introduced to the American public, and the demand for it has steadily increased on account of its unquestionable merit over every other known medicine for curing all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, costiveness, liver complaint, scrofula, etc. In the discovery of Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters, mankind has been blessed beyond the power of human ken to conceive. These bitters have never been employed unsuccessfully, and thousands of our best physicians constantly use it in their daily practice. The invention of Mishler's celebrated Herb Bitters illustrates the ever active, never resting genius of the American people, who are forever improving in every department, for the good of the human family. In these Bitters we have an invaluable contribution to the physical needs of the people, and we would be glad if every family in the country were provided with this great household remedy of the age. We can assure our readers that these Bitters are effectual in performing cures in cases for which they are designed. It is pleasant medicine, and cheap enough for every one to keep constantly in the house. For sale by all respectable druggists. See advertisement in another column of Fahnestock & Holton, managers, No. 26 Market street, in this city.

Take a Package

Home with you! When next you visit the city call at the American Tea Company's Branch House, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, and take home with you a package of Tea or Coffee. This company was established to *retail* strictly pure Teas and Coffees, at *wholesale* rates. Don't mistake the address, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge.

Open Till 9 P. M.

Owing to the extraordinary rush for Christmas presents at the great holiday sales at Macrum & Carlisle's, 19 Fifth street, their store will be kept open till 9 o'clock every evening, in order that all may have an opportunity to procure some of the many elegant articles now offered at remarkably low prices.

SUPERIOR FURNITURE, carpets and household goods generally at auction, on Monday, December 23, at 10 A. M., at residence No. 196 Third street, above Grant street (family leaving the city). Sale positive. See advertisement of Smithson, Palmer & Co., in auction column.

Ties, Bows, Scarfs,

For the Holidays at H. Oppenheimer & Co's., No. 83 Wood sstreet.

FURS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, CLOTHING, &c., at private sale at auction prices, to close consignments, at the Mammoth Emporium of Smithson, Palmer & Co., 55 and 57 Fifth street.

Elegant Holiday Goods.

Messrs. R. E. Breed & Co., No. 100 Wood, are offering the most splendid stock of goods in their line in the city, China, Porcelain and Earthenware, Table Cutlery, Silver Tableware, Toilet Sets, Vases, Gift Cups and Saucers. Go and see.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—A very large assortment, of every quality, style and price, at the Mammoth Emporium of Smithson, Palmer & Co., 55 and 57 Fifth street.

Your Holiday Suit

Can be made *best* by H. Oppenheimer & Co., No. 83 Wood street.

THE GREAT AUCTION SALE OF FINE TOYS and Fancy Goods for the Holidays, on Monday next, at 10 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M., at Masonic Hall Auction Rooms, 55 and 57 Fifth street. No reserve. Finest goods offered for sale this season. Smithson, Palmer & Co., Auctioneers.

WINTER PURCHASES.

Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co.'s Wholesale and Retail Establishment, Nos. 77 and 79 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

No city of our size in the entire United States can boast of a larger and more successful house in the straw goods, millinery goods, embroideries, lace goods, ribbons, velvets, flowers, white goods, Irish linens, dress trimmings, furnishing goods, knit goods, yarns and worsted, hoop skirts, skirt and dress flannels, balmoral skirts, rubber goods and the notion trade generally than the people of Pittsburgh, who point with pride to the establishment of Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co., Nos. 77 and 79 Market street, near the Market Diamond.

Everybody who has visited our city has heard of "Horne's," and thousands of people in this and surrounding counties depend upon it solely to supply their needs in all the many and various kinds of goods to be obtained there. The patronage of this house is not confined to retail buyers, but includes the wholesale trade, for which Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co. have a distinct department, and as their annual sales are immense, it is manifest that country dealers are satisfied they can obtain as good bargains at home as in the great eastern cities, besides the saving of time and expense. In fact this is one of the houses which vindicates what we have always claimed for the "Iron City," that there is no longer any necessity for country merchants to make semi-annual trips to the Eastern commercial markets, in view of the equal and in some instances, superior advantages which are offered by our own business men, whose peculiar facilities for buying goods for the wholesale trade gives them a decided claim, and enables them to sell goods as cheap as any house in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. For example, Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co., with proverbial alacrity, have recently renewed their extensive stock, and are now offering goods at par gold—anti-war prices. These goods comprise everything in their line, and were purchased at rates which justify them in selling lower than any other house, and thus give their customers the benefit of all their purchases of this character, by keeping down the price and thus actually defy competition, come from what quarter it may. It requires years of practical experience to familiarize one's self with the markets in order to know when, where and how to buy a heavy stock of goods so as to compete against the monopolies in the Eastern cities, and this science, as we may properly term it, has been mastered by Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co., as is evident from the superior nature of their stock, together with the exceedingly low prices they ask. The result is an extended trade which penetrates into every section of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, and beyond these into localities in other States.

The retail trade partakes equally of the benefits arising from Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co.'s facilities for obtaining goods at cheaper rates than any one else. If we had the time and space at our disposal we could show by a comparison between the prices of to-day and those which formerly prevailed that there is no cheaper house in the city than this one, and these low prices still rule, and afford a rare opportunity for people to purchase goods who would be deprived of them under less favorable circumstances. It is plain to every reader, we think, that Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co. offer superior inducements to both wholesale and retail purchasers, and we feel very confident that it is only necessary for us to inform those who are not already aware of the foregoing facts, to induce them to pay an early visit to the establishment of which we speak.

As the Holidays are near at hand it will not be inappropriate for us to give our readers an inside view of this extensive concern which just now presents one of the most busy scenes imaginable, as it is crowded with customers from morning to night. Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co's store is located at Nos. 77 and 79 Market street. The exterior of the building is modest and unpretending, but inside one is quite amazed at its unlooked for capacity, which is sufficient to afford the facilities demanded by the heavy business carried on therein. The building covers two lots and has been enlarged by an addition to the rear. The first floor is very deep and commodious, and is filled with one of the richest assortments of goods ever exhibited in this city. This store is thirty by one hundred and twenty feet, and the goods are all classified in the most admirable manner, which saves purchasers much of the annoyance usually met when out on a shopping excursion. Here may be found a full line of trimmings, lace goods, embroideries, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, buttons, jewelry and fancy goods, woolen goods, hosiery, millinery goods, an imported line of handkerchiefs, from the lowest grade to the finest point lace, worsteds, zephyrs, and notions. Of the stock in this department, it is only necessary to say that it is complete in every respect, embracing all the varieties kept in a house of this character. But we may direct particular attention to the assortment of dress trimmings, lace goods, balmoral and hoop skirts, white and fancy goods, corsets, gent's, ladies' and children's furnishing goods, &c., all of which are on sale in vast quantities. The second and third floors are exclusively devoted to the wholesale trade. These floors are sub-divided into distinct departments. One is stocked with fancy woolen goods, dress trimmings, buttons, etc. Immediately in front of this is a large room where fancy goods, notions, zephyrs, hosiery, etc., are stored, and ample facilities provided for the proper display and examination of goods. Adjoining this room is another apartment appropriated to white goods, hosiery, gloves, gent's and ladies' furnishing goods, hoop skirts, corsets, balmorals, embroideries, etc., all arranged in proper order. The rooms on the third floor are reached by a stairway, easy of access, and are devoted to millinery goods exclusively. Here may be found all the latest novelties in all kinds of velvets, bonnets, hats, trimmings, flowers, ribbons, &c. In fact, from the basement, where every invoice is first received, examined, and where all goods are shipped, to the top story of the building, are goods of rare and elegant descriptions, from the most celebrated foreign and American manufactories.

This firm employs nearly half a hundred ladies and gentlemen in the several departments. They are polite and obliging to customers and always prompt to wait upon them, never deeming it irksome to show goods. Some of them have been connected with this house for many years and are familiar with every detail of the business, so that purchasers are sure of dealing with experienced persons.

The reputation of Messrs. Joseph Horne & Co. is an enviable one, and certainly its immense patronage is a standing testimonial of the popularity of the firm. Their goods are noted for superior excellence and they are always first in the field with everything that is new and novel in their line. Individually the members of the firm occupy the most creditable social standing in this community. The Senior member and his partners, Messrs. C. B. Shea, J. F. Johnson and A. P. Burchfield give their personal attention to the business of the house which is conducted upon liberal principles, and never fails to be satisfactory to buyer and seller. The character of the house needs no special endorsement, as it is known far and wide as a first class concern, but in view of our holiday season we deemed it proper to present the foregoing facts for the consideration of our readers, who, as we know, are always ready to receive information regarding the best places to make purchases, and who invariably act accordingly.

Remember!

The American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge Pittsburgh, Pa., is the only house in the "Iron City," representing any Eastern combination to sell fine Teas *at the cost of importation*.

Practical Demonstration.

The best indorsement that can be submitted in support of anything which it is claimed possesses medicinal curative virtues, and is recommended as a valuable compound for family use in cases of sickness, and for special complaints in particular, is the evidence of its having performed all that it is designed to do. Now, when Dr. Mishler introduced his remarkable Herb Bitters a few years ago he was confronted by the foregoing proposition from the public, and he at once established the reputation of his medicine by putting it to repeated and unusually severe tests, in every one of which he demonstrated its power over disease. The result was exactly what he predicted it would be, and ever since that day the demand for Mishler's Herb Bitters has been unprecedented. It is now adopted in hospitals, used by physicians in private practice, and during the late war more generally required in our army and navy than any other medicine. As a preventative of disease as well as a curative, it is known to tens of thousands of families, and it cannot be too highly or strongly recommended. It only needs to be tried once to convince the most skeptical mind of its marvellous powers. See advertisement in another column of Messrs. Fahnestock & Holton, Managers of the Branch House of Dr. Mishler, No. 26 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In Use Five Years.

Mr. Wm. A. West, of Dry Run, Pa., says: "We have had one of Willcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machines IN USE OVER FIVE YEARS, AND IT HAS NOT BEEN A DAY OUT OF RUNNING ORDER IN THAT TIME. We would not exchange it with our neighbors for the Wheeler & Wilson, or Grover & Baker, though I have nothing to say disparagingly of them." Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"The Cry is, Still They Come!"

The American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., is daily receiving orders from city and country dealers, with the assurance that since they sell the American Company's Teas and Coffees, they give better satisfaction, make better profits than they ever did before, and their custom for their articles has *increased nearly double*.

"Half an Eye."

The Lewiston *Democrat* says: We should suppose that any one having HALF AN EYE could learn to sew with the Willcox & Gibbs in five or six hours. It is certainly a model of beauty and simplicity. Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A VISIT TO BOWN'S

The Sights in a Hardware Establishment --Iron in Everything we Use--The Skate Trade---Sleigh Bells---Foreign and American Cutlery---Guns, Rifles and Revolvers---Machinists', Coopers', Carpenters', Blacksmiths', Tanners', Stone Cutters', Gas Fitters', Tools, Etc., etc.

In view of the Holiday season we herewith submit to our readers a few suggestions, which, if properly carried out, will insure them an abundant return for whatever outlay they may make, and secure to them permanent means of comfort and pleasure, as well as at the same time post them as to where they can always rely upon finding a thousand and one articles which they will require from time to time—where to buy the best and at the *lowest cash prices*.

Passing along Wood street a few days ago our attention was attracted to the elegant display of goods made by Mr. Bown, in his spacious show windows, at the old stand, No. 136 Wood street, near Virgin alley, and on stepping inside we were at once amazed at the immense and splendidly classified stock which we found crowded into his store. Indeed, a more complete stock of Hardware, Cutlery, Skates, Bells, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Articles, Oil Tools, Stamps, Brands, Household Hardware, Tools of all kinds, etc., we never before witnessed here or elsewhere. It is complete in every detail, and one of the heaviest and costliest stock of goods of this character ever offered in this city, and in saying this we intend no disparagement to any other house, but we feel bound to say that Bown cannot be excelled, and that he deserves a liberal share of the public patronage as a man of enterprise, industry and high business integrity.

SKATES.

The winter season has been fairly inaugurated, the fun having commenced at all the Skekting Parks. There is a very extensive demand for skates of every description for use in the Parlor, Drawing Room, and for open air exercise, and as Bown's is the headquarters in this city for these articles, our readers can easily imagine what a rush there is to his store. He keeps constantly on hand all the different styles and qualities for old and young, male and female, who desire to indulge in this beautiful and healthful, nay, life-giving exercise.

It is all the rage now-a-days to present a fine pair of skates to a lady or miss, or, in fact, to any friend, and certainly Bown's is the place to find them. There is no recreation more exhilerating or beneficial, mentally as well as physically, than that of skating, and everybody should learn how to do it. We are glad to notice the great interest manifested by our young people in this pastime, who are rendering it essentially a national sport or pleasure during the reign of the frosty monarch. Mr. Bown is thoroughly posted in the skating business and will furnish the exact articles that our readers may require. For the Holiday trade he has made special purchases, and is offering all the newest novelties in this line. His tariff of prices being very low, there can be no excuse for neglecting to obtain a fine pair of skates at Bown's. We hope our readers will keep him in mind, as his facilities are of such a character that he can supply his patrons at the very shortest notice.

SLEIGH BELLS.

Our friend Bown has now on hand a new, large and rare assortment of sleigh bells—one of the best stocks ever brought into this city. Now, everybody knows what indispensable things these are in the winter season, and, of course, there is always a great demand for the best and most musical bells in the market. If anybody doubts what we say about Bown's stock, a single visit to his establishment, where they can see and hear for themselves, will probably satisfy them that he keeps the very article they want. Some of the styles are entirely new and all of them are very beautiful. These bells are strung to span the neck or body of a horse, or to fasten to the shafts. They are very cheap and warranted to be the best ever made, so that we see no reason why any one who needs sleigh bells should go without them any longer. We therefore advise them to visit Bown's at once, and purchase a set of bells from him, and in doing so they may rest assured that they *will get a rare bargain*.

CUTLERY.

In this department, Mr. Bown has now a full and complete stock of goods, both foreign and American. His stock embraces cutlery of every sort, and was selected with great care, and purchased of the most celebrated manufacturing firms in the world, such as Rogers, Alexander's, Wostenholm's, New York Knife Company's, American Cutlery Company's, German knives, etc. In razors, he has a full assortment, and we would direct the special attention of our readers to the admirable stock of Wade & Butcher's make, and in short every variety of razor. These articles can be had, *hollow ground*, for barbers' or private use. It will repay any one to make a personal visit to Mr. Bown's and inspect his cutlery stock. The table cutlery is very superior. In this line he offers unusual inducements, having all the noted English and German brands constantly on hand, as well as the wares of the popular American Meridian Cutlery Company, famous for their hard rubber handles, which are *warranted* not to come off in hot water. Tailors' shears will also be found in great variety, embracing all the most approved brands. Also, pocket, domestic, and fancy scissors of every description.

FIRE ARMS.

This department is at once complete and affords a very interesting study to those who take pride in these articles. A long experience in the manufacture and sale of all kinds of fire arms enables Mr. Bown to offer the most desirable stock in the city. Among others which deserve notice we may enumerate genuine English double barrell breech-loading shot guns, *made to order and imported direct by Mr. Bown*. These are highly superior fire arms and are enjoying an immense sale; American shot guns, German shot guns, Belgium shot guns, Colt's (six shots) rifles, Henry's (repeating seventeen shots) rifles, Wesson's rifles, Allen's rifles, and Bown's Pittsburgh rifles; also, all the different kinds of revolving pistols made by the *best makers*, such as Colt's Bacon's, Western Arm's, National, Elliott's, Allen's, Cooper's, Remington's, Smith & Wesson's, Sharp's, Rupertus's, Ponds, Uhlinger's, &c., and in addition to these will be found a complete assortment of single and double barrel pistols of all makes. Mr. Bown keeps constantly on hand *all grades of powder*, shot and cartridges fitted for every weapon found on sale. In addition, there will be found a choice assortment of *sporting goods*, such as powder flasks, game bags, shot belts, pocket compasses, decoy ducks, boxing gloves, fencing swords, face and head guards, belts, &c. We would direct special attention to Mr. Bown's stock of *Gunsmiths' materials*, and call the notice of the neighboring trade particularly to it, as offering unusual inducements on account of its extensive variety. Our piscatorial friends will always find a full assortment of fish hooks and lines, fishing poles, reels, sinkers, luncheon baskets, &c.

HARDWARE.

We would just here call the attention of the Hardware trade to Mr. Bown's stock. He has just fitted up one of the most complete sample rooms in the city, where dealers can fill their memorandums at a glance, thereby saving a great deal of time. Mr. Bown guarantees to sell as low as any other house and offers just as liberal inducements as any man in the trade. Country merchants will find a great variety of hardware, cutlery, builder's hardware, mechanic's tools, and, in fact, everything kept in a first class hardware store. He has in connection with his store, a manufactory where he makes any article needed out of the regular machine shops, and has first class machinery for doing all kinds of fine work. No hardware house in the city is better known than Bown's. For many years our people have been accustomed to rely upon Bown to supply their wants in hardware, both in large and small purchases, and there is not an article known to the trade but what will be found in his store. The following list comprises a few of the articles embraced in his stock: Full line of locks, latches, &c., axle pulleys, blind hinges, window springs, assorted varieties, wrought iron T hinges, wrought iron strap hinges, American and English screws, wrought iron goods, bright wire goods, bed and furniture castors, iron and brass wheels, planes, bench and mouldings, trues and gauges, hand and bench screws, plumbs and levels, try squares and sliding T bevels, steel and iron squares, screw drivers, socket, firmer chisels, in sets, chisels, drawing knives, chisel handles, augurs, augur bits, dowelling bits, nail gimblets, center bits, cast steel, nose, shell and spoon bits, braces, hammers, hatchets, saws, dividers, compasses, callipers, wrenches, anvils, Peter Wright's wrought iron; stocks and dies, German halter chains, trace chains, spring balances, brass ale cocks, wooden faucets, molasses gates, oil vat gates, wrought vise; also swivel and parallel vise; lightning apple parers, meat cutters, patent sausage cutters, cast steel mincing knives, etc., etc.; grind-stone fixtures, blacksmith's drills, builders' hardware, nails at Pittsburgh prices, cancelling stamps, steel letters and figures for stamping, branding irons, stencil plates, etc.

We would specially mention Darling, Brown & Sharpe's United States rules, patent hardened; cast steel try squares, wire gauges, etc., of which Mr. Bown keeps a full line. Among them will be found the "T" square and universal level, Ames' patent universal square, steel caliper rules, improved vernier caliper, steel squares for machinists, plumb bobs, triangular box wood scales, centre gauges and gauge for grinding and setting screw tools, screw and wire gauges, French steel standard rules, etc., etc. From all this minution our readers can see at a glance what a vast variety of hardware articles, tools and implements are sold by Mr. Bown.

THE OIL TRADE.

Having been among the first to embark in the business of the manufacture of oil tools of every description, Mr. Bown has made some five hundred sets, which have been and are still being successfully used, and every one of which is a testimonial for him. Mr. Bown supplies every article in the oil trade on short notice.

BOWN'S BUILDING

Is located at No. 136 Wood street. It is a modest edifice, but very commodious, as any one will discover who undertakes a tour through it. About one year ago it was enlarged, and is now one of the most convenient, well lighted and best ventilated buildings in the city. The office is located to the left of the principal floor, and contains all the elements of comfort, with all the necessary facilities for transacting business. Mr. Bown employs a large force of energetic and experienced persons, and the greatest care is exercised in all the operations of the house to afford the utmost satisfaction to its patrons. Every order is promptly filled and shipped according to directions. It is a busy scene from morning till night, but everything is done systematically. The employees are obliging, polite and attentive, and as our business men generally will testify, Mr. Bown enjoys a wide and enviable reputation for persistent industry and the strictest business integrity. He requires no indorsement from our pen, yet we feel bound to say that he is not only one of our representative men, but also a model business man, and a credit to our city, and is well worthy of a long continuance of the success which has thus far rewarded his well directed energies.

Don't Forget It!

The American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair Street, near the Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., is the only house in the "Iron City," representing any Eastern combination to sell fine Teas at the cost of importation.

HAVEN'S PRINTING HOUSE.

The Art Preservative---Printing in its Highest Perfection---Book Binding---Blank Book Work---Stationery---Drawing Instruments, etc., etc.

Not many months ago we laid before our readers a description of the well known and extensive Printing House, Book Binding and Stationery establishment of Mr. William S. Haven, corner of Wood and Third streets, in Pittsburgh. To-day, we call attention to it again in view of its enlarged facilities since the publication of our article referred to. Every large city in the Union has its mammoth Printing House—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, and Pittsburgh is not a whit behind her sisters, but on the contrary is far in advance of some, having a concern in this branch of industry to which we point with pride—one of the largest in the country—one which will stand a comparision beside any other extant, and which is now justly recognized as the principal Printing House between New York and Chicago. To enumerate its vast and ever-increasing facilities, and the almost unlimited variety of work produced in its many and various departments, would easily fill even the enlarged space of to-day's COMMERCIAL. Such a pen-picture of one of the most busy life scenes in the heart of a great manufacturing city like our own—could not be otherwise than interesting and highly instructive to the reader, and we regret our inability, on account of limited space, to furnish such a sketch, not only because the house of which we sepak is well worthy of it, but also, for the reason that it would enable our readers in distant places to form something of an idea of our progress here in this department of industry. Suffice it to say, however, that Haven's is a first class establishment, in the widest signification of that word, and the most prominent one in this part of the country; in fact, it is as complete in every detail as skilled and experienced hands and a lavish outlay of money can make it, and as Mr. Haven demonstrates, every day in the year, the work of all kinds turned out from its printing rooms—its blank book rooms—its bindery, etc.—is the finest that can be executed. Mr. Haven has successfully carried on this business in our midst for upwards of twenty years, constantly adding new improvements and inventions, and surpassing his rivals in other cities to a degree which at once ranks him among the foremost representatives of the art preservative. He can turn out on the shortest notice any kind of printing, from the most diminutive label to the largest colored poster, and in all plain and fancy work such are his resources that he cannot be excelled. His presses were constructed especially for the different grades of work, and their number and the force of his employees enables him to compete successfully with all who undertake to cope with him in job work. Everything is done with the strictest neatness—the utmost promptness, and at the very lowest cash prices. Mr. Haven has running two of Leisenring's patent two color printing and numbering machines for printing local coupon railway tickets, passenger, ball, lecture and theater tickets, checks, drafts, promissory notes, etc., in any color desired. To book and pamphlet printing he pays special attention, and we may announce just here that Mr. Haven has lately renewed his fonts of book type, so that he is prepared to give perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders. In this connection we desire to call the attention of those who have stereotype plates, cuts, etc., to print to Mr. Havens's presses which have been built for this particular branch of work. In printing from plates he invariably uses the *best* materials and employs none but the most experienced hands, so that our friends may rely upon the execution of this kind of work in its highest perfection. The book bindery is stocked in the most complete manner, and binding in all its varieties and styles is done in a manner that challenges competition. In plain work, or in fancy, such as marble, colored, or righ gilt edges, and the binding, in morocco, calf, sheep and cloth, is all equally performed with the greatest nicety and the higher styles are certainly superior to some of the boasted "best work" produced in Eastern establishments. Mr. Haven's blank book department is a perfect model in its way, and here he does every description of ruling from the most delicate and intricate forms to the ordinary for common every day use. Some of his specimen work is really surprising and never fails to elicit the highest admiration. In getting up Railway and Bank blanks of every variety of ruling he stands unrivalled. He manufactures all sizes of Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Invoice Books, Blotters, County and Court Dockets, which are ruled and bound plain, or with Russian ends and bound or plated with metal, as may be ordered. The Stationary House is one of the largest in the State, and contains a full line of goods. Mr. Haven keeps a splendid assortment of drawing papers, including Whatman's, machine drawing papers, tracing papers, and liners, drawing instruments, water colors, india ink, bristol boards, lead pencils, gold, steel and quill writing pens, drawing pens, parallel rulers, ivory and box wood scales, rubber gold mounted pen holders, ditto pencils, every description of writing paper, such as letter, note, billet, French quadrille and coquille, foolscap, legal and other kinds, glass, iron, wood, porcelain, barometre and air-tight ink-stands, etc., etc.

It will be observed from the foregoing statement that Mr. Haven's establishment is one of the largest in the country, and the enviable reputation of its proprietor in the business world is a sufficient guarantee that whatever work in his line he undertakes to do will be thoroughly and systematically done. We recommend our friends to keep him in mind and patronize him.

The American Tea Co.

Has its *only* Branch House in Pittsburgh at No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge. This company was established for the sale *only* of strictly pure *Teas* and *Coffees*. We have intended for some time past to give our readers an idea of the prices of this company for the *finest quality of Teas*, for no inferior goods are sold at any price. But we have not space to give the entire tariff, yet we can submit a few prices by way of example, viz: Very fine Oolong (Black Tea) for *only* $1 00 per pound, usually sold at other stores for $1 40; extra fine Oolong for *only* $1 25, sold by other dealers at $1 75; finest imported Black Teas at *only* $1 50 per pound, sold by other houses at $2 25. The American Tea Company are selling superior Japanese teas, which are black, or rather uncolored teas, with the favor of green teas. Their $1 25 and $1 50 Black and Japan Teas, mixed, are spoken of very highly and make a most delicious cup of tea. Very fine Imperial Tea at $1 25@$1 50, extra fine at $1 50. Very fine Young Hyson at $1 25; extra fine at $1 50. Gunpowder teas, very fine, at $1 25@1 50; finest imported at $1 75, sold by other dealers at $2 50. Fine English Breakfast Tea at *only* $1 00@1 25, very best at *only* $1 50 per pound. Our readers will bear in mind that all the above Teas are of the finest quality and flavor, warra ted strictly pure, and selected with great care and judgment.

Why Will Ye Die?

Since the science of medicine was first introduced, it has never given to the world a remedy so peculiarly adapted to the ills incident to the winter season as Mishler's Celebrated Herb Bitters. The discovery of this wonderful medicine has conferred incalculable blessings upon the human race; it has reinvigorated and strenghtened the physical constitution of an army of sufferers, and snatched from the very jaws of death untold thousands of victims to disease who were fortunately made aware of the inestimable value of these Bitters. Mishler's Celebrated Herb Bitters not only *cures* but *prevents* disease—general debility, dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, scrofula, liver complaint, etc., and it imparts the most delightful tone to the stomach and organs of digestion. It purifies the blood and leaves the system entirely restored to its original healthy condition. *As a tonic*, it is very highly recommended by the best medical authorities, who, themselves, are constantly using it in their private practice. Dr. Mishler has received thousands upon thousands of voluntary testimonials given in favor of his Bitters. No family in the land should be without these Bitters; every sick room ought to be instantly supplied with it; every professional man, merchant, banker, clerk, mechanic and workingman will lengthen out his life by using it as a *tonic*. See advertisement in another column of Messrs. Fahnestock & Holton, Managers of Dr. Mishler's Branch House, No. 26 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Celebrated Empire Lock Stitch Sewing Machines---The Best for Family and Manufacturing Purposes.

It has been brought to perfection regardless of expense, time or labor. It is simple, durable and compact, perfectly noiseless, light running, and capable of performing a greater range of work than has ever been attempted by any other machine. It does away with the *Cam* and *Cog*, using the *Crank* motion alone, thereby dispensing with a great deal of useless machinery belonging to other machines. We therefore uge every person in quest of a good Sewing Machine, by all means to call and examine this great rival, at 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Carson Brothers, General Agents.

The American Tea Company.

As everybody knows there is a very material difference in Teas and in their *flavor*, as much as there is a difference in the *taste* of the consumer, and not unfrequently it happens that a Tea is considered very fine and is praised very highly by some, while others do not like it. It is necessary, therefore, for storekeepers who wish to please the tastes of all their customers to keep a very extensive stock and a large variety of different flavors of Teas. Now, the American Tea Company, of No. 2 St. Claire street, near the Suspension bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., keep a stock and variety so extensive that its equal is hardly ever found in any store, so that if Tea purchased at their store does not suit the taste of a purchaser, the Company will consider it a favor if the purchaser will return and exchange it for another flavor of Tea, as they have over thirty different brands and flavors of Black Teas; about the same number of different flavors of Japan and Green Teas. It will be observed that the American Tea Company aims to suit the tastes of every one and to give general satisfaction.

Much Wear and Many Washings.

I am acquainted with a variety of sewing machines; and, while ready to do justice to all, I greatly prefer yours—Which I have used for more than three years. Very slight instruction and ingenuity are required to use it. The needle is short and straight, consequently not liable to bend or break. It never misses a stich, and makes a firm, even seam. I have used it on every kind of cloth, from delicate lace to heavy woolen, and find it works perfectly satisfactory in all cases. *After much wear and many washings*, the stich retains its beauty and firmness—even after the fabric has worn out.—[Mrs. J. H. YERKES, Rochester, N. Y., to Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., May, 1866. Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The American Tea Co.

No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., is supplying a great many grocery stores of this and other cities with teas and coffees, and we learn from the best authority, that all these different dealers find their custom as well as their profits increasing since they have been keeping the American Tea Company's goods.

"Here's Health to You."

The sentiment is a good one, but it is often spoilt by what goes with it. About the worst thing a man can do—in these holiday times—when vows looking to reforms are in the hearts and on the lips of so many—is to drink, especially if it be to excess. The most that good breeding and a proper regard for one's health will teach, is "just a drop of something that is good." At least, such, we are assured, are the sentiments of our friends Littell & Mechling, No. 237 Liberty street, where that very drop may be obtained, together with a thousand and one other things which wholesale grocers who know their business usually keep. But we prefer not to be taken for authority—let every man be convinced in his own mind.

At McCord's,

No. 131 Wood street—Fine furs for ladies and misses.

The Price List.

The American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa., (near the Suspension Bridge,) *retail* strictly pure Teas and Coffees, *at wholesale prices*. The only combination in the United States which refuses to sell inferior goods at any price.

Many, Many Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, has stood the test of many years, and never known to fail. It is perfectly reliable and harmless. It regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic and griping in the bowels, softens the gums, reduces inflammation and allays all pain. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify. Be sure and call for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," having the *fac simile* of "Curtis & Perkins" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

The American Tea Co.

This renowned concern has now an established Branch House in the city of Pittsburgh, located at No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge. This Tea Company was organized for the sale only of strictly *Pure Teas and Coffees, retailed at wholesale prices, and wholesaled at Cargo prices*. Our readers can depend upon it that no article is misrepresented, and no inferior goods sold at any price. Our friends in the country, who cannot always procure a good article of Tea or Coffee, will consult their interest by cutting this notice out and preserving it for future reference. Remember that the *only* Branch House in Pittsburgh of the American Tea Company is at No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge.

THE MASQUERADE BALL of the Vigilant Steam Fire Engine Company takes place on Monday evening, the 23d inst., at Lafayette Hall. Madame Ressler, of Philadelphia, has arrived with her costumes, which can be had by calling at Lafayette Hall, entrance on Wood street, daily, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Where Will I Buy?

Is a question in the minds of every person who are about purchasing a first-class sewing machine. Our readers are cordially invited to go to the new sewing machine depot, No. 49 St. Clair street. Carson Bros., General Agents for the Empire and Wilcox & Gibbs.

Not One Cent in Six Years.

Our machine has been in almost constant use for nearly six years, and has not cost one cent for repairs. It has given great satisfaction.—[Letter of Casper W. Hillman, No. 1,229 Heath street, Philadelphia, March 10, 1865, to the Wilcox & Gibbs, S. M. Co.] Carson Bros., Agents, No. 49 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"If youth but knew what age would crave,
Many a penny it would save."

Therefore, we say at once, buy your Teas and Coffees at the American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., where you can save your money and get the *finest* article in the market.

DR. ABORN will be professionally at his rooms, 134 Smithfield street, from January 15th to the 20th. tf

The American Tea Co.'s

Store *in the city of Pittsburgh*, is located at No. 2 St. Clair street, *near the Suspension Bridge*.

DAMAGED BY FIRE AND WATER.—A large sale of damaged clothing and furnishing goods, at great bargains, at 82 Market street.

B. OPPENHEIMER.

Scenes in the Tea Country.

The American Tea Company, No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., have very fine oil paintings decorating their store, representing life and scenes in China. Call and see them.

SPLENDID SKATING AT THE RINK TO-NIGHT.—Ice in beautiful order. Great Western Band plays all evening and every evening. Lots of fun. Go to the Rink.

The American Tea Company.

No. 2 St. Clair street, near the Suspension Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pa., *guarantees* that their coffees are *roasted perfectly dry*, which *insures* their customers the full weight of coffee (no water), and, as they roast no inferior article, they use no artificial means, such as lard or grease, to make it look finer.

Fine Grapes.

Raisins, Currants and fine Isabella and Catawba Grapes, for sale at American Tea Company's Store, No. 2 St. Clair street, in the Pittsburgh Fruit House.

The American Tea Co.'s

Store *in the city of Pittsburgh*, is located at No. 2 St. Clair street, *near the Suspension Bridge*.

The Grand Secret.

The grand secret in medication is to help Nature. SUSTAIN and REGULATE—these are the Alpha and Omega of the only theory of cure that has common sense for its basis. If the nervous system is shattered, the muscles weak, and the mind like the body, in a state of partial collapse—what is it best to do? Reason teaches us the answer; BUILD UP YOUR MAN. Brace him as you would brace a tottering edifice. The pabulum he needs is a Tonic Alterative. Bring him up out of the depths of Debility and Despondency with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. They cannot injure. A child may take them in doses suited to its years, without the possibility of harm. The enfeebled vital powers are as sure to respond energetically to their action as the wilted grass is to erect its blades under the vivifying and refreshing rain. In all cases of debility the BITTERS are absolutely required. There is no substitute or succedaneum that will find their place. Resort to the most wonderful of modern tonics, and ALL WILL BE WELL. Bear in mind that in Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Billous disorders and affections of the Nerves, no other medicine will produce one tithe of the good effect that invariably follows the use of this excellent INVIGORANT AND CORRECTIVE.

AUCTION SALES.

SMITHSON, PALMER & CO., 55 and 57 Fifth st.

SHETLAND PONIES AT AUCTION

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 21st, AT 10 A. M.,

At MASONIC HALL AUCTION HOUSE, 55 and 57 Fifth street, will be sold one pair fine coal-black Shetland Ponies, perfectly sound and gentle.

SMITHSON, PALMER & CO., Auct's,
55 and 57 Fifth street.

SUPERIOR FURNITURE,

CARPETS, &c., AT AUCTION.

ON MONDAY, DEC. 23d, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

At the private residence, No. 196 Third street, above Grant street, will be sold the entire furnishment of household (family leaving the city), comprising Mahogany S. S. Parlor and Reception Chairs, Tete-a-Tetes, Marble Top Tables, Walnut Wardrobe, Marble Top Dressing Bureau, Enclosed Washstand, Marble Top Tables, Easy Chair, French and Cottage Bedsteads, Hat Rack, Cane Seat and Wood Chairs, Parlor, Chamber and Hall Carpets, Stair Rods, Dining and Kitchen Tables, Lounges and Mattrasses, Shades and Blinds, Cupboard, Clocks, Queensware, Cook Stove, Ice Chest, Fenders, Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c. Sale positive.

SMITHSON, PALMER & CO., Auct's,
55 and 57 Fifth street.

THE DESIRABLE PROPERTY

No. 56 WOOD ST., AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, December 21st, at 2½ o'clock P. M., on the premises, will be sold the very desirable Lot of Ground, No. 56 Wood street, having a front of 23½ feet and extending back 82 feet, on which is erected the substantially built Brick three story Business House, at present occupied by Jas. P. Tanner, Esq., wholesale boot and shoe dealer.

Terms—One third Cash and the balance in One and Two Years with interest, secured by Bond and Mortgage.

For business purposes this locality is unsurpassed, and to capitalists and business men generally, this sale should prove very attractive, as the opportunity for investments in Wood street property are of very rare occurrence.

SMITHSON, PALMER & CO., Aucts.,
55 and 57 Fifth street.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Wheeler & Wilson's Improved Family Sewing Machine would be the most acceptable, desirable and durable. WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 27 Fifth street, invite all to call and examine their splendid stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HAMS AND DRIED BEEF.

New Sugar Cured Hams;
New Sugar Cured Dried Beef;
New Sugar Cured Shoulders and Sides,

Just out of Smoke and for sale by

F. SELLERS & CO.

F. SELLERS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

EXTRA NO. 1 AND 2 LARD OIL,

COR. WAYNE AND PENN STREETS.

GRAFF, BYERS & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bar, Tank and Sheet Iron,

HAMMERED

RAILROAD AXLES,

Gas Pipe,

FOR CONVEYING STEAM, WATER AND GAS. ALSO,

OIL WELL TUBING.

WAREHOUSE,

98 WATER AND 132 FIRST STS.,

PITTSBURGH

CONVERSION OF 7-30'S.

We are now prepared to convert the Second and Third Series of

SEVEN-THIRTIES,

INTO THE

New 1867 5-20 Gold Coupon Bonds.

JAMES T. BRADY & CO.,

Dealers in Government Securities,

COR. FOURTH AND WOOD STS.

IRA B. M'VAY & CO.,

Bankers,

AND DEALERS IN

Government Securities,

Cor. Fourth and Smithfield Streets.

We will give holders of JUNE AND JULY SEVEN-THIRTIES the interest at 7 3-10 per cent. to January 1st, and give them in exchange

5-20 Bonds of 1867,

Interest in Gold at 6 per cent. from that date.

IRA B. M'VAY & CO.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

FRIDAY EVENING, December 20, 1867.

It is highly desirable, in searching after the solution of our financial problem, to lay aside mere terms and pursue in theory the probable practical operation of whatever meaures may be offered as the panacea for such a crisis.

Let us test two recent propositions by this rule. Mr. Walker suggests the borrowing of a large sum in gold at low interest, to enable the Government to resume specie payments. This contemplates the redemption of the whole greenback circulation—neither necessary nor desirable—while it assumes that the gold thus obtained and distributed would remain in circulation in the country. After this we can dispense with Mr. Walker certainly. On the other hand, the New York *Tribune* recently says in effect: "With $80,000,000 in gold in the public treasury, immediate resumption is practicable, in as much as the very first effect would be to enhance the paper money to par with gold and check conversion almost as soon as begun." The force of this reasoning and probability of this result is at once strikingly apparent to everybody.

The borrowing of any amount of gold cannot give a sounder basis for resumption among ourselves, when we thus increase our debt to outside parties. It would only increase our expenses for interest, and ultimately require an equal drain of specie to meet the principal. On the contrary, an immediate elevation of our currency to par for all internal purposes, based upon present resources, would leave the National balance sheet untouched, and the gold balance in the Treasury practically the same.

If this is true; there is but one objection to a sudden resumption. That is, the unequal operation upon individuals.

The holder of currency suddenly enhanced in value, would benefit directly, from the loss to the owner of wares and merchandise purchased during the depreciation of the paper money. This would be ruinous to many, and should be prevented. How may this be done? The Government some time ago undertook to bear the gold market by selling under the current rate. The consequence was a gain to the speculators without any benefit to the people, and if the Secretary had persisted, those speculators would have speedily exhausted his vaults and placed gold at any price they pleased. But suppose the Government to first fix a period for resumption, properly distant not to accelerate a decline in gold beyond three to five per cent a month. Then might it not safely aid, if necessary, in bearing the market to this gradual rate of decline? If a year were given for resumption, the probability is that within six months it would be practically accomplished, without serious consequences to any and without prejudice to the resources of the Government. If a few should still unavoidably suffer in a modified degree, let it be considered what immense and widely spread benefit would accrue to the people at large.

The resumption of specie payments would solve many of the questions now disturbing the country. "Contraction" or "expansion" (terms evidently not too well understood by even many who use them) would be dropped from the money articles and financial essays. The paper money of the Government, preserved inviolably at par, would be the favorite currency of the country, while its volume would fluctuate according to the transactions between the people and the public treasury. The Controller of the Currency has failed to convince us that the whole floating, non-interest bearing capital of the country—*i. e.* the *currency*—that proportion of our property necessary to be kept loose for immediate transactions—should not be represented wholly by notes issued by the Government. The national tax on circulating notes by the banks, is handsomely collected again from the people, while that paid to the States on their capital would be exacted all the same in either case. As it is, there is nothing to prevent a bank from investing the bulk of their guaranteed circulation in Government securities, thus having one set lying in the Treasury at Washington and another in their own vaults, each representing the one sum of their capital stock. While the banks can thus double the Government rate of interest on their capital, there will be very little of it doled out to the people.

Let the Government then invest in its own interest bearing securities equal to the requirements of the country for non-interest bearing notes. Let these notes be kept at par with gold. "Contraction" and "expansion" will then be disposed of. A surplus of currency will then be equivalent to a surplus of capital for investment, and instead of this surplus demanding gold in redemption (for it would be no more profitable to *hold* than its equivalent) it would seek conversion into an *interest bearing security*, which the Government should at all times supply on demand. This would be legitimate contraction and expansion. Both would be regulated by the necessities of the country, and the safeguard of a currency convertible at pleasure and at par with gold. A national debt at low interest, sufficient to insure convertibility of surplus currency, becomes thus a necessity and an absolute convenience. It would be perpetual, and would always be resorted to when other avenues of investment at higher profits failed to absorb the floating capital of the country.

As for the bulk of the national debt, it ought to be consolidated when practicable at some uniform low rate of interest. Discussion of whether we shall *pay it* in notes or gold, is worthy of lunatics only. The former would not extinguish a dollar of the principal, while such an issue would plunge us into national bankruptcy at once, and the gold in the Treasury is but a flea bite to an elephant. Debts are only *paid* by actual assets. Of the Government's resources—gold, real and personal property, and debts contra—what is convertible that would extinguish any considerable portion of the debt within this generation?

A sinking fund, from revenue raised by judicious taxation, will eventually pay the debt, and nothing will or can do it sooner.

PITTSBURGH MARKETS---- WEEKLY REVIEW.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL,
SATURDAY, December 21, 1867.

Pig Iron and Bloom Market.

We have to report an unusually slim business in crude irons. The near approach of the holidays induces consumers to restrict purchasers to their immediate wants.

Stocks of desirable grades of standard forge irons continue light, but in the absence of demand prices are weak, and sales of magnitude could only be effected through concessions on former rates. Superior grades of forge descriptions are not wanted, and a further material concession has been accepted in order to effect sales.

Foundry irons continue in but moderate demand. Stocks of medium grades are accumulating and prices fully $1 00 ₩ ton lower than at date of our last report.

Bituminous Coal Smelted.

200 tons White and Mottled, favorite brand	$37 50—60 days.
100 tons Open Grey, favorite brand	41 00—4 mos.
100 tons Open Grey, favorite brand	40 00—60 days.
120 tons Open Grey, favorite brand	40 50—4 mos.
350 tons Open Grey, at furnaces	Private terms.
75 tons Open Grey, from yards	40 00—90 days.

Charcoal.

50 tons Oliphant, C. B.	$52 00—4 mos.

Blooms.

50 tons Juniata	Private terms.

Glass.

Notwithstanding the low figures that have ruled for window glass for months past, there is but little demand, whilst stocks have been accumulating quite rapidly. A large number of furnaces have gone out of blast, as the workmen will not accept the reduction of wages proposed. The probability is, that in this branch of our manufacture there will be a protracted lock-out, and hundreds of men with families will remain idle through the winter. The Eastern markets are full of *foreign glass*, and it is being forced upon the Western trade at full 15 or 20c less than it can be manufactured for here. In the absence of large transactions we continue our quotations of last week, say 25 to 50 per cent. off list prices.

Iron Bars and Nails.

It is gratifying to know that notwithstanding the unprecedented pressure upon manufactures throughout the country, that out of the thirty-five large rolling mills of this city at least thirty of them have been able to run their entire works uninterruptedly up to this time, and the others have only partially curtailed their production. This encouraging result is caused by the superior advantages which Pittsburgh posseses over all other sections of the country for manufacturing iron cheaply and the acknowledged superiority of its quality.

For a time during the war our iron manufacturers were unable to meet the demands of many of their customers, who were consequently compelled to purchase their supplies elsewhere. But the experience of these parties in other markets has been of such a nature as to lead them back to their old channels of trade.

While it is conceded that the margin for manufacturers of iron is small, if there be any, the existing state of affairs is much more desirable than that of last season, when there was a general suspension of work on account of the conflict between the mill owners and workmen.

We understand that the employers and employees are working harmoniously and that there is no apprehension of strikes or lock-outs.

It is believed that with judicious legislation on the part of the Congress now in session that the iron trade may be made fairly prosperous during the approaching year.

The card rates for iron are unchanged since our last report; 4c for bar sizes, but on good orders a concession of ¼@½c ₩ lb is made from above rates. The stocks are ample for the demand.

Nails have been in fair request at $5, rates nett cash, with a limited stock.

Copper, Steel and Tin.

Since our last weekly review there has been no change in copper, with a dull market reported. All kinds and sizes of tin plates and roofing I. C. and I. X. have been reduced 25c ₩ box.

Dry Goods.

Christmas and Christmas greetings are now upon us, and the thronged streets and crowded stores of our smoky city, in which the happy and interested faces of purchasers of Holiday gifts are passing to and fro, give evidence that cheerful thoughts are not entirely cast aside, despite the actions of Congress, the loud spoken opinions of advocates for and against specie payments and the various champions and exponents of political and financial theories, and that we can really give some thought to friendly plans and wishes for those around us. Venders of books, pictures, fancy goods jewelry, and also articles of more sober worth, are busy as bees. The Holiday trade is in full flow, and the public are making their purchases with all proper diligence and to a reasonable extent. Retail dry goods dealers are having their share of this harvest, and great quantities of seasonable goods are going into consumers' hands from their counters and shelves, and while we do not know that we can chronicle an extraordinary amount of business in excess of ordinary seasons, yet our dealers find themselves with stocks in comparatively good shape, and all classes of dry goods people find that the greatest declines that were possible in fabrics of this kind have passed, so that they can now buy for their daily wants, without facing the possibility and probability of suffering from a furious shrinkabing of values before their purchase can be disposed of. Occasional declines are still encountered, but the jobber who buys sheetings at 14½c and prints at 12½c, knows to a certainty that he cannot possibly suffer the depreciation that constantly forced him while buying the sheeting at 60 or 70c and the print at 35 or 40c; and while in the still unsettled state of finance, taxation and manufacturing interests merchants must take risks, yet they are now beginning to assume something like a definite shape, and seem to be measurably within the reach and control of those who seek to do business with wise caution and prudence.

It is probably true that prices of articles in this branch of trade are lower in proportion than many others, and that in the unavoidable settling of value, following our recent war, this line of prices has receded too fast—and yet while that may be the case, we feel certain that all other departments of business must sooner or later take proper place in regard to current values.

Trade for the season is over, and within a few days the usual annual inventory of stock will be taken and the figures of the merchandise account of our dealers will reveal the result of the twelve months' trade of 1867. The year has been full of changes, not great indeed at any one time, and yet almost constantly, and it cannot be supposed that profits will be large, but those houses that have met the market and have supplied their customers with goods at market value without regard to cost, will find the time approaching in which the usual steady trade of our city can be done with satisfaction and comfort.

The vicissitudes of the past five years have been exceedingly interesting, though not without vexation and loss, and those who have weathered the storm may now profit by the experience of the past and should be able to successfully manage their affairs in the comparative calm which is likely to follow the turmoil of our nation's struggle and strife.

Many vexed questions are still unsettled, and not the least interesting one is that of finance, especially that of the nation, and while the premium on gold continues at its present utterly unreasonable height, we will have to encounter fluctuations and changes calculated to annoy and depress business operations. The newspapers of the day are filled with arguments for and against any and every money theory which may be presented, and while our financiers would make it appear that the only way out of our present troubles of this kind is through another sea of greenbacks, the next one cries out for specie payments at once.

Congress should certainly do something if possible to give tone and steadiness to the Government's credit and ought to decide that the principal and interest of the 5-20s and 10-40s should be paid in coin—as no reasonable man can claim that anything else was contemplated when these loans were taken. It is urged that undue advantage was taken of our great distress, and that we had a hard bargain driven with us. This may be the case to some extent—but what would be our position in the event of another occasion arising in which we would be obliged to try our credit if we now say to those who hold our bonds, "You charged us to much for money, and we will not pay in the manner you wish."

The case is entirely changed. Coin is the only national representation of value and the sooner we impress its stamp upon our national securities the better, and the sooner we pay our debts to each other in the same way, the better.

The New York *Tribune's* "on to Richmond" was the true watchword at the time the words were written, and the prompt return to specie payment, so perseveringly urged by it now, is the true position for us to take. We cannot expect this change to be effected without seriously affecting the position of many of our citizens, but we hold it to be certain that postponement will not improve it, and therefore urge it at once.

The wide spread ruin prophesied for us in the event of immediate resumption is almost entirely imaginary, as the term ruin is not absolute and arbitrary in its signification. One man who reads this article would consider himself ruined if he were obliged to live in a two-story house in an inferior location, while another would think himself most wonderfully fortunate if he could only secure for himself and family half so good a home. While our country possesses the wide and fertile fields of the Middle and Western States, the boundless mineral wealth of our mountains, and the immense undeveloped riches of forest, mine and soil, all ready for willing and industrious hands to seize upon, ruin is impossible. The crowded manufacturing cities and towns of New England, the thronged and packed tenement houses of New York full of wickedness, vice and consequent Locofoco majorities, may indeed be very closely allied to the kind of ruin referred to, but the young men of our country, with the material within their reach can fashion for themselves true wealth triple that of to-day in less than one generation. We hold the position of a business firm to be unwise and false, when it allows its obligation to remain at a discount only for the shortest possible time, and nations are no exception to the rule, and we should resume specie payments within six months. Our national credit has been too long under a cloud, and to-day we have an abundance of real capital to make it certain that this theory can be put into successful operation. Prices are unchanged from those reported last week.

Manilla, Hemp, Ropes, Oakum, Etc.

Cordage, twines and oakum are more extensively manufactured in Pittsburgh than at any point west of New York. The manufactory of Fulton, Bollman & Co., was established by Jno. Irwin & Co. in 1796, and has a capacity to manufacture 8,000 bales Manilla per annum; 2,160,000 lbs of rope; 2,000 bales American hemp, and 12,000 bales of oakum—and are the only Manilla manufacturers west of the mountains. The principal article of manufacture is large cables for the coal trade. Here are manufactured rope in length of coil 1,500 feet, whilst in New York the length is but from 1,100 to 1,200 feet. There are annually in the United States an average of 135,000 bales of Manilla worked up, and price of cordage has averaged during the past year 22 cents. There are but 12 extensive cordage factories in the United States, and the prices are uniform—the same East as here—with additions of freights to the different points. Gerwig & Co. are manufacturers of American hemp cords and extensively engaged in making twines which will compare favorably with any made in the East. Their flax twines have a better finish, with prices the same as in New York. Beckert & Co. and Flocker & Co. are old establishments, and principally engaged in manufacturing American hemp into hand-spun twines, tarred rigging, packing, etc.

Pittsburgh can supply the trade with as fair a quality of rope, twines, spun, hay and lath yarns, packing, tarred ropes and rigging and oakum as New York, and at the same prices, with difference of freight. There is no occasion for the West to pass Pittsburgh for goods of this kind, when they can save both time and freight. The cordage trade here, however, depends to a great extent upon the condition of western navigation. During last spring and part of the summer, the river being navigable and high, the demand could not be supplied; but during the autumn, the rivers being dried up, the demand has been rather dull. If our rivers should open now it would require a very large quantity of rope to let out the coal now ready. There has been a reduction of two cents per pound on Manilla cordage, and on Manilla hawser laid oil well rope.

Leather and Hides.

From George H. Anderson & Co., dealers, we learn that all kinds of leather moves slowly, manufacturers buying nothing beyond their immediate wants. As the year closes, and time for settling accounts, taking stock, etc., comes around, a general falling off in trade is a natural and healthy event. Prices of rough and finished stock are a trifle lower; yet with no superabundance of prime leather on the market. Hides, at prices ranging 1@2c lower, are being more actively sought after, tanners well knowing the superiority of hides in market at this season. From all indications in the hide and leather trade, prices have touched bottom, unless some unexpected and general stagnation occurs in all departments of business. We quote as to-day's wholesale prices for

Rough Oak	36@39c ₩ lb.
City Slaughter Oak Sole	42@44c ₩ lb.
City Oak Harness	44@46c ₩ lb.
Country Oak Harness	40@44c ₩ lb.
Russet Skirting, best	46@48c ₩ lb.
Russet Bridle, best	$5 00@6 00 ₩ side.
Wax Upper	26@28c ₩ ft.
Wax Calf City	$1 50@1 60 ₩ lb.
Buenos Ayres, Red Sole	32@34c ₩ lb.
Oronoco, Red Sole	29@33c ₩ lb.

Hides.

Green Salt Cured	12@12½c ₩ lb.
Green City Butchered	8@9c ₩ lb.
Green City Calf Butchered	15@16c ₩ lb.
Green Salted Calf Cured	22@23c ₩ lb.
Dry Flint, middling to good	20@23c ₩ lb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The hardware trade is dull and unchanged—if we except sleigh bells, for which there is an active demand. The lumber trade is dull on account of the cold weather. There is a fair business doing in crackers at last quotations. Owing to the near approach of the holidays, the market for confectionary, foreign fruits and nuts has been very active, with a good stock of all descriptions on hand. In regard to other articles of trade, prices are unchanged and market generally dull.

PRODUCE AND GENERAL MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL,
FRIDAY EVENING, December 20, 1867.

Trade has continued excessively dull during the entire week, and at the present writing is without much sign of revival. Prices of most articles are unsettled and generally a trifle lower than they were one week ago. The prospects for a general rise in the river are very favorable, and we already find a swell from the Monongahela that shows, this evening, by pier mark five and one half feet. A little more will allow boats to leave and send afloat to the lower markets the immense amount of coal now locked up in the pools of the Monongahela river. This will put in circulation the large capital now lying idle. The flour market continues steady and unchanged. The grain market rules exceedingly dull. In bacon we notice a slight improvement in the demand. In regard to other articles we have no special remarks to make.

We quote as follows, which are the wholesale store prices unless otherwise noted:

APPLES—The receipts have been light for some time and better prices are obtained. Sales were made at $3 00@4 50 ₩ bbl, as to quality.

POTATOES—Sales from store were made at 95c@$1 ₩ bush for peachblows.

HAY—We quote timothy hay selling from country wagons at $19@23 ₩ ton, as to quality.

POULTRY—Stock in market large. Dressed chickens wholesale were dull at 9@11c ₩ lb, and turkeys and ducks at 11@13c ₩ lb.

VENISON—By the whole carcass we quote at 13@15c and saddles at 20@25c ₩ lb.

BUTTER—The market is not well supplied and we quote prime roll selling readily at 39@42c ₩ lb.

EGGS—Demand good at 32@33c ₩ dozen.

BACON—Demand improving and we quote sugar cured hams at 18@18½c; shoulders at 12@12½c; rib sides 14@14½c and dried beef at 21c ₩ lb.

LARD—Trade fair at 13¼@13½c ₩ lb.

LARD OIL—We note sales of No. 1 lard oil at $1 10@1 12 and No. 2 at 88@90c ₩ gallon. No. 1 extra Cincinnati is quoted at $1 15 ₩ gallon.

CHEESE—We quote Hamburg at 16c; factory at 17c; Goshen at 18@19c, and Sweitzer at 20c ₩ lb.

CORN—There is very little doing. Sales of 2 cars new ear in depot at $1 05, and 3 cars prime old yellow shelled F. O. B. at $1 18 ₩ bushel.

BARLEY—Malters continue to pay for spring $1 55@1 60 and for fall $1 60@1 65 ₩ bushel, as to quality.

RYE—There are but few buyers, and all that distillers are offering is $1 38@1 40 ₩ bushel.

OATS—We note sales from first hands at 65c, and a few small lots on platform at 66c ₩ bushel. From store we note sales at 67@70c ₩ bushel.

WHEAT—There is very little doing. Millers are paying for red winter $2 50@2 55, and for white wheat $2 55@2 65 ₩ bushel, as to quality.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—We note sales in bulk at $5 ₩ hundred, and from store at $5 25@5 50 ₩ hundred.

RYE FLOUR—We quote at $8 50@9 00 ₩ bbl.

FLOUR—Market steady and without any decided change. The stock in the hands of dealers is fair, but receipts for the last few days have been light. Holders appear firm and are confident of present prices being maintained. We give below a variety of brands and prices.

T. C. Jenkins's prices, wholesale flour dealer, checkered front, 273 Liberty street.

Dayton Snow Flake, white winter	$12 75
Gold Medal	11 50
Regulator, Jenkins' Receiver	11 50
Jenkins' Lilly Mills	11 25
Favorite	11 00
Clark's	10 75
Crossett's	10 75
Old Dominion	10 75
Star and Crescent	10 50
Ford's	10 50
Medium and fair brands of spring wheat flour	$9 @10 00

PITTSBURGH OIL TRADE.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL,
SATURDAY MORNING, December 21, 1867.

BUSINESS—The market was very dull; so far as relates to transactions, we have but few sales to record. In regard to prices we have but the following to note: The Eastern dispatches were as follows: Philadelphia—Prime light straw to white 22c; standard white 22½@23c. Crude 13½c ₩ gallon. Oil City—Sales at $2 10@2 15 ₩ bbl. In our own market we did not learn of a single transaction.

REFINED—We did not learn of but one sale of 400 bbls at 22c ₩ gallon.

Oil Shipped East by A. V. R. R.

Lockhart & Frew, 514 bbls ref to Warden, Frew & Co, Philada.

Montzheimer, Koehler & Co, 250 bbls ref. to Waring, King & Co, Philadelphia.

P. Weisenberger & Co, 200 bbls ref to Waring, King & Co, Philadelphia.

H. Koehler & Co, 200 bbls ref. to Waring, King & Co, Philada.

Forsyth, Bro & Co, 228 bbls benzole to Warden & Frew, Philadelphia.

Clark & Sumner, 222 bbls ref to E Schalk, Philada.

J. Benny, Jr., 50 bbls ref. to F A Dilworth & Co, Phila.

O B Jones, 200 bbls ref. to F A Dilworth & Co, Philadelphia.

Oil Shipped East from Duquesne Depot.

Brooks, Ballentine & Co, 145 bbls ref. to Warden, Frew & Co, Phila.

Hutchinson Oil Ref Co, 52 bbls ref. to L Wilcox, Philadelphia.

Oil City Oil Market.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

OIL CITY, December 20, 1867.

The market for crude continues dull and unchanged. Ruling prices $2 10@2 20. Weather mild and thawing. L.

PATENT COLD ROLLED SHAFTING, &c.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL,
SATURDAY, December 21, 1867.

The following are the card rates of Jones & Laughlin, Manufacturers:

Diameter from	3	to 4	inches	inclusive,	₩ lb	10 c
do	2¾	to 2⅞	do	do	do	10½c
do	1¾	to 2	do	do	do	11 c
do	1 7-16	to 1⅝	do	do	do	11½c
do	1 3-16	to 1⅜	do	do	do	12 c
do	1	to 1⅛	do	do	do	12½c
do	¾	to 29-32	do	do	do	15 c
do	9-16	to 11-16	do	do	do	16 c
do	3-16	to ½	do	do	do	19 c

One cent ₩ lb extra for Pump and Piston Rods.

7-30 BONDS

CONVERTED WITHOUT CHARGE INTO

5-20 BONDS,

Or Bought at Highest Market Rates

ALSO,

Gold and Coupons,

Sterling and Continental Exchange,

For sale in sums to suit purchasers.

PH. R. MERTZ,

118 WOOD ST., NEAR FIFTH.

New York Finance and Trade

Gold Closed at 134.

NEW YORK, December 20—P. M.

MONEY

Steady at 6@7 per cent. for call.

STERLING EXCHANGE

A shade easier at 110@110⅛, gold, for first-class bills.

GOLD

Steady, opening at 134, declining to 133¾, and closing at 134.

GOVERNMENT STOCKS

Without decided change. Coupons '81, 112½@112⅝; do '62, 108⅛@108¼; do '64, 105½@105¾; do '65, 105½@105⅝; January and July, 108⅛@108⅜; coupons '67, 108¼@108½; 10-40s, 101@101¼; 7-30s, 104⅜@104⅝.

STOCKS.

Steady. Canton, 48½@49; Cumberland, 27½@28; Quicksilver, 19¾@20¼; Mariposa, 7@0; Western Union Telegraph, 34¼@34⅜; Pacific Mail, 116⅛@116¼; Atlantic Mail, 119@119⅛; New York Central, 117½@117¾; Erie, 73½@73¾; Hudson, 131½@121¾; Reading, 95¾@95⅞; Michigan Central, 113; Michigan Southern, 84⅛@84¼; Illinois Central, 131@132; Pittsburgh, 87¾@88; Toledo, 102⅛@102¼; Rock Island, 98⅛@98⅜; Northwestern, 58⅜@58⅝; preferred, 69⅜@69¼; Fort Wayne, 99⅜@99½; Wabash, 41; St. Paul, 44⅝; Ohio certificates, 26⅛@26¼; old Tennessee, 65½; new, 62½; Adams Express, 79¾@80; United States, 79½; American, 75½; Wells, 50; Merchants' Union, 38.

The steamers for Europe to-morrow have $545,000 in specie engaged.

MINING SHARES

Quiet and unchanged; Corydon $26@28; Gregory $5 16; Quartz Hill $1 15.

Receipts at the Sub-Treasury $2,185,872; payments $4,807,963; balance $102,728,077.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, December 20.—Cotton a shade lower; sales 1,800 bales at 15½c for middling uplands. Flour—receipts 4,814 bbls; dull and 5@10c lower; sales 8,200 bbls at $8 40@9 00 for superfine State and western; $9 80@10 65 for extra State; $9 40@12 00 for extra western; $12 30@14 60 for white wheat extra; $9 80@13 00 for round hoop Ohio; $11@12 00 for common to good St. Louis; $12@16 00 for good to choice extra do, closing quiet. California flour quiet; sales 100 sacks at $12 25@13 50. Rye flour firm; sales 150 bbls at $7 50@9 50. Whisky quiet and unchanged. Wheat dull and nominally in buyers' favor; sales 1,200 bush red Long Island at $2 82. Rye scarce and firm; sales 600 bush Southern at $1 74. Barley very firm; sales 18,000 bushels at $1 75 for mixed Canada West and western; $1 80 for No. 2 Chicago. Malt—sales 9,000 bushels at $1 75@1 80. Receipts of corn 27,704 bush; a shade easier; sales 16,000 bushels at $1 37½ for old mixed western in store, $1 40 for do afloat; $1 38@1 39 for new do afloat; $1 37@1 38 for new yellow Jersey. Receipts of Oats 2,753 bushels; 1c lower; sales 36,000 bushels at 83½c for western in store; 86c afloat. Rice dull. Coffee dull. Sugar quiet; sales 300 hhds Cuba at 11½@12c; 200 boxes Havana at 11½c. Molasses quiet; sales 150 hhds New Orleans at 75c. Petroleum quiet at 10½@11c for crude, and 25c for refined bonded. Hops dull at 30@60c for American. Pork opened firmer but closed heavy and lower; sales 1,750 bbls at $20 75@21 65 for mess, closing at $20 80, cash; $18@18 50 for prime; $19 75@20 00 for prime; also, 1,500 bbls at $20 85@20 95 for old mess, seller, January, and $22 37@22 50 for new do, February, seller's option. Beef steady; sales 180 bbls at previous prices; 600 tierces prime and India mess on private terms. Beef hams quiet; sales 125 bbls at $30 00@32 00. Bacon firmer; sales 156 packages Cumberland cut at 10¼@10½c. Cut meats quiet and steady; sales 145 packages at 8@9½c for shoulders, and 12@13½c for hams. Dressed hogs lower at 8½@9c for western, and 9¼@9½c, chiefly at 9½c for city. Lard quiet and steady; sales 865 bbls at 12⅞@13c; small lots at 13⅛@13¼c. Butter unchanged. Cheese heavy at 11@15c. Freights to Liverpool dull and drooping.

LATEST.—Flour closed dull and 5@10c lower for common grades. Wheat nominally easier; shipper's limits are considerably below the views of holders. Rye quiet and firm at $1 74@1 75 for western. Oats dull at 83½c in store and 86c afloat. Corn dull at $1 37 in store and $1 40 afloat for old mixed western, and $1 37@1 39 afloat for new mixed western. Pork dull and heavy at $20 65@20 81¼, cash and regular for mess. Beef firm with a fair demand. Cut meats nominal. Bacon quiet and heavy. Lard dull at 12¾@13c for fair to prime steam and kettle rendered.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, December 20.—Flour dull and heavy, and prices drooping; extra $10@10 25; family $10 75@11 25. Wheat dull and nominally 5c lower; No. 1 red $2 55 and No. 2 $2 50. Corn dull at 85@88c for new ear. Oats quiet at 65@66c for No. 1. Rye firmer; No. 1 to choice $1 55@1 60. Barley unchanged and firm at $1 65@1 70. Cotton firm and prices a shade higher; sales of middling at 14c. Whisky quiet at 28c in bond. Tobacco dull but unchanged; sales confined to 49 hogsheads. Hogs in light supply and 25c higher, closing firm $6 50@7 25 for live, and $8 25@8 75 net; receipts 3,300; a large portion of those now arriving are very light, averaging from 140 to 180 pounds. Provisions generally held more firmly, but the market is quiet. Mess pork held at $20 50@21 00 for old and new, but these rates are nominal in the absence of sales. Bulk meats are held at 8@10c for shoulders and sides, loose. New bacon shoulders can be bought at 10c, and new clear sides at 12½@13c, packed. Lard can be sold at 12½c; steam 11½@11¾c, which includes head, gut and trimmings. Green meats firmer and in demand at 7, 9@11½c, but holders generally asked ¼c higher; offerings were light. Beef cattle in large supply, and all but prairie and choice are 25@50c lower, closing with a supply in advance of the demand; common to choice $3 50@6 50 ₩ cental, gross. Butter in fair supply and drooping; fresh Ohio 35@38c. Cheese steady at 11¾@15c. Eggs firm at 35c. Cloverseed firm at 12¾@13c; timothy seed dull at $2 25@2 30; flaxseed $1 90. Sugar scarce and firmer; Cuba 13@14½c. Coffee unchanged; fair to choice 20@24c. Gold 133⅛ buying.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, December 20.—Cotton active; middling 15½c; sales 5,500 bales; receipts 9,712 bales; exports 956 bales; sales of the week 32,500 bales. Exports, foreign, 22,388 bales; Coastwise, 2,818 bales; stock, 102,820 bales. Sugar, quiet, firm and unchanged. Molasses unchanged.

Buffalo Market.

BUFFALO, December 20.—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat nominal at $2 10 for No. 2 spring, $2 05 bid. Corn quiet. Oats—sales 1,500 bush at 72c, held at 7-c generally. Rye nominal at $1 58. Mess pork inactive at $22 for heavy. Lard 13½c. Highwines nominal. Dressed hogs nominal.

Baltimore Market.

BALTIMORE, December 20.—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat flat; prime red Southern $2 67@2 72. Oats firm at 75@78c. Rye firm at $1 65@1 70. Corn very firm; prime mixed Western $1 38. Provisions nominally unchanged.

Milwaukee Market.

MILWAUKEE, December 20.—Flour quiet and firmer; city X X $9@9 50; country do $8 50@9; X $8@8 37. Wheat firm at $1 86½ for No. 1, $1 76 for No. 2. Oats steady at 55@56c for No. 2. Corn lower: 86c for new shelled.

Memphis Market.

MEMPHIS, December 20.—Cotton 13½c. Corn 90c. Hay $25. Oats scarce at 82c. Flour $8@8 15. Pork $23@23 75. Shoulders 11½c; clear sides 15½c. Lard 14@14½c.

For additional Markets see first page.

RIVER TELEGRAMS.

Wheeling.

Special Dispatch to the Pittsburgh Commercial.

WHEELING, W. VA., December 20, 1867.

The Express arrived from Parkersburg and returned. The Forest City resumed her trips between Steubenville and this place yesterday. Two inches of snow fell last night. It commenced to snow early this morning and continued throughout the day. The river fell last night four inches, and is rising this evening, with five feet four inches in the channel. Weather mild and thawing; south wind.

Brownsville.

Special Dispatch to Pittsburgh Commercial.

BROWNSVILLE, December 20, 1867.

There is about eight feet water in the channel and falling slowly. Weather warm and snow melting fast.

Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, December 10.—The river is falling, with five feet in the canal, and three feet on the falls. Weather wet. Thermometer 47 degrees.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, December 20.—The weather is milder, and very damp.

Memphis.

MEMPHIS, December 2.—The river is stationary.

RIVER NEWS.

THE RIVER AND MATTERS ALONG THE WHARF.—The marks, at twilight, indicated five feet six inches and rising.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMPHIS AND NEW ORLEANS SHIPPERS.—The Argosy will positively leave this day (Saturday) for Memphis and New Orleans. Shippers will please hurry down their freights and Bills of Lading. L. VANDERGRIFT, Captain.

THE Argosy will leave on Saturday and the Selma will leave on Sunday, if the weather should keep moderate, about 5½ o'clock. Thermometer 45; wind south-west and getting colder.

HO! FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH.—The A No. 1 steamer Armadillo, Captain D. H. Swaney, takes her departure this day, positively, at 4 P. M. This boat is well found in every respect and is in charge of careful and attentive officers.

For Memphis and New Orleans.

TO-DAY, 21st INST.—4 P. M.

The steamer ARMADILLO, Capt. D. H. SWANEY, will leave as announced above.

For freight or passage apply on board, or to
J. D. COLLINGWOOD, or
JOHN FLACK Agents.

For New Orleans Direct.

TO-DAY (POSITIVELY) AT 5 P. M.

The fine passenger steamer ARGOSY, L. VANDERGRIFT, Commander, will leave as announced above.

For freight or passage apply on board.

For New Orleans and Intermediate Points.

SUNDAY MORNING, Dec. 22, at 10 o'clock.

The elegant steamer SELMA, Capt. THOS. ROGERS, will leave as announced above.

For freight or passage apply on board or to
JAMES COLLINS, Agent.